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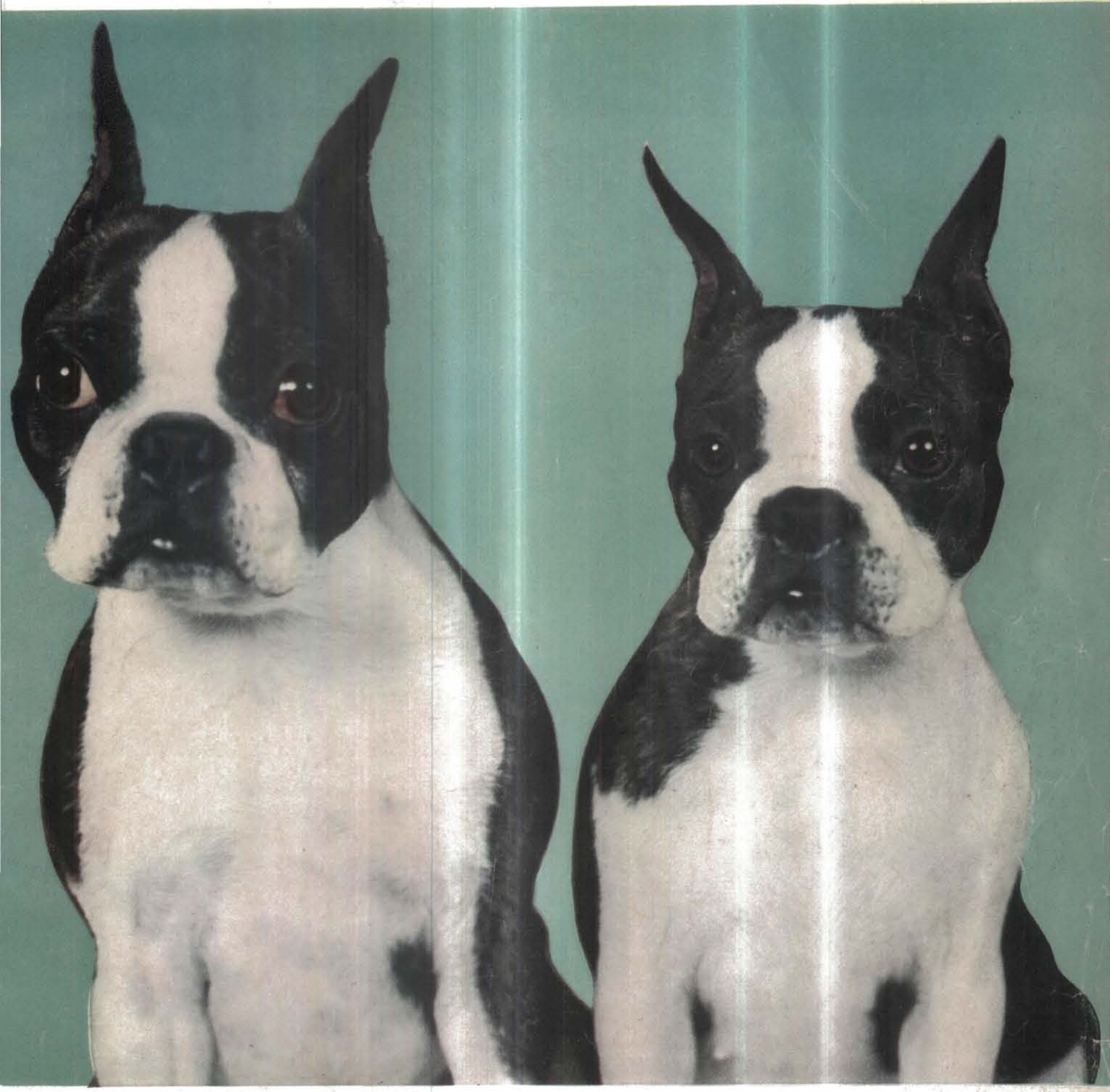

You May Be Drafted to Give Blood

Are the Major Leagues Stranglin

MARY A BECK
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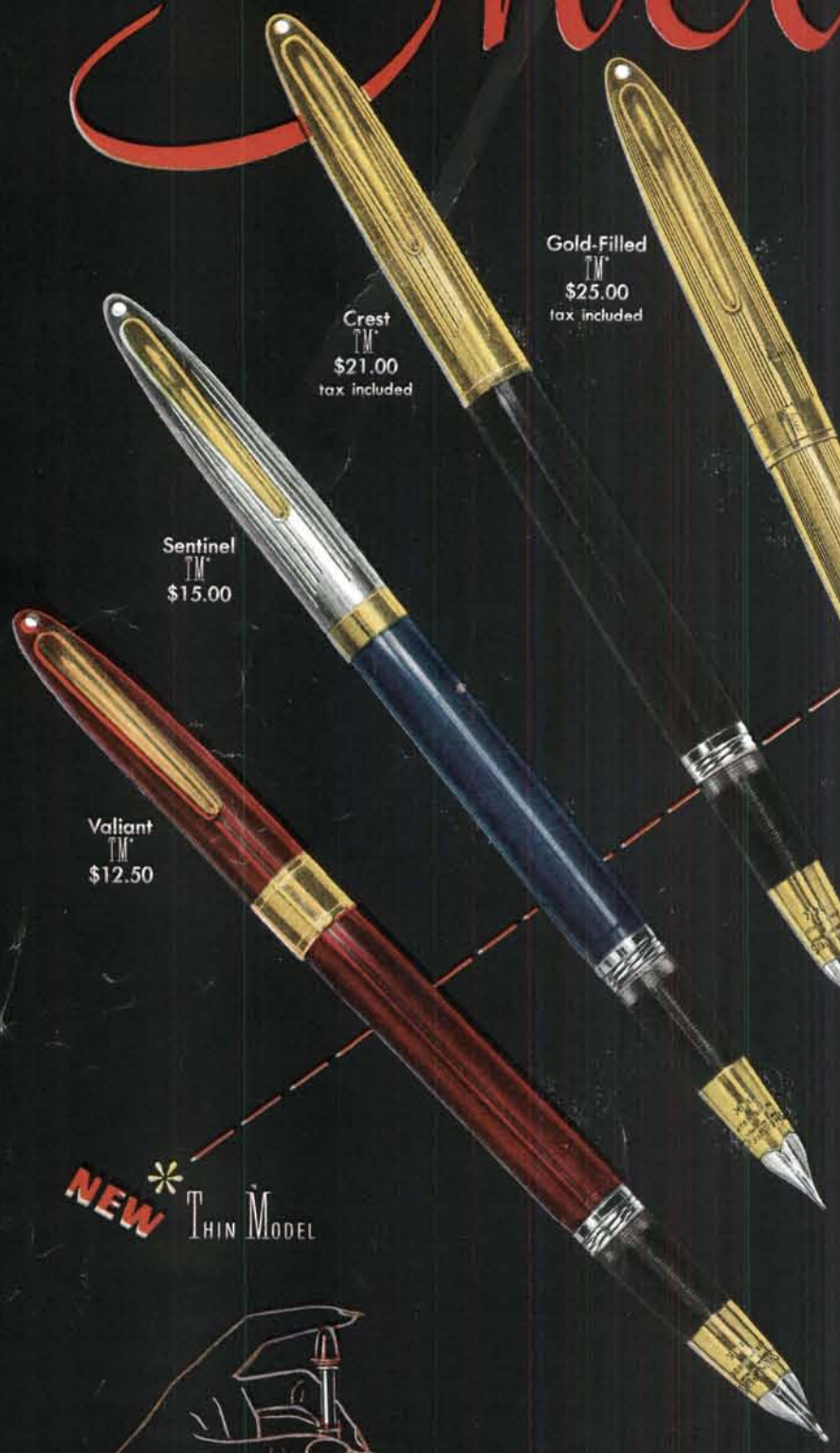
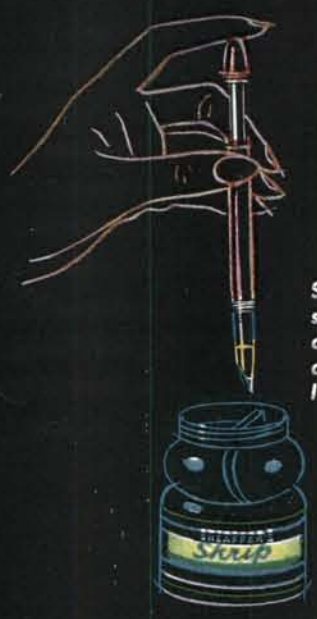
Sheaffer's



NEW* THIN MODEL



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You've never experienced a writing "feel" so free, a sensation so far removed from the bulkiness of yesteryear pens. For there's no extra weight in the new, slender TM* design! It's *all* pen—a brand new concept in writing comfort possible only in Sheaffer's. The slenderizing one-stroke Touchdown filler provides substantial fluid capacity without demanding a thick barrel. It's teamed with the famous cylindrical 14K gold point and streamlined innerspring clip, all Sheaffer exclusives which make this achievement possible. The result—the pen of the future, yours today . . . Sheaffer's new TM*.

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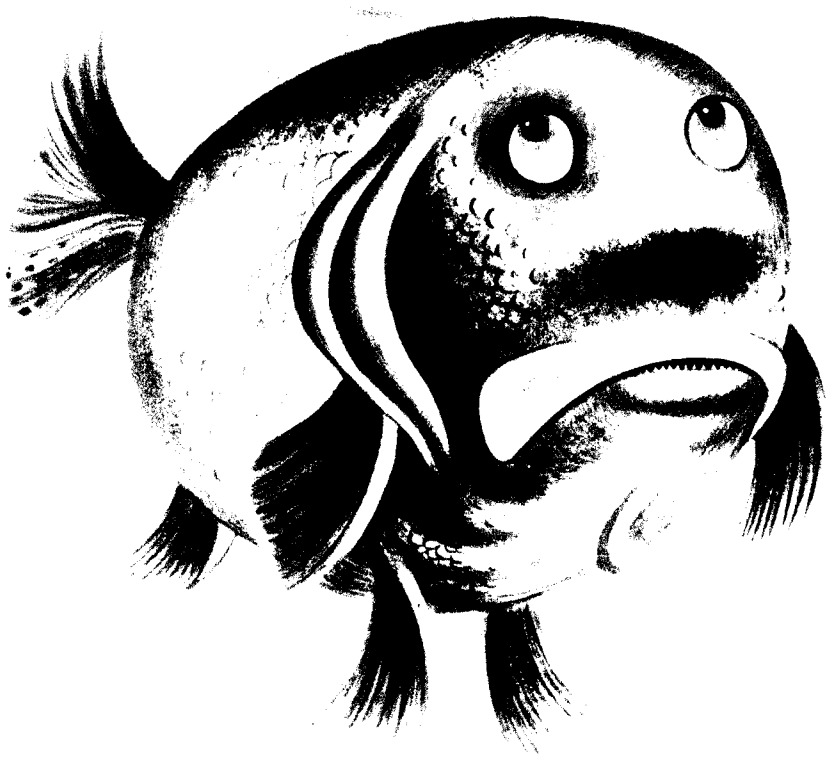


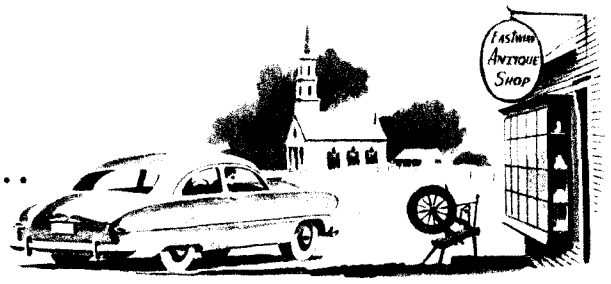
There's a big difference between a

bass ...and a... basset

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK

On a trip to the country . . .



. . . or around the town . . . you'll appreciate the extra power of "ETHYL" gasoline

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake...ethylene dichloride...sodium (metallic)...chlorine (liquid)...oil soluble dye...benzene hexachloride (technical)

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

SPENCER TRACY
JOAN BENNETT
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
in "FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"

DON TAYLOR · BILLIE BURKE

SCREEN PLAY BY ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH
BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY EDWARD STREETER
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

Uh-uh, look who's here! It's "Father's Little Dividend." And it couldn't happen to a more deserving guy than Spencer Tracy, the martyred papa in "Father of the Bride."

The fun and furore created by the wedding are nothing compared to the stir aroused by newlyweds Elizabeth Taylor and Don Taylor when they announce a forthcoming addition to the family in M-G-M's "Father's Little Dividend."

With the tongue-in-check spoofing that gave such relish to its screen predecessor, "Father's Little Dividend" gently pillories all proud parents of precocious children. The portraits are at a comic angle—just slightly askew—and therein lies irresistible humor running the chuckle-to-roar gamut.

The sequel wisely retains the same cast as before. As the mothers of the young couple, Joan Bennett and Billie Burke are ecstatic over the news and immediately launch into a dither of preparation.

Only Tracy is stopped cold. Him a grandfather! The youthful, slim, dashing Stanley Banks? Not yet, he's not ready for it.

But ready or not, baby's coming. And just to show that two can play at this game, baby arrives with a chip on his shoulder toward Tracy.

From here on it's a tussle of wills, with the young mother, Liz Taylor, doing her best to reconcile big and little baby.

Theatre tradition has it that babies are incorrigible scene stealers, and the little tyke who tyrannizes over all in "Father's Little Dividend" evidently needed no lessons in the artful smile, the burbling gurgle, the contented coo, and the blood-curdling howl.

When Spencer Tracy can't outshine baby, he collaborates with him in uproarious pantomime. Sure, he's a laughing stock—and laughing stock reaches a new high in "Father's Little Dividend".

ANTICIPATION DEPT. M-G-M's "Across the Wide Missouri" in Technicolor, starring Clark Gable and a cast of thousands! And this is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

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March 10, 1951

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Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 127, No. 10. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demerlein, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

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ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

This brace of Boston terriers (father and daughter) is owned by Mrs. A. Vien, of Irvington, New Jersey, who developed the strain through five generations of breeding. The male, four and a half years old, bears the imposing name, International Champion Vien's Little Dem's Say; the two-year-old female is Vien's Dem's Say Judy. The picture is by Bob Hanks, who specializes in dog photography and who is now working on a collection of head studies of all breeds in full color. His Greenwich Village, New York, studio is specially equipped with nonskid mats, grooming tables and toys to keep the pooches happy.

Week's Mail

The Vulnerable Ditch

EDITOR: Congratulations on Lester Velie's splendid article, The Panama Canal Is Wide Open to Attack (Jan. 20th).

Collier's has performed a great service to the nation by bringing this shocking situation to public attention. JOHN W. WHITE,
New York, N. Y.

. . . Lester Velie's excellent article on the Panama Canal and its vulnerability contains three minor errors:

1. On page 14 there appears a picture of Lieutenant General M. B. Ridgway. Caption says, "Brigadier General—" Picture shows three stars of a lieutenant general.

2. Page 60 says, "Major General R. E. Porter . . . rose from the ranks in World War I." To come from the ranks means having had enlisted service. General Porter never served in the ranks.

3. Page 60 also says, ". . . on the oil-rich Dutch island of Aruba." True, there is on that island the world's finest (in my opinion) oil refinery and acres of oil storage tanks, power plants, etc., all exposed to attack. But, as of May, 1943, not a single oil well. The oil comes from Venezuela.

WALTER LEE MITCHELL,
Colonel U.S. Army (Ret.), Affton, Mo.

1. Some copies of Collier's had been printed before the error concerning General Ridgway's rank was caught and corrected. Colonel Mitchell saw one of them.
2. Our error. General Porter started out with a reserve commission of second lieutenant in 1917.
3. Aruba's oil richness doesn't mean that the oil is produced there. After all, there are no gold mines at gold-rich Fort Knox, nor is currency printed in money-rich Wall Street.

. . . I protest! Lester Velie's article concerning the Panama Canal is very informative and alarming, but why supply our enemies with a blueprint for its destruction? Publication of such an article in a magazine with the circulation of Collier's would seem to be doing just that.

LEONA CERY, Gary, Ind.

The purpose of Mr. Velie's article was to inform the American people of the Canal's vulnerability. Collier's feels unhappily safe in assuming that the numerous agents of international Communism in Latin America are already aware of this long-standing condition.

Views on Lotteries

EDITOR: Allow me to thank and congratulate you for your splendid article on The Louisiana Lottery (Jan. 20th). This indeed affords convincing reasons why we want no lotteries and their frightful demoralization.

May I thank and congratulate you also on your fine determination to continue to

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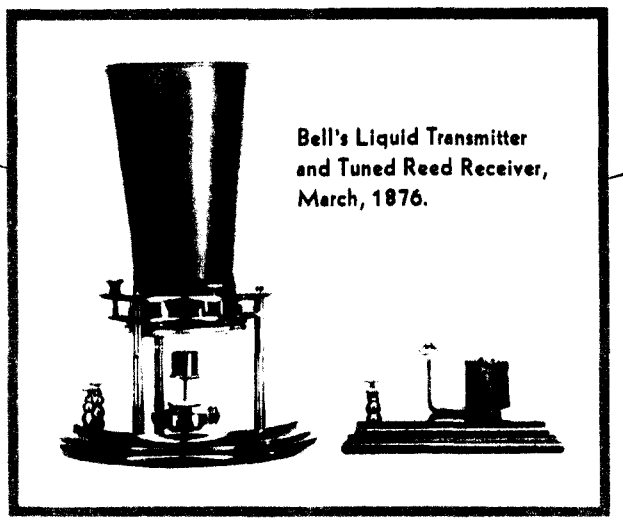
75th Anniversary of the Birth of the Telephone

1876 ✯ 1951



Bell's Liquid Transmitter and Tuned Reed Receiver, March, 1876.

SUPPOSE THE TELEPHONE HAD NEVER BEEN INVENTED

Have you ever thought what the world and your life would be like without the telephone?

If you wanted to talk to relatives or friends—if you wanted to order from a store—if you needed to summon a doctor or a policeman in an emergency—there would be no way you could do it in a hurry. What now takes only a few seconds or a few minutes would often take hours and cost you far more than a telephone call.

Each year the telephone becomes more useful to the people and more vital to the prosperity and security of the Nation. Today's tremendous job of production and defense could not be carried on without it.

There are twice as many Bell telephones as there were only ten years ago. They are here and ready because the Bell System kept right on building and improving to meet the country's needs.

Never in the history of the telephone has it been so valuable to so many people as right now.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

expose the bitter harm of "gamblers, gangsters and venal public officials."

Wars always demoralize, and the two greatest wars the world has ever known have brought lower standards—alas!—throughout our country. It is grand to have Collier's fighting with grim persistency for wholesomeness. DELCEVARE KING, Quincy, Mass.

. . . In Mr. Aswell's article The Louisiana Lottery, he says: ". . . the Louisiana caper got under way in 1868 . . . card, dice and three-card monte men relieved the occupying troops, particularly the higher officers under General Butler, of almost enough cash to pay for the loot being liberated and shipped north."

General Butler was in New Orleans from the latter part of April, 1862, to the middle of December, 1862, and not in 1868. In 1868 he was a Representative from Massachusetts in Congress. Why this gratuitous slap at the memory of a capable man?

T. B. HILTON, Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

Reader Hilton has taken his quotes out of context. The latter part, referring to General Butler's occupying troops, is contained in a paragraph beginning, "In the first years of the lottery . . ." This does not refer to the year 1868, nor is there any disparagement of General Butler, stated or implied.

Mystery Solved

EDITOR: After extensive research, we have decided that "the Thing" which Phil Harris pulled out of the "great big wooden box" was undoubtedly a triffid, as depicted in Collier's story, Revolt of the Triffids (Jan. 6th—Feb. 3d). FRANK BARRON, BILL ROWE, Lexington, Va.

Inspiration for Legislation

EDITOR: Because the President of the United States has affixed his signature to the bill passed by Congress banning the interstate shipment of slot machines, I am prompted to call to your attention the fact that as author of the bill in the House of Representatives, I received the inspiration to prosecute this legislation to a successful conclusion because of an article I read in your issue of February 19, 1949, entitled, The Big Slot-Machine Swindle, by Norman and Madelyn Carlyle. This article was highly informative and thought-provoking. It contained a strong inferential suggestion that the solution to the slot-machine problem could be had by Congressional action.

Immediately after reading your article I began to assemble data and information on the slot-machine operation throughout the nation. This information was laid before the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee when it opened hearings on the bill to outlaw these devices in interstate commerce. This article and those appearing in Collier's on the same subject in the issues of April 15 and April 22, 1950, were exhibited to the committee.

So, you see, your splendid publication through its attention to current conditions in America has been vitally instrumental in dealing a lethal blow to a gigantic illegal operation. Look about you for new fields. You are rendering real public service.

PRINCE H. PRESTON, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Inspiring Fiction

EDITOR: Thank you for the story Just An Ignorant Foreigner, by Eustace Cockrell (Jan. 20th). It was refreshing, amusing and inspiring. My family and I enjoyed it no end.

As long as we have such Americans as Sergeant Lipscomb we may know that our America is in safe hands.

ETHEL COLWELL SMITH, Berkeley, Cal.

. . . I ought to sue you! I laughed so hard at the antics of Old Man Montague (The Passionate Plowboy's Last Furrow, Jan. 20th) I fell out of my easy chair, popped a run in my nylons and bruised myself where I landed. After I got myself reorganized I proceeded to the next story, the wonderful one about the "little ignorant foreigner."

If it produced something like that, maybe the war was not a total loss, and maybe I will not resign from the human race after all. MILDRED PETTY, Madera, Cal.

The Snap-Happy Sarnos

EDITOR: Six Snap-Happy Brothers (Jan. 20th) is not funny. Real newsmen (reporters as well as photographers) are ashamed of such people. We have to apologize for them. I think you ought to apologize for building them up. JAMES WALDO FAWCETT, The Evening Star, Washington, D. C.

We'll apologize if you'll find us a newspaper editor who wouldn't like to have six Sarnos on his staff.

When You're Old, Here's What

EDITOR: I am so sorry that the authors of Life Can Begin at 65 (Jan. 20th) didn't know about our Burbank Auld Lang Syne Club. I think that while we are still a small group (200), we are doing much more for the happiness of our old people than any of the groups they told about.

Our members are from 50 to 89. We meet each Wednesday, play cards, have one business meeting, a birthday party for all members of the month, a luncheon and, weather permitting, charter a bus and go on a jaunt.

ALICE M. STEPHENSON, Burbank, Cal.

. . . Members of a unique and growing group of retired executives, who call themselves Management Counselors, Inc., are not only extremely interested in gerontology but are doing something about it, and hence feel that Collier's has accomplished a real public service by publishing the excellent three-part article entitled When You're Old—What Then?

It is the urge to continue being useful that has brought this group of retired executives and officers of some 38 different industries together. They recognize the justice of their companies' policies about retiring older executives so as to bring along younger men, and most of them do not need income from employment. But they feel that their vast store of practical experience should not be wasted.

Some large corporations have recognized that there is no substitute for experience and have retained their most valuable retired senior executives on a consulting basis. But many have not done so. And among these more and more are finding out, as they observe results of their mandatory pension plans set up in relatively recent years, that they should not deprive themselves of valuable experience every time an executive reaches retirement age.

ALFRED L. HART, New York, N. Y.

Cheers for St. Elizabeths

EDITOR: After reading many sensational and maudlin articles on mental institutions, it is pleasant to note the Stavisky piece about St. Elizabeths Hospital (Mental Hospital with a Heart, Jan. 20th). He has done a meaty and interesting job.

RAY H. EVERETT, Executive Secretary, Social Hygiene Society of the District of Columbia, Washington, D. C.

. . . As a graduate student interested in public welfare problems, I feel very deeply over the inadequacy of our system of mental hospitals in general. Perhaps by a positive approach such as this article assumes, more and faster progress in this field can be stimulated. Not discounting the effect of other articles, movies and the like in this phase of public policy, I think that by pointing up the progress that has been made and can be accomplished, the people and their elected representatives are made more aware of solutions already demonstrated.

HAROLD R. WHITE, Buffalo, N. Y.

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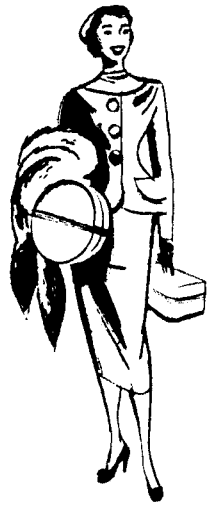
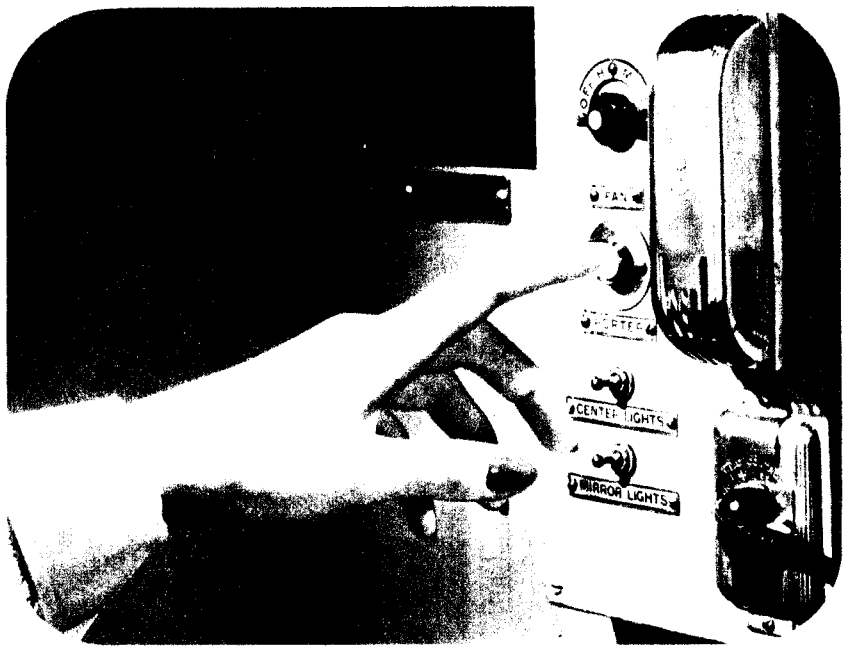


Short Lesson in Anatomy

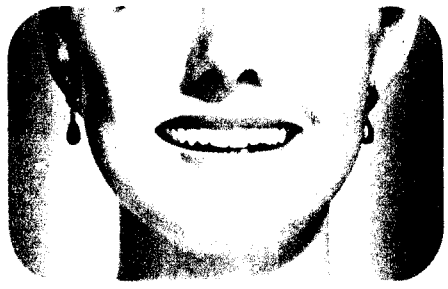
(FOR EVERYONE WHO TRAVELS)

Head. Your head isn't filled with worries about the weather when you go Pullman. That's because you know—rain, sleet, or snow—you're safer in a Pullman than you are in your own home.



Finger. The only finger you lift when you go Pullman is the one you use to press the buzzer that summons the porter. You can ask him to run errands, get things for you, perform many other special services.

Legs. Very handy things, legs, aboard a Pullman. You can use them for walking around, visiting different parts of your world on wheels. You can also use them at night for stretching out full length on your soft Pullman bed.



Smile. You wear the biggest smile you own when you get there by Pullman. You arrive on time right in the heart of town—relaxed, refreshed, ready for business or pleasure.

Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

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the chicken that's taking the nation by storm!!!!

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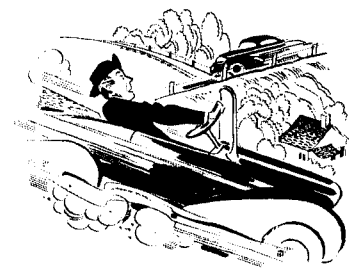
the dream chicken that came true!

tender-grown Swift's Premium

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Politicians sometimes make speeches that should be published. For example, there was that aspirant to statesmanship in Montana who ran for the legislature promising, if elected, to advocate a system of highways so constructed that no matter which way you drove you'd be always going downhill. We tried to console him when the votes were counted. "Be seeing you," he said as we parted. "Anyway, it's still a good idea."



★ ★ ★

You can relax. Dr. J. Hugh Pruett, astronomer for the Extension Division of the Oregon Higher Education System, assures you there are no "sky signs" that catastrophe impends. Doctor Pruett speaks thus in answer to "a friend who asked me whether it was true that the present unusual happenings in the skies are so alarming that the newspapers dare not print accounts of them for fear the public would be panic-stricken." In fact, the universe is swirling along pretty much as usual, even if the Russians do claim that they invented it.

★ ★ ★

Amongst the mass of evidence that the old gray world ain't what she used to be is the announcement in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, that the treasury of that state has a surplus of $5,450,000. The late Huey Long would have seen to it that there'd have been no such nonsense.

★ ★ ★

And while we're on the subject of public finances, there's that reckless California legislator who, on the floor of the state Senate, suggested that the money problem should be solved by cutting expenditures instead of looking for ways to raise more tax dollars. You should have seen the eyebrows rise. Funny how hitherto sound citizens suddenly go radical like that.

★ ★ ★

We've been expecting something like this for a long time. A burglar broke into a house in Des Moines, Iowa, and by golly he *did* steal the kitchen sink. Closely related to that, we'd say, are a few words from Mr. Ted Deemer, of Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Deemer insists there's nothing new about selling hunks of the White House, salvaged during renovation, for from two bits to $100. "I was in Washington during the Harding regime," cries Mr. Deemer. "The only reason the Washington Monument is still there is that somebody double-crossed the guy they sold it to."

★ ★ ★

Talk to a resident of Nebraska and he will probably snap his fingers and show you a recent publication of the American Enterprise Association of New York. Therein you'll see that Mr. Mortimer Spiegelman, a fellow of the Society of Actuaries, finds that in Nebraska one lives longer than in any of the other 47 states. (We shall appreciate it a lot if you do not tell us "it merely seems longer.") The average Nebraskan (male) does not die until he's about seventy. The women linger on a trifle longer—say about seventy-one. Next in longevity order come South Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa. Kansas, doing better since she went wet, is fifth. For the rest of this we refer you to Mr. Spiegelman and the American Enterprise Association. All very interesting. Especially if you live in the South or Southwest where the life-span is as much as 10 years less than Nebraska's.

★ ★ ★

Back to Nebraska for a moment. Our Omaha man reports that a young matron he knows underwent an operation. As she came out of the anesthetic she wet

JACK BETTS

her lips, looked up at the doctor and the nurse, a vague expression on her face, and said thickly: "Guess you're right, honey; four Martinis *are* too many."

★ ★ ★

A couple of items from Los Angeles that may be significant of something, although we'd hate to have to tell you what: His arms loaded with Communist literature, boldy displayed, Art Ryon, a Los Angeles Times reporter, moped around town attracting as much attention as possible. Reading the Daily Worker —held high so that all could see—he trudged through the Federal Building, loafed in front of the Marine Corps recruiting office, hung around draft headquarters. Nobody paid any attention to him. He joined the crowd that goggled at a large display of Russian weapons captured in Korea, holding aloft a copy of People's World, a peculiarly nasty Red rag. This won him a couple of dirty looks, that's all. Our immediate and obvious reaction to Mr. Ryon's futile experiment is that it's a waste of time to try to be a Communist. The other item has to do with the equally fruitless efforts of State Civil Defense Director

(Continued on page 57)

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Most of these bones are marked "fragile" too. They cause a lot of anguish and cost a lot of money when broken.

In fact, if you were to count the cost in dollars of just one broken bone—you might easily end up in the thousands.

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GEORGE WOODRUFF

Dr. Edward Joseph Cohn, eminent Harvard scientist, is the key figure in research aimed at improving methods of storing blood

You May Be Drafted TO GIVE BLOOD

If total war comes, with our cities under bombing attack, there is now no alternative to forcing Americans, 18 to 60, to give a pint at stated times

By JOHN LEAR

IT MAY be necessary for us to conscript human blood along with man power if we are forced to fight a total war against the Russians. In fact, if we were to be attacked tomorrow, there would be no practical alternative to requiring every able-bodied citizen between the ages of eighteen and sixty to give a pint from his veins at stated intervals of time in order to guarantee the lives of the wounded on far-flung battle fronts as well as civilian victims of possible atomic bombings at home.

We have no other means of readying ourselves at once to cope with sudden disastrous blows which—as General George C. Marshall warned a year ago—"might require more blood in a single week than all our requirements for a full year during the (second world) war."

This is a bold and extreme approach to a frightening problem, a last-ditch proposal. No responsible public official has ventured to suggest it. All official attention has been concentrated on the ostensible stockpiling of blood. But it is a physical impossibility to stockpile blood by present methods long enough to accumulate immense pools of it. Because blood can be kept in a state fit for human transfusion only 21 days.

Can't we stockpile plasma? Plasma—the amber fluid which remains after the red cells (which enable us to breathe by carrying oxygen from the lungs to the body tissues and there swapping it for carbon dioxide to carry back to the lungs) and the

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Hope for avoiding a draft rests on research aimed at breaking down the blo

white cells (which fight bacteria) and the platelets (which, when injured, release a mysterious something that starts the involved mechanics of blood clotting) have been drained off. Plasma, properly processed, can be kept for years.

The military is stockpiling dried, frozen plasma now, tons of it. But plasma will not do all the work whole blood will do in a hurt body. And it sometimes transmits jaundice. Freezing and drying do not destroy the virus which causes jaundice, but do destroy parts of the plasma. If plasma is irradiated to destroy the virus, still more of the life and value of the plasma is lost, and the cost of freezing and drying, which Congress was told amounted to $34 per pint of blood during 1950, goes up. Furthermore, plasma-drying machinery is in such great demand for the manufacture of penicillin and other wonder drugs vital to civilian defense that it is virtually unobtainable without the highest military priority. In sum, unless we endanger our now pitifully meager medicine stockpile, plasma can't be dried much faster than it is being dried today—and that simply isn't fast enough.

"It is important," General Marshall said in stating the gravity of blood logistics at Boston in January of 1950, months before the Korean war began steadily deepening the crisis, "that we have machinery immediately available which can be thrown quickly into high gear when tremendous quantities of blood are needed suddenly. I think you will agree with me that it would not be prudent for such matters of life and death to be left to chance."

General Marshall was not arguing for blood conscription. As the then president of the American Red Cross, he was pleading for support for more intensive research in blood preservation and especially for the research of the one man in the country who offered a promising alternative to a blood draft: Dr. Edwin Joseph Cohn, University Professor at Harvard.

In any scientific gathering, Dr. Cohn is always the man who looks least like a scientist. The perpetually new-scrubbed pink of his upholstered cheeks, the immaculate white of the fringe around his pate, the perfect fit of fashionable cloth across his shoulders, and the well-brushed sound of British phrasing in his speech all hint the presence of a brisk and debonair investment-banker-clubman. The impression is disconcerting to those who look for a vague and dreamy personality to fit Cohn's world-wide reputation as a pure—i. e., theoretical—protein chemist. Nevertheless, it is amazingly accurate. For within the research realm this Harvard professor operates on a scale that would be fully appreciated only in the world of industrial finance.

How Proteins Would Be Kept Alive

Dr. Cohn is now engaged in proving that blood can be stockpiled for far greater lengths of time than at present—and so amassed in huge reserves in advance of disaster—if it is first taken apart, one protein building block at a time, and each protein plunged into sudden and deep sleep. If his theory is correct, the proteins will live as separate entities in a state of suspended animation and can be restored to the body at will to resume their normal functions.

During the last 10 years, Dr. Cohn has developed a chemical assembly line which runs in reverse and dismantles the blood. He has used it to identify more than 80 components of the bloodstream and to reduce some of them to pastes and powders which have been kept potent in a dormant state for years.

It is possible to take two of these powders from refrigerator shelves where they have been sitting since 1944, mix them in water, and form a fibrous jelly that has all the attributes of a blood clot except the color red. The antibodies nature builds to fight infectious disease prevent measles and jaundice epidemics long after they are removed from the blood and put into storage. There are thousands of cases in which the component known as albumin, having been separated from plasma that was dried during World War II and shipped around the world, went to war again half a decade later and saved lives in Korea.

Dr. Cohn visions future physicians prescribing transfusions of only those blood fractions a particular patient needs. Red cells for anemia, clotting components for excessive bleeding, albumin and red cells for shock, and so on. This would put all available blood to its most efficient use, and components whose functions are not yet clearly understood could be set aside for research into such fundamental puzzles as leukemia; how the blood carries drugs, hormones and viruses; and what are the specific causes of man's most vicious killers: hardening of the arteries, high-blood pressure and cancer.

Surgeons generally argue that only whole blood will do for the predominant majority of transfusions—that is, those intended to replace blood lost in surgery. "Maybe they are right," Dr. Cohn rejoins. "But how can we know until all parts of blood are available and are tried under many different conditions? We have nothing to lose by finding out how far we can go in creating blood economy. There is always the possibility that by preserving blood components individually we will learn how to preserve whole blood longer."

As a starter, the professor has built a blood fractionation factory small enough to fit into a small kitchen. It can be placed on wheels and rolled over the highways as easily as a milkman's truck. Whole blood goes into one end of this astonishing contraption and three vital substances come out the other:

1. A dark red sludge.
2. A yellowish white paste.
3. An amber liquid.

The sludge is made up of the blood cells, predominantly red cells. Two years of continuous experiments by Dr. Max Strumia, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, indicate that if it is kept in the proper solution at or just below freezing, it can be preserved for at least 60 days and perhaps twice that long. If it can be transfused safely as a supplement to the amber liquid, it may treble, and possibly sextuple, the length of time blood can be stockpiled. In other words, the effective stockpile could be anywhere from three to six times as big.

The paste has buried within it the fractions of blood which cause clotting, the fractions that are used for blood typing, and the antibodies against

Dr. Cohn rarely meets with individuals, but with groups of researchers to whom he poses fresh problems. He is sitting at the far end of the table

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ART GRIFFIN

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contagious diseases. It can be broken down in a second type of blood factory, now being designed by Dr. Cohn.

The amber liquid itself is what is left of the blood after the cells and the paste are gone. There is laboratory evidence to support the belief that it can be kept for years at ordinary temperatures and still longer if refrigerated. It contains albumin, the one magical component that maintains the blood at a constant dependable level of flow and so feeds the brain, the liver and the kidneys with a steady breath of oxygen through the red cells.

As long as enough of it is poured into a bleeding body, in the right proportion, life will go on even though a large percentage of red cells is lost. For the heart automatically picks up speed in whatever degree is required to move the lesser number of red cells back and forth fast enough to do their own regular work plus the work of their missing fellows. Too much speed over too long a time weakens the heart, of course, and a stockpile of red cell reserves is desirable to cut down the work load.

Dr. Cohn believes that the amber liquid, which he calls S.P.P.S. (Stable Plasma Protein Solution) will prove safe because it is a combination of blood fractions most of which were injected separately and successfully in man during World War II. Previous experiments indicate further that the liquid may be the natural environment in which to preserve the red cells. In that case, combined transfusion of the two would be simplified, and, if followed by injection of the components that cause clotting, would provide an effective composite blood for the first time in history.

Advantages of the New Solution

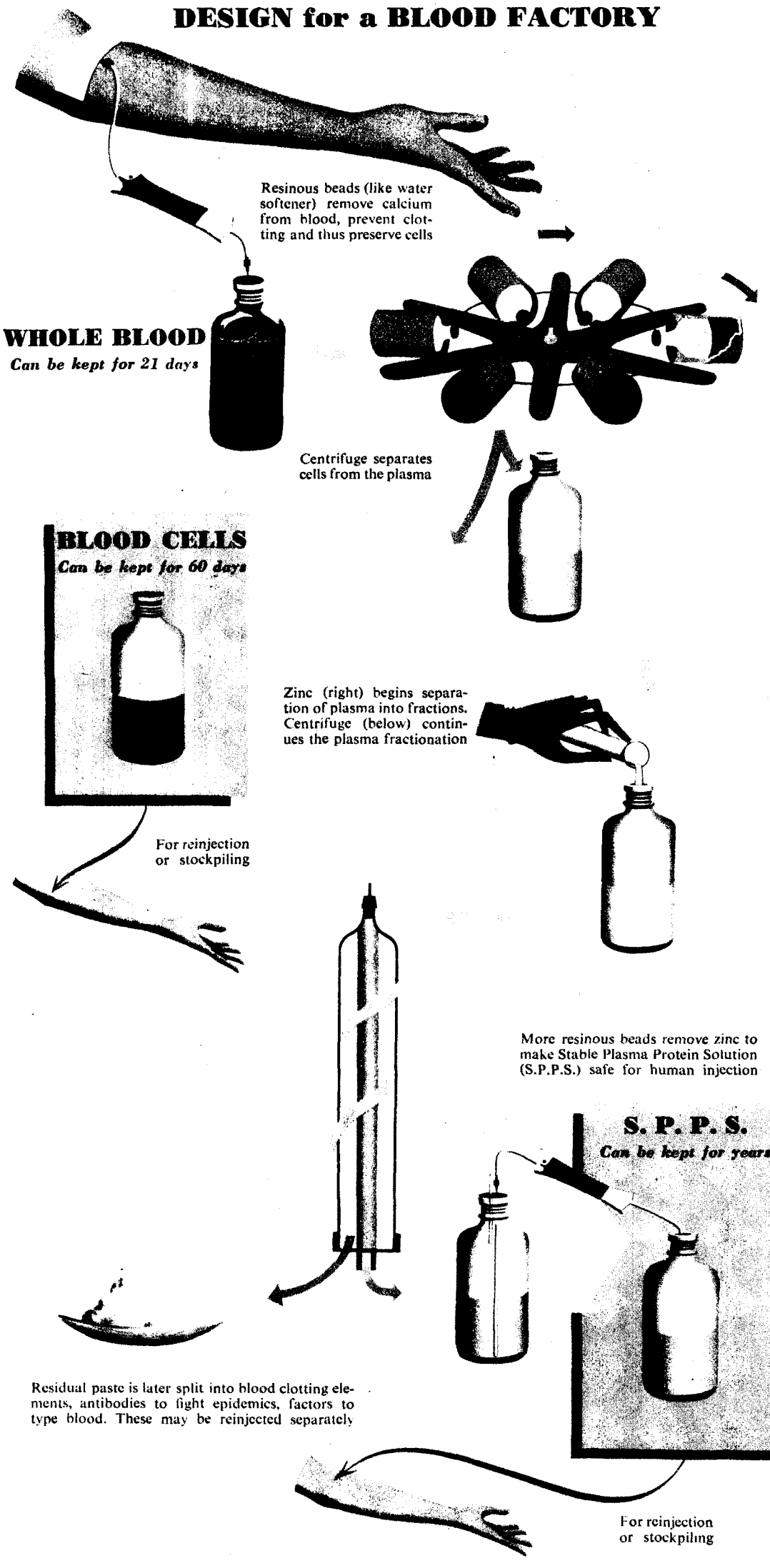
Clinical tests of the blood factory's products are now beginning. The red-cell phase may take years, but the efficacy of S.P.P.S. may be proved in a matter of months. If successful, this fluid alone will afford enormous savings to the American military establishment. It has all the advantages of plasma, occupies only half the space of dried plasma, has none of the virus-transmitting threat of dried plasma, costs far less than dried plasma, and can be turned out quickly with easily available machinery. Dr. Cohn figures that 50 copies of his factory, scattered about the country, would be a reasonable minimum with which to face an emergency. Truck builders say all these could be delivered on wheels within a few months at a total cost below $2,000,000—a tiny droplet in the present torrent of defense outpour.

Development of such a factory chain would not surprise Dr. Cohn's associates. As one of them puts it, "Most scientists are quiet, meek little guys who like to sit in a corner and think. Cohn is a tycoon. He runs his lab like General Motors. The kind of team work he demands often makes it impossible to tell with whom any scientific idea originates. He has a genius for holding an immense amount of detail of all kinds in his head, synthesizing it, and rounding up able people to work it out. He consults an expert for each problem and does not waste time on any but the first-rate. When he wants to talk to one of the top men in a field, he just calls up on the phone and asks the guy to come over. And the guy comes."

"The guy" does come, but rarely to see Dr. Cohn alone. The professor seldom meets with individuals. He confers with groups. The effect is impersonal. Those who deal regularly with the professor explain to newcomers: "Dr. Cohn spends all his energy understanding proteins. He doesn't mean to be rude. He merely means to regard people in their proper perspective. Chemically, you know, human beings are only the ultimate consequence of protein relationships."

Dr. Cohn is not insensitive to any antagonisms his detachment might arouse. He simply feels that the University Laboratory of Physical Chemistry Related to Medicine and Public Health is his institution, and others can't expect to tell him how to run it. Anyone who is *(Continued on page 58)*

DESIGN for a BLOOD FACTORY


Resinous beads (like water softener) remove calcium from blood, prevent clotting and thus preserve cells
WHOLE BLOOD
Can be kept for 21 days
Centrifuge separates cells from the plasma
BLOOD CELLS
Can be kept for 60 days
For reinjection or stockpiling
Zinc (right) begins separation of plasma into fractions. Centrifuge (below) continues the plasma fractionation
More resinous beads remove zinc to make Stable Plasma Protein Solution (S.P.P.S.) safe for human injection
S. P. P. S.
Can be kept for years
Residual paste is later split into blood clotting elements, antibodies to fight epidemics, factors to type blood. These may be reinjected separately
For reinjection or stockpiling

AL TARTER

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Typical date: five girls, one man. (l. to r.) Dot Ault, Nancy Cunningham, William Friedman, Nannette Choate, Joyce Mrkonic, Nancy Elsner

Clerk-stenographer Nancy Cunningham (left) is capable, hard-working—and bored. Above she observes some of the havoc of war in Belgrade

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[illegible] GIRL

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN

Serving in the diplomatic war's front lines raises hob with a girl's social life, and the work is hard. At Belgrade, Nancy Cunningham keeps long hours, rarely has a date, and dreams of home. But she's engaged in something big and that makes it worth while

Belgrade

FOUR girls crowded around Nancy Cunningham and the young man who nervously scuffed the worn carpet of the vestibule with the toes of his shoes.

"Gee, Nancy," one of the girls began, her voice tinged with envy. "They say the orchestra at the Majestic knows some new American numbers."

Nancy's blue eyes twinkled with understanding. She glanced from the young man, a State Department courier on an overnight stay in the Yugoslav capital, to her friends and co-workers in the American embassy.

"Get your coats, let's all go," said Nancy.

Before she finished the sentence, the girls had their coats and the courier had five dates instead of the one he had made earlier that day.

"They danced me bowlegged," he said later. "I don't think those girls had danced in months. I must come here more often. I'm a popular guy."

Nancy couldn't agree with him more. This is a town where an American working girl thinks of dancing with a man as a deb longs for her coming-out party, and where a lonesome bachelor could—if he wished—go steady with half a dozen girls at a time.

"In Belgrade, you learn fast that there are no dates, no parties, no fancy apartments, no night clubs and no men," the pretty Foreign Service clerk-secretary told me. "When we're very, very lucky, we have a ratio of three girls to every eligible male."

That didn't add up to me. An American abroad is customarily a privileged character. That goes double for an American girl—especially one like Nancy, who is twenty-four, and blessed with a better-than-average figure and legs you see in stocking ads. Back home, even in Los Angeles, Nancy's home town, where good looks are wholesale, you'd turn around for a second appraising look at her. Besides, she's unobtrusively intelligent and could charm a confirmed misogynist with her dimpled smile. Nancy easily divined my disbelief about her barren social life.

"Brother, this is eastern Europe, not the U.S.A.," she said with a wry laugh. "Neither is it Paris or Rome. Why don't you forget political significances for a change and stick around us for a while? You'll see what I mean."

I watched for a couple of weeks, and although I've made many trips here, I never before appreciated what girls in this embassy are up against. Like anyone else who has seen Foreign Service types abroad, I figured they had well-stocked larders, plenty of entertainment and were perhaps a little too pampered, even in unglamorous Belgrade. Now I know better.

For one thing, they work hard. They may not be making foreign policy, but they help it mesh. Most of them are at their first overseas post, and they customarily put in a long day under difficult conditions.

Nancy, for example, takes dictation and handles filing and secretarial work for the embassy's political and economic section. That normally would be a full-time job. However, like the other clerk-stenographers, she is often called on to do work for other Foreign Service officers including Ambassador George V. Allen. In addition, the girls are frequently asked to decipher and encipher coded messages between the embassy and the State Department. They also perform certain administrative functions involving the American commissary, garages, payrolls and the like. It keeps them busy.

Because the United States keeps a smaller diplomatic staff in the Yugoslav capital than in most other European countries, there is a fine air of informality among its members, whatever their rank. It's one embassy where Americans don't take protocol seriously.

"You can see the ambassador sitting down with the clerks for coffee almost any time in our canteen," Nancy says. "We all know one another well, and no one ever lacks friendship."

This close-knit atmosphere is a great help in adjusting to the peculiarities of life in Belgrade. Most of the girls, like Nancy, who graduated from UCLA in 1948, are college-educated. They understood vaguely when they came over that Yugoslavia wasn't going to be a dizzy round of fancy balls; they did expect, however, to enjoy a certain amount of social relaxation with men. But here's what they ran into:

Thirty to 35 unattached American girls work in the embassy; there is exactly one eligible bachelor. Our consulate in Zagreb has four bachelors, but Zagreb is 200 miles away.

"Bad job placement," the girls complain.

Sad Plight of the Lone Bachelor

The embassy's lone eligible bachelor, twenty-nine-year-old Bill Friedman, of St. Louis, handsome and harassed second secretary, thinks the girls have a point. He wants reinforcements, although he has become accustomed to being an escort or host to six or a dozen girls.

Friedman has been here two and a half years and has never had a real date. He will not take one girl out, because it would cause trouble and jealousy. Also, he doesn't dare be seen going out with just one. He would find himself "engaged" almost automatically.

"I don't even dare ask them to sew buttons," he said. "That might show favoritism. All the buttons are off my pajamas, so I just lace them up with shoelaces."

The British embassy's bachelors are slightly better off, but they've got their hands full being nice to their own countrywomen. Around the other diplomatic missions representing the Western World, there's less than a handful of available men and few of them speak English. The girls generally speak nothing else.

Why, then, not go out with English-speaking Yugoslavs?

That question brings up exceedingly delicate issues. In Communist eastern Europe, the unwritten rule for American personnel is to separate private lives from such normal necessary business relationships as exist with the people of the country. Since Tito broke with the Soviet Union, the atmosphere here for Americans is much pleasanter than it was, say three years ago. By comparison with what once existed, conditions are downright cordial.

Yet Yugoslavia is a Communist state. Security is a vital factor in a key spot like this. The State Department can't take any chances on having a girl who handles codes and confidential documents fall for a local Romeo who might well be doubling in brass as an agent. As a matter of fact, such an incident did occur recently, involving a girl assigned to the code room of an embassy in eastern Europe. Embassy officials discovered to their horror that the girl was going out steadily—with a slick police agent. She was recalled, of course, but the incident always is cited as reason for the girls to be very circumspect.

"Once you get to Yugoslavia, you learn quickly what to do and what to avoid," Nancy briefed me. "We don't want trouble."

That attitude works both ways. The Yugoslavs are just as careful in their relations with the Americans, whom they find somewhat puzzling. However, the people of this nation have a long tradition of friendship with the people of the United States, and in general respect them.

"Your American girls are so attractive," university student Josip Relovic told me. "They always look alive and happy, and it's nice to watch them walk with their heads erect, as if they feared nothing."

Maria Lenic is a housewife and the mother of two young sons. She frankly envies the American girls—a trait shared by most Yugoslav women. But there's nothing vicious about this feeling. "They always look so lovely," Mrs. Lenic said. "All of us wish we had their clothes and cosmetics. But the girls seem so natural. They don't act like grand ladies because they have more than we."

This air of general admiration is reflected on the government level, too.

"American girls cause no trouble and behave themselves exceedingly well," a high Yugoslav official told me. "I cannot say that for the Soviet women who were here. They tried to treat Yugoslav servants and taxi drivers like dirt."

Despite their feeling of friendliness toward the Americans, the Yugoslav *(Continued on page 71)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES STEINHEIMER

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HERO'S HOLIDAY

Kay found herself almost sharing her father's contempt for this young man who said he loved her. If only he would fight back—if only he would face his *real* enemy

By HARRY SYLVESTER

SHE left the hotel and walked across the Plaza, which was already marked by long sharp morning shadows. She wondered how Ellis Bannon had looked here in Vera Cruz in 1944, in the gold tabs of a second lieutenant. Had he sat on the wrought-iron benches near the bandstand and passed between the high gray walls of the streets that led to the Esplanade? Had he been as concerned then over his place in the world and his occupation? She thought he had not, for the work of the Ferry Command had seemed useful to him then, the kind of work that had some meaning and importance. Since she thought about him so much, Kay supposed, it must be that she loved Bannon more than she was willing to admit.

On the Esplanade the shade of the benches marked the concrete in geometrical patterns. If today, she thought, she could somehow get them down on paper; yesterday she had failed. She sat down by a colonnade and began to work. Today the heat as well as the light was a problem; it dried her blocks of water color, it dried the washes she applied to the paper so swiftly her feeling for color became unsure. Closing the box of paints, she laid the moist, unfinished painting on the ground and pulled a sketch block from an open leather bag. She drew easily and surely, with quick strong strokes of the pencil, sketches she would use sometime when she could work them into water colors.

She did not notice Bannon approaching from the direction of the Plaza. He was a lean man, about thirty, with a quizzical smile and deep-set eyes hidden behind dark glasses. He stood silent in back of her. "Very nice," he said after a moment.

She added two or three lines, then, without turning, said, "It's all right."

"I meant you." Bannon said. His hands touched her shoulders, lightly yet possessively.

She turned and looked him up and down. He was wearing a white linen jacket. "Dressed like a citizen," she said. "My father says that nonconformism becomes less and less of a virtue."

"I never did think much of him, from what you said," Bannon told her. He almost laughed. "Has he got here yet?"

Kay shook her head. "The port office here wired Tampico and learned that his boat left two days ago, which means he could have arrived any time from last night on. I came here a while ago half expecting to see The Porpoise already moored. Instead, you arrive. Good thing, too." She put out a hand and lightly stroked the back of his narrow wrist, noticing again how big the hand was for the wrist.

"Any happier about meeting him?"

Kay shrugged. "It's a kind of duty, I suppose. Now that you've arrived you can show me the city."

"You probably already know it better than I do. I never saw it much by day."

"Seen any of your old girls? Relaxed at all?" Some of the tension that she had noticed in him at Mexico City seemed to be gone.

"I just got here this morning."

"Were you any happier when you were stationed here?" She had turned from him and was adding fine lines to the sketch.

"I don't know. The Ferry Command seemed sedentary. I was twenty-five then and I wanted to get into combat."

"And that's why you volunteered for Korea?"

Bannon stood silent a moment, looking at her back as though she had somehow betrayed him. "I thought this was going to be a kind of holiday."

"That was your idea," she said. "I wouldn't come down to this coast heat except my father asked me to."

"Yes, that's right," he said. "I was the one who wanted to come back to Vera Cruz. Now that I'm here I'm remembering that with me, anyhow, the going was ruggeder here than in Korea. I cracked up once, north of here, taking a plane to Texas that had been flown in from Italy via Africa without any repairs to speak of. The sand was too soft when I tried to land on the beach near Tampico."

An unreasonable alarm touched her. It is really stronger than I think, she told herself, when something that happened to him six years ago should panic me now. "You never told me about that." She did not turn to him and spoke through barely opened lips. "Were you hurt much?"

"More shaken up. I was thrown clear."

So he was returned here, she told herself, to the place where his life possessed its greatest meaning. And after the five dissatisfying years between wars he had gone to Korea but had not found there what he once thought he had here. They had called him too old for combat flying and put him with a reconnaissance squadron. Now he had returned here seeking something, perhaps only knowledge of himself, some secret he had known in 1944 that, if he could find it again, could give his life direction and meaning. "Let's walk," she said.

"We'll go to the Plaza and get a beer."

"I don't want a beer," she said.

"This beer is very dry. Wonderful."

Kay did not speak as they walked back to the Plaza, and presently Bannon said. "I don't remember the sun being this hot. It's silenced even you."

"I'll try to be happier. You were the one who needed cheering in Mexico City. Now you're happy as a clam but not quite so silent."

"Is it the heat that troubles you?"

"No. I can't help thinking about meeting my father."

They walked on for a moment. Kay laid a hand on his arm. "Come here, Buck." They went into the shade of the last booth before the city began. She put her head against his shoulder and he held her.

"I didn't think meeting him was going to trouble you so," he said.

"But it's years since I've seen him."

"Is he really such an ogre?"

"I don't know. Mother taught us to think he was. And he is arrogant. And he has taken this Joan Canby with him all over the world."

"Look," Bannon said. "It's a meeting that can't last too long. It'll all be over in a day or two."

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Bannon stood [illegible] "Very nice," he said after a moment. Without turning, she said, "It's all right"

He patted her back as though [illegible]

"He mightn't like you." Her [illegible] almost wished.

"So long as you do, that wor[illegible] Now, [illegible] you had a real problem stay[illegible] yourself between wars—"

Kay straightened. "What *did* [illegible] with yourself between wars?"

"Oh, this and that." They wer[illegible] "I flew in the Cleveland races two [illegible] But getting ready for them takes only [illegible] Other times I sold light planes to Western farmers. I don't want to do either any more. I don't know just what I do want to do. It's an attitude that hurts no one and I refuse to apologize for it. I happen to have a few dollars—"

"Look," Kay said. He followed her [illegible] as they were about to leave the Esplanade. He saw the black-hulled, forty-two-footer just com[illegible] and the light on the end of the breakwater. He felt a slight coldness touch him, something akin to Kay's own feeling about her father's arrival.

"Shall we go to meet him now or send our cards or what?" Kay said.

"I don't carry cards," Bannon said. "I could show him my old ID cards. I was probably the oldest first lieutenant in history."

She thought again: It is really something more than the opportunity to be valiant that he wants. "I suppose we'd better go and get it over with."

"You make it sound like an ordeal," Bannon said.

"If you were Joan Canby, wouldn't you think that my belated interest in my father was because of the estate?"

"I don't know," Bannon said. "Part of my difficulty is that I don't think in those terms. Until now, when I saw the boat, I didn't even think there might be an estate. What was she, by the way?"

"She used to be a dancer. She's only ten years or so older than I am."

"Anyhow," Bannon said, almost absently, "I thought he asked to see you when your mother died. You didn't go to him."

They turned and went along the concrete apron toward the farthest slip. Kay found herself hurrying, but she noticed the concrete steps leading down into the water. The fishing boats disembarked their crews by the steps. Bannon had told her of the nights during the war when he walked the Esplanade, thinking of how the steps leading into water were like those going to *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

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Are the Major Leagues Strangling Baseball?

By FRANCIS WALLACE

Yes, says the consensus of minor-league leaders. The game now faces a crisis and its entire future hangs on solving the TV-radio problem

Let's stay home from the ball game
Let's stay out of the crowd
Buy me a highball, a beer or Coke
What care we if the minors go broke?
Leave us Root! Root! Root! for the big leagues
In comfort with pipe and the Dame
Though it's one, two, THREE STRIKES YOU'RE OUT
FOR THE OLD BALL GAME

THE minor leagues aren't exactly singing this parody of the national anthem of the National Game; but they're speaking out with bitterness toward their major-league masters, who, they say, gave a convincing demonstration last season of parents eating their young.

"Television will be baseball's cancer," says Frank Lawrence, owner of the Portsmouth, Virginia, club in the Piedmont League and president of the $20,000,000 American National Bank, "if present policies continue—and IF baseball survives radio, which has become its heart trouble."

The four years following World War II were the most prosperous in baseball history; but in 1950 there was an abrupt attendance drop which brought a 14 per cent (2,752,388 admissions) decrease to the two major leagues and a 17 per cent (7,338,274 admissions) loss to the 434 clubs in 57 minor leagues. The majors casually marked it off to unusually bad weather, poor clubs in some of the best box-office cities, and a shrinking entertainment dollar caused primarily by record-breaking installment buying.

But the minors don't agree. They point out that the over-all decrease in football attendance under the same conditions was only 6.3 per cent. They insist that the heavier baseball loss, and particularly their own crippling reduction, was caused by the only factor present in 1950 that was not there in 1949—the saturation of minor-league territory with broadcasts of major-league games.

Until last season every club, regardless of classification, had territorial rights to radio and television coverage within a 50-mile radius of its local franchise. But the Department of Justice, prodded by radio, unofficially declared its view that this standard baseball procedure was in violation of the nation's antitrust laws. Whereupon the commissioner's office, seeking to avoid legal involvements, voided territorial rights and thereby cut loose the previously restricted major-league broadcasts which roared into distant minor-league territory. This development alienated the affections of minor-league fans and cut drastically into the income of minor-league clubs, few of which are bolstered by much reserve capital.

Hardest hit were those directly in the path of the radio-television blizzard which blows daily from New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Two leagues, the Colonial and New England, have already folded. The Triple-A International has lost Newark and Jersey City. Twenty-one other leagues are estimated to be in danger this season, although all but five, apparently, will attempt to open. Equipment manufacturers are proceeding cautiously—in some cases uniforms are being made without lettering.

All this is happening to the national game in a year when the national income may reach an all-time high. And it has nothing much to do with the war situation. Baseball is proceeding on the theory that it will be permitted to continue as a morale agency, as it did during World War II. Shortage of players because of the military draft will aggravate the general problem; but even if all-out mobilization should obliterate baseball for the duration, the minor-league problem would still be there when baseball resumed.

"If wholesale saturation broadcasts are continued," says bluff Frank Shaughnessy, president of the International League, "it can only result in the folding up of these leagues which are the grass roots of baseball. The result will be that baseball will soon cease to be the national game and that the class of players which the majors will be forced to use will be far short of even present major-league standards, which are none too high as compared to the class of ballplayers that we had prior to World War II. Of course, the whole reason for this drastic program was caused by the desire to make a lot of money out of baseball and, in so doing, they are destroying the game itself."

Cries of distress began to come into the office of George M. Trautman, president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues (the minors), as early as last June. He circularized the presidents of his leagues and, in August, wrote Commissioner Albert B. Chandler: "The answers have been similar—bad weather, less money available for recreation, the international situation, poor ball clubs—but 95 per cent cited radio and television saturation. In my opinion there are no factors contributing to decreased attendance that were not present in 1949, other than the present radio and television regulations."

Continuing, Trautman cited the compelling need for an adjusted Department of Justice viewpoint which "would give the minor-league operators a reasonable chance to survive—rekindle in our minor-league cities a local minor-league allegiance in lieu of a major-league allegiance for a club a thousand miles distant—inspire the youngster in Dallas, Texas, again to wear the sweat shirt of the Dallas club rather than the sweat shirt of a major-league club . . ."

The minors feel they are waging a one-sided battle against a powerful combination that includes the major leagues, radio, television, the Department of Justice and, admittedly, their own fans. They realize they may be caught in the cogs of economic progress and implacable legal theory. But they are resentful only of the major leagues, which, they insist, aggressively and greedily profited by the same Department of Justice opinion which crippled the minors.

The majors, through their extensive farm systems, own about 100 minor-league clubs in whole or part; and have working agreements, which entail financial assistance, with as many more. Al-

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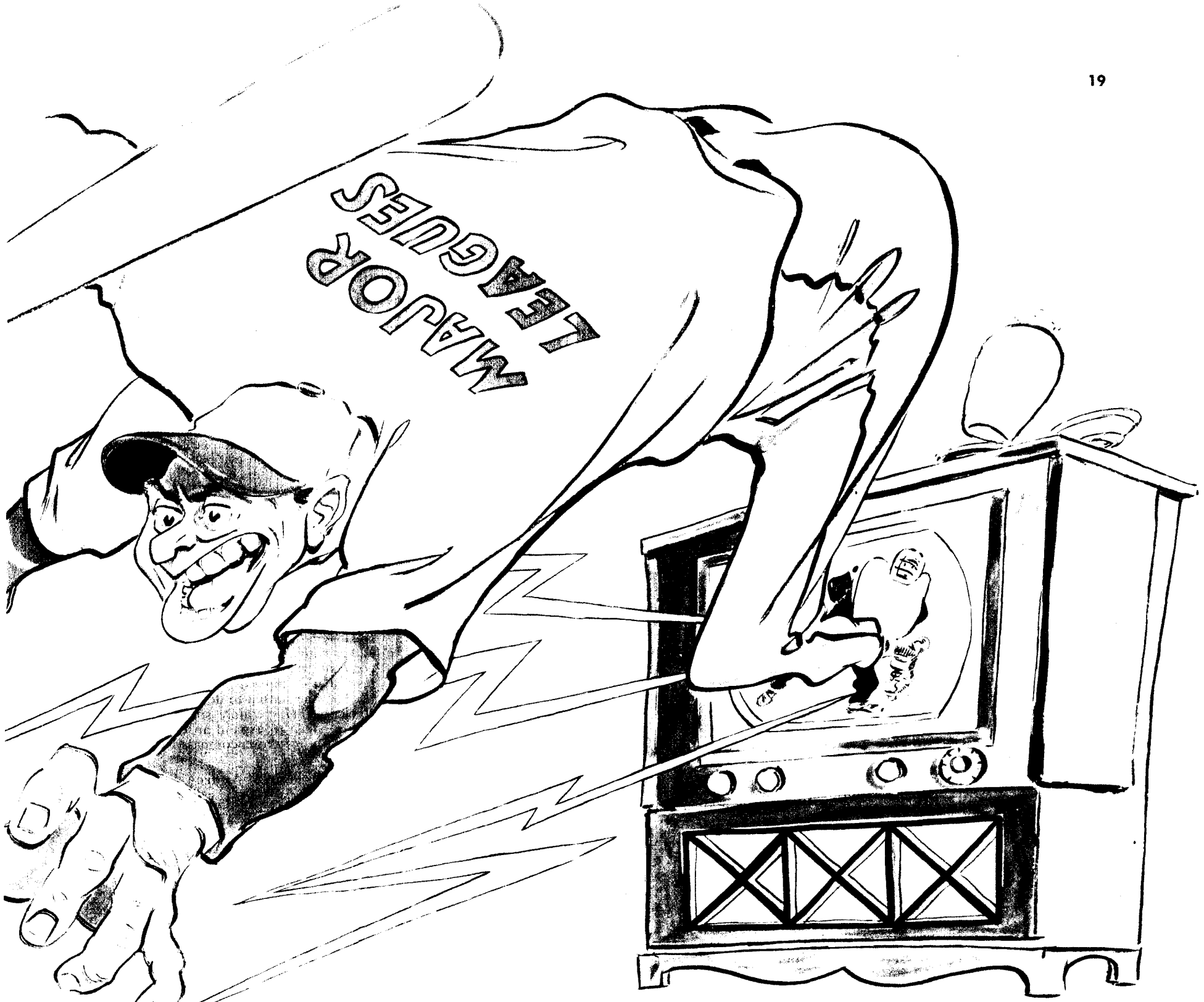

though the minor leagues' National Association is theoretically an independent group, it is actually a major-league satellite because of the voting influence exerted by major-league financial interests in most of the important minor-league clubs. Because of this situation, and the legal aspects of the radio question, it was generally recognized that the only effective help the minors could receive had to come from the majors. A joint meeting was arranged for last December in St. Petersburg, Florida.

The majors were sympathetic, but reflected the general opinion that the minors were "hollering before they were hurt."

"We've got to help minor-league baseball," Ford Frick, president of the National League, said. "However, I frankly don't know how much we can do."

A joint committee issued a three-point report recommending that the majors (a) restrict their own club broadcasts; (b) exercise more supervision over radio stations; (c) curtail television. "That last," prophesied a cynical minor-leaguer, "is the only thing they'll do. TV hurts *them*. But they'll make a big smoke screen out of it to pretend they're helping *us*."

After the Chandler "dismissal" bombshell exploded, the plight of the minors sort of got itself lost. But the radio situation had been sufficiently spotlighted to stir up debate.

When the convention was over, patient George Trautman had arranged for a meeting, which was held at Columbus, Ohio, in January. Here all agencies concerned had representatives who worked on a plan of co-operative action, based on the fact that all of them—majors, radio, television, sponsors—wanted and needed baseball, and realized if the minors were forced out, there eventually would be no baseball. Trautman said to this group: "Radio has helped baseball in the past and can help in the future. So can television. Our problem is to harness these wild horses. We are not trying to *prevent* anything—we are just trying to *survive*."

Baseball became the national game because it reflects national temperament. It is flavored with affection, salted with sentiment, robust with romance; but it is also, as the present situation so convincingly points up, rugged private enterprise. Baseball's underlying fear has been, and is, that it may be itself becoming the victim of private enterprise breaking out in new forms—first radio, and now television which threatens to supersede both radio and motion pictures.

The radio nightmare is, in fact, the direct result of old-fashioned enterprise on the part of a chubby lad with a round boyish face, who is the attractive villain of the current baseball drama. Gordon McLendon majored in Oriental languages at Yale, specialized in Japanese for Naval Intelligence, returned from service to enter Harvard Law School, where the beleaguered minor-leaguers fervently wish he had remained. But Gordon had had enough of dry study.

He joined up with his father, who operates a chain of theaters in Texas and adjoining states. He had always been a sports fan, had a yen for radio, had broadcast Yale football over the campus station and service football in Honolulu. He dreamed up a number of entertainment ideas, and eventually came the big one: He thought Dallas might like broadcasts of major sports events—and that he could sell these at a handsome profit by using an inexpensive and unique method of re-creating he had devised.

Radio hot-shots in New York poured cold water on his hot idea—which steamed the young man *(Continued on page 65)*

DRAWING BY WILLARD MULLIN

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They're after Pirate Gold

By GLENN H. ELY

Treasure hunters elbow the bathers off Florida's beaches in search of the fabulous wealth said to be hidden there. So far, the only gainer is a State's attorney who never seeks buried loot

SANDY GANDY

John W. Prince displays a doubloon, pieces of eight located by device he calls a "sniffer"

Machine-age treasure hunt: Captain Steadman Parker seeks buried loot with mine detector

SANDY GANDY

Ralph Odum

THE PIRATICAL ghosts of Blackbeard, Calico Jack Rackham and Billy Bowlegs are stalking the Florida beaches these days, luring furtive, hot-eyed citizens in search of one of the state's least-publicized but most glamorous resources: buried gold and silver treasure.

Some of the bullion seekers slip cagily into the office of State Land Agent Sinclair Wells in Tallahassee, where they peel off a couple of fifties for a permit which makes their operation legitimate in the eyes of the law. These might be called the professionals. But hundreds of others are prowling the shores and inlets armed with but a single document—a pseudo-parchment map guaranteed to bring the glitter of gold into the coolest eye.

This chart, produced by an assistant attorney general of Florida, and pinpointing the areas in which the treasures are said to be hidden, promises to become something of a national best seller at $1 a copy. Since last summer some 20,000 copies have been purchased; it is almost unquestionably the main reason for the current boom in the state's shovel-and-pick and wading-boot markets.

The reason is not hard to see. The map portrays the Peninsula State as a neck of land bounded on three sides by buried or sunken wealth. More than a score of sites are marked by a rough red cross denoting treasure; beside each of these is a highly provocative legend. ". . . An unknown quantity of treasure lies in the ship channel. Anchors and guns have been recovered; the treasure remains." "Several million in minted gold coin sunk on sand bar . . ." And even, "1,500 gallons of rum on river bottom. Shipwrecked in 1865 and probably in as good or better shape than ever . . ."

For the potential gold hunter who may still be bothered by lingering doubts, the chart offers one last push. Hidden in Florida sands and waters, it says in summary, is "a goodly treasure, calculated to be valued at some $165,000,000 in the moneys of the United States."

Take the southernmost of the red crosses, located just off the island of Key West. Here, around 1520, the Spanish galleon Santa Rosa went down in 50 feet of water, loaded to the gunwales with between $25,000,000 and $35,000,000 in gold—the ransom money paid to Cortez by the Aztecs to free their big chief, Montezuma. There's no question that the vessel is there: As recently as 1946 an unsuccessful attempt was made to pry it loose from the creeping clutches of the coral bottom.

Or if your taste runs to pirate hoards, you'll be interested in the Everglades spot about 10 miles up the Shark River, where John Rackham, as unsavory a swashbuckler as ever buckled a swash, buried his millions. They've never been found. Nor have those in less isolated places—such as the treasure of the notorious Blackbeard, Edward Teach, which is hidden near the swanky resort town of Boca Raton.

Although there are several of these sites within easy traveling distance of Tallahassee, you won't find Assistant Attorney General Ralph E. Odum of that city digging for dubious doubloons. Instead, he's burying United States silver certificates in the bank and trying to handle the volume of mail that began pouring in when the world got wind of his treasure map.

Odum is a stocky, soft-spoken, thirty-seven-year-old lawyer with an easy smile. He's the last man in the world you'd expect to find involved with buried treasure. In fact, he could grow a drooping mustache, wear an eye patch and a red bandanna handkerchief on his head, carry a dirk in his teeth and a parrot on his shoulder—and he'd still look like an assistant attorney general.

It all began innocently enough back in 1946, shortly after he had returned from service with the Navy in the Pacific. Not surprisingly, the starting point was Robert Louis Stevenson's juvenile classic, Treasure Island. It seems a nursery reading of this book greatly stirred the imagination of five-year-old Mike Odum, and turned his mind to thoughts of maps and hidden hoards. He began burying small treasures in the backyard and supplying daddy with crude charts; later the teams changed goals and the attorney was cast as the pirate. But his father's simple drawings soon palled on young Michael; he started to demand a greater degree of efficiency. Desperately sparring for time, Ralph Odum began to expand an earlier enthusiasm for Florida history to encompass treasure lore.

A Legend of Andrew Jackson's Era

"I got interested," Odum recalls, "in the story of two English traders named Arbuthnot and Ambrister. They were renegade Bahamians who made their headquarters near Oldtown, on the Suwannee River. This was back in Andrew Jackson's time and Jackson accused them of inciting the Indians to trouble. He marched down to capture them.

"Well, the two Englishmen, when they heard that Jackson was coming, filled several barrels with English currency and buried them. Jackson tried to force them to disclose the hiding place, but Arbuthnot and Ambrister wouldn't talk. They were executed on the spot and there was quite a fuss between the United States and England over it. The barrels of money are still buried out there somewhere . . ."

With this as a starter, Odum began to dig into early history in a really big way. He enlisted the aid of the State Library, the Encyclopedia Britannica Society, the Library of Congress—and Mrs. Odum, a slim and vivacious Scotswoman, whom he set exploring the resources of the Lakeland library.

"Actually," says Odum, "Christina deserves most of the credit for the research, and she compiled all the information."

To this wealth of booklore, Ralph Odum added fragments of information picked up from old gaffers all over the state. He was working then for the state roads department, handling tort cases which took him from one end of Florida to the other. His recreation on these jaunts became seeking out old-timers who might contribute to his growing storehouse of information on sunken treasure.

From this mass of material, he began stripping away the folklore and fiction. What remained was a fairly well-documented inventory of hidden wealth.

"I drew up a rough chart of my own," he recalls, "and I showed it to Warner Sanford one day. He's an artist here in Tallahassee. Does maps and illustrations for the road department. Well, he got interested in the thing and wanted to try his hand at an illustrated treasure map . . ."

The map's first public appearance set off a chain of events that literally stopped traffic one night in St. Petersburg.

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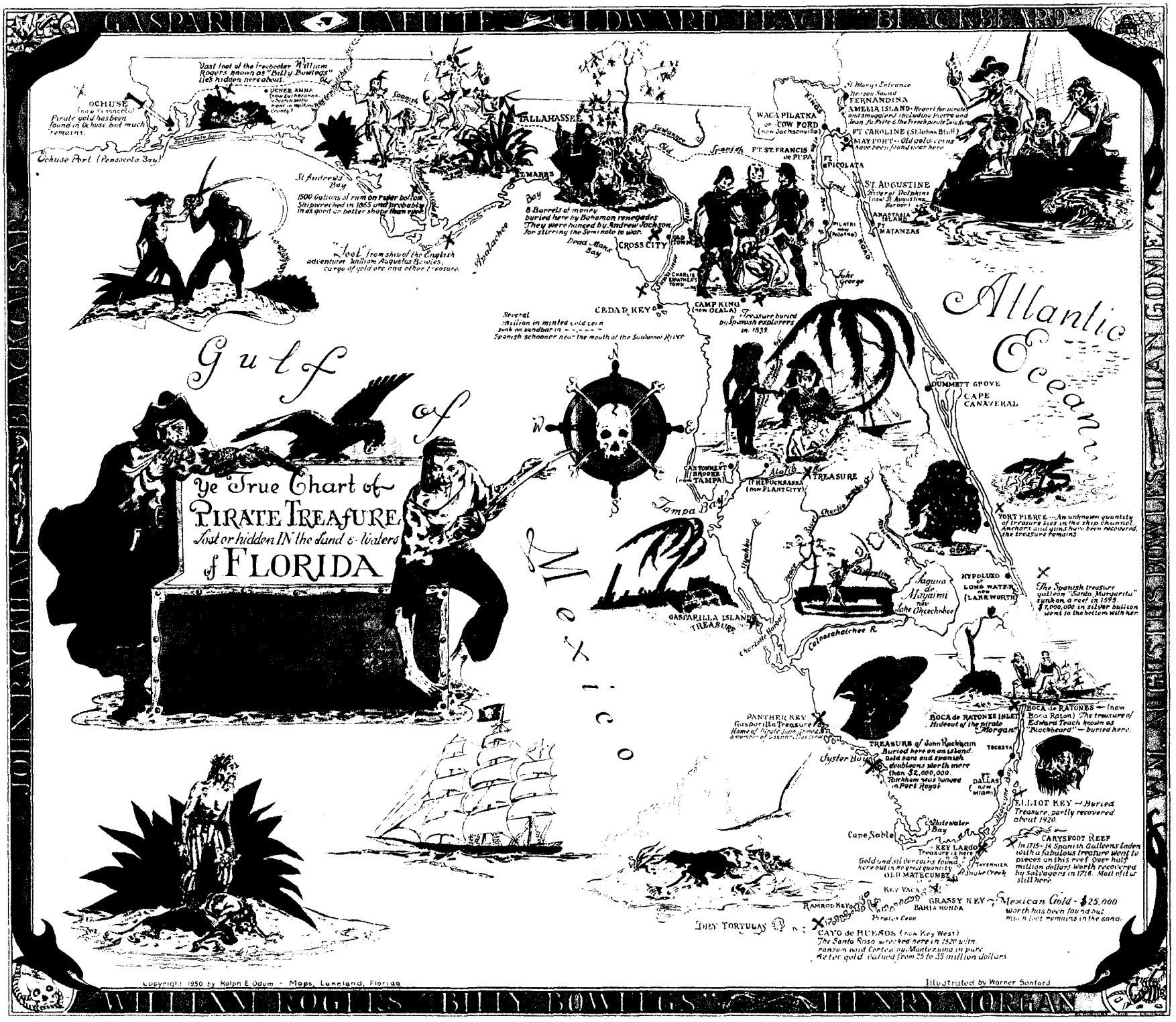
GASPARILLA LAFITTE EDWARD TEACH BLACKBEARD
JOHN RACKHAM BLACK CAESAR
HENRY MORGAN
WILLIAM ROGERS BILLY BOWLEGS
Ye True Chart of PIRATE TREASURE Lost or hidden IN the Land & Waters of FLORIDA
Gulf of Mexico
Atlantic Ocean
Vast loot of the freebooter William Rogers known as "Billy Bowlegs" lies hidden hereabout.
OCHUSE (now Pensacola) Pirate gold has been found in the area but much remains.
Ochuse Arl (Pensacola Bay)
St Andrew's Bay
1500 Gallons of rum on rotten bottom Shipwrecked in 1865 and probably in as good or better shape than ever
"Loot" from ship of the English adventurer William Augustus Bowles, cargo of gold ore and other treasure.
TALLAHASSEE
ST MARKS
Bay
8 Barrels of money buried here by Bahaman renegades They were hanged by Andrew Jackson for stirring the Seminole to war.
Dead Mans Bay
CROSS CITY
CEDAR KEY
Several million in minted gold coin sunk on sandbar in ----- Spanish schooner near the mouth of the Suwannee River
WACA PILATKA or COW FORD (now Jacksonville)
FT ST FRANCIS de PUPA
FT PICOLATA
St Marys Entrance Nassau Sound
FERNANDINA
AMELIA ISLAND - Rogers for pirates and smugglers including Pierre and Jean Lafitte & the French pirate Louis Aury
FT CAROLINE (St Johns Bluff)
MAYPORT -- Old gold coins have been found near here
ST AUGUSTINE Settled by Dolphins (now St Augustine Harbor)
ANASTASIA ISLAND
FT MATANZAS
CAMP KING (now OCALA)
Treasure buried by Spanish explorers in 1539
DUMMETT GROVE
CAPE CANAVERAL
FORT PIERCE -- An unknown quantity of treasure lies in the ship Chaunal. Anchors and guns have been recovered, the treasure remains
TAMPA
TREASURE
Tampa Bay
HYPOLUXO or LONG WATER now (LAKE WORTH)
The Spanish treasure galleon "Santa Margarita" sunk on a reef in 1595. $7,000,000 in silver bullion went to the bottom with her
Laguna de Maxaimi now Lake Okeechobee
GASPARILLA ISLAND TREASURE
Caloosahatchee R.
PANTHER KEY Gasparilla Treasure Home of pirate Juan Gomez
BOCA de RATONES INLET Hideout of the pirate "Morgan"
BOCA de RATONES — (now Boca Raton) The treasure of Edward Teach known as "Blackbeard" — buried here.
TREASURE of John Rackham Buried here on an island. Gold bars and Spanish doubloons worth more than $2,000,000. Rackham was hanged in Port Royal
FT DALLAS now Miami
ELLIOT KEY — Buried Treasure, partly recovered about 1920.
Cape Sable
White water Bay
KEY LARGO
CARYSFOOT REEF
In 1715 - 14 Spanish Galleons laden with a fabulous treasure went to pieces on this reef. Over half million dollars worth recovered by Salvagers in 1716. Most of it is still here.
OLD MATECUMBE
GRASSY KEY
BAHIA HONDA
Mexican Gold - $25,000 worth has been found but much lies remains in the sand.
DRY TORTUGAS
CAYO de HUESOS (now Key West)
The Santa Rosa wrecked here in 1520 with ransom said Cortez got Montezuma in pure Aztec gold valued from 25 to 35 million dollars
Copyright 1950 by Ralph E Odum - Maps, Lakeland, Florida
Illustrated by Warner Sanford

Odum's colorful map started hundreds on the trail of buccaneers' riches. It's rapidly becoming a nation-wide best seller

Last summer, Odum showed his treasure chart to Nelson Poynter, publisher of the St. Petersburg Times. Much impressed, Poynter assigned a staff writer to do a series of buried-treasure stories, based on Odum's material, for the Sunday magazine supplement. These proved so popular that Poynter next decided to stage a treasure hunt for the Times readers, little suspecting that he was letting the city in for a mob scene that would rival the storming of the Bastille.

For four successive days the Times carried cryptic clues to the location of the buried treasure, $150 in silver coins cached near the abandoned Seaboard railroad tracks on the city's outskirts. The edition of July 4th was to carry the final clue.

By 2:00 A.M. of that day, when the presses started rolling, upwards of 2,000 treasure hunters were clogging the street in front of the newspaper plant, waiting to snatch up the final clue and be off at a gallop. It was just an hour later when an 18-year-old bride of a week dug up the hidden hoard, providing a delightful climax to the whole enterprise.

Meanwhile, the publicity given the map in the St. Petersburg Times brought requests for copies from numerous public libraries in the state and a Jacksonville firm asked for 50 copies to send to out-of-state customers.

It dawned on Odum that he had a commodity which could be marketed. He had 50,000 copies of the treasure chart lithographed, and the panic was on. A wire-service story unleashed a fresh torrent of requests from all over the United States.

"At first," says Odum, "I tried to answer every letter that arrived. But I had to give that up. I was getting snowed under."

From California came a request for a map with the advice that the writer had an instrument which positively locates gold "same as witching for water."

A veteran Florida treasure hunter wrote that he had one of the only two gadgets extant that will sniff out gold and silver exclusively, a remarkable machine on which his cousin had labored for 17 years.

From New Orleans came a map order from a man who said he was planning to retire this summer and devote his time and several thousand dollars to treasure hunting.

In the wake of the letters came the treasure hunters themselves. They came knocking at Odum's door in Lakeland, or tracked him down at the Capitol building in Tallahassee. Most of them wanted to exchange information. A majority had unique treasure-hunting apparatus, ranging from divining rods to Rube Goldberg electronic gadgets.

"They're very secretive," Odum says. "But the funny part of it is, they're not screwballs. Oh, there are a few of those. But the veteran treasure hunters all seem pretty sensible about most things. Some of them are very successful businessmen. They just have that one quirk. When it comes to sunken treasure, they're gone . . ."

For such people, the *buried* stuff has less appeal than the underwater hoards. A truly hard-bitten treasure hunter doesn't have much truck with pirate loot; he'd just as soon leave that to the pirates, and to amateurs who come into possession of mysterious old maps.

Instead, most of the really determined and substantial expeditions seem to head for a few well-authenticated sunken hulks.

First, the serious-minded bullion seeker usually applies to Land Agent Wells for a permit to grub around in shoal waters. These permits are of two types—exclusive and nonexclusive—and cost $100.

The hunter first takes out a nonexclusive permit, which gives him a pretty wide range of activity. It might encompass four or five counties, at the discretion of the Internal Improvement Board, which passes on the applications. Later, if he nails down the sunken treasure, the hunter may return and swap his nonexclusive *(Continued on page 60)*

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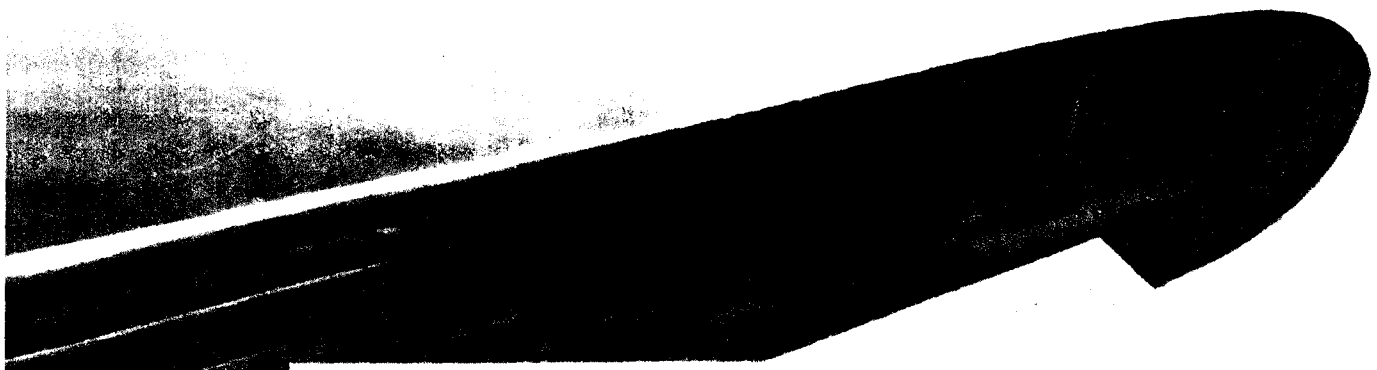

I didn't care what Buz Waring said. The memory of that kid dying in the flames convinced me that

The SKY'S for BIRDS

CHECKED by the hospital for the last time that morning and when I got back to the hotel, the letter was there. I took it up to the room without opening it, threw my hat and coat on the bed and phoned down for a pot of coffee. I slit the envelope and then let it rest while I slipped the knot of my tie and opened my collar.

Somehow I knew the decision would be in my favor and somehow I didn't want any part of it. The boy came with the coffee while I was standing at the dresser, studying the long envelope, the neatly printed return address, with its blurb: Centropolis Air Terminal, Hub of the Southeast.

I poured myself some coffee, sipped it, and then finally I drew the letter from the envelope and read it, walking to the chair by the window. I was right. The job was all set. I should have felt fine—and I felt like hell.

I heard him come in. I went on pretending to read the letter and didn't look up. I knew the light, sure step, the breezy way he sealed his battered flying cap toward the bed. I heard him drop heavily into the other chair and knew he was reaching for the coffeepot.

"Hi, Joe. How's it?"

I folded the letter and dropped it on the table. "Okay, Buz. What's new?"

"How's the arm?"

"It's doing okay." I was hoping I could put it off a little longer.

Buz said quietly, "Let's look, Joe."

Damn him, he wasn't going to let me put it off. The arm looked pretty good—some scar tissue, of course, but I had filled out fine. My right thigh, where they took the graft, had been healed for weeks. I put my shirt back on while Buz watched, not saying anything.

He offered me a cigarette and lighted one for himself, narrowing his hard, blue eyes against the drift of smoke. His voice came out funny, flat: "What does the doc say, Joe?"

A cargo plane, flying over a swampland, had lost one engine and couldn't keep altitude

I picked up my coffee cup and looked intently at the dregs, watching the globules of greasy cream chase each other as I tilted it this way and that. I said, "I didn't want to tell you this, Buz. Not till I was sure—absolutely sure. But I got the word this morning. I'm grounded. For good."

"That's tough, Joe."

"Yeah." I'd said it. I was over the hump now. "It's not the arm, Buz. The arm's going to be okay. But it seems the fire injured the optic nerves somehow. My eyes—"

"You're lying, Joe!"

If a man calls you a liar, you take a punch at him, don't you? That's understood; that's S.O.P. I said, "Take it easy, Buz!"

"Look, boy, I don't want to push you but this is the pinch. Unless we get you back on the run, Tuscarora Airfreight is finished, Joe. We've got just these four 47s left since you—since your—"

"Since I crashed and burned one."

"All right, Joe. Three of them have got to have complete overhauls right away—and I mean *complete*. That baling wire just won't hold them together any longer. Now, look, we're square with the bank and they like us. With the contracts we've got to show, they'll lend us enough for the job. But the interest is going to be a nasty bite—and meanwhile we have to find something we can keep in the air. We can't swing it if we're paying salary to an extra pilot."

"What the hell can I do, Buz? Can I help it if I'm grounded? After all, I've got just as much interest in the line as you have but—"

"Have you, Joe?" Buz cut in sharply.

"Well, sure."

He leaned forward, elbows on knees, and studied his locked hands. "Joe, I—I thought I had you figured. Four years overseas together—we ran out some pretty tough percentages and always picked up the chips. We came home and pooled our shoestrings to get this line going. We never thought we'd make it, at first, but we did. You get to know a guy that way, fighting with him, working with him, you think you know all of him—know him inside and out. *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

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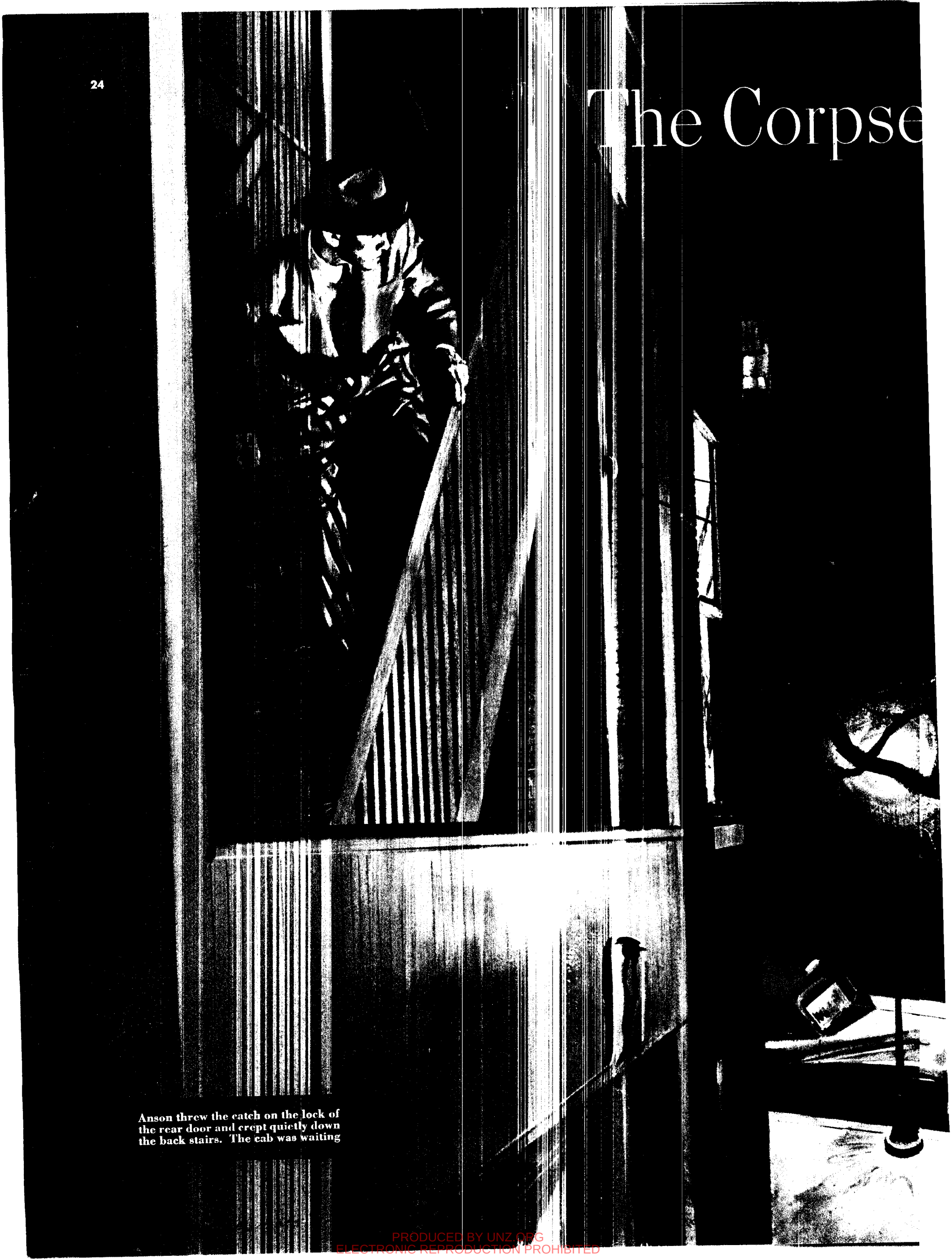
The Corpse



Anson threw the catch on the lock of the rear door and crept quietly down the back stairs. The cab was waiting

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was in the Countinghouse

Neil could never hope to hide his identity in this small town. He was hunted and working against time—and he must trust this redheaded girl to believe in his innocence

The Story: NEIL ANSON's day began with an unpleasant interview and ended with his being wanted for murder. Neil had gone to Pleasantville to see FRANK CRENSHAW, the banker who had helped finance the manufacturing company in which Neil and his brother, COLBY ANSON, were partners. Although the company was prospering, Crenshaw had suddenly announced that he was calling in his loans. When Neil arrived at the bank, Crenshaw was most unfriendly and after an exchange of angry words, Neil stormed out of the banker's soundproofed private office and ran into ELLEN JASPER, Crenshaw's secretary. Ellen had been engaged to marry Colby, but she had recently broken the engagement.

Neil left the bank, letting himself out a side door. As he walked away, he realized he had left his brief case in Crenshaw's office, but he was too angry to go back. At that moment, a car pulled up and a blonde scrambled out hastily. She saw Neil's admiring glance at her legs and gave him a haughty glare. As he watched her walk off, Neil heard a burglar alarm and shots nearby.

A few minutes later, policemen with drawn guns converged on the bank. Nothing more happened and Neil, deciding it was a false alarm, strolled away.

The afternoon paper reported that a masked bandit had surprised and robbed GEORGE DURANT, a teller in the bank, as he was making up the morning cash in the counting room. Although bound and gagged, Durant managed to push the burglar alarm and NATHAN EDWARDS, the bank guard, rushed into the room and shot at the bandit. He wounded him, but the man escaped.

The police had found Frank Crenshaw shot dead in his office. The paper said the police were looking for a man who had had an early appointment with Crenshaw as the most logical suspect. Neil knew that unless he could prove he'd left the bank before the burglar alarm sounded, he had no alibi. The blonde could supply that proof. Neil traced her to a beauty shop and discovered her name, KATHERINE GLOSTER, and her address. He went to see her, but she seemed evasive and anxious to get rid of him. As he left, he saw George Durant, the teller whose picture had been in the paper, drive up to her apartment.

II

NEIL ANSON decided he'd better try to get in touch with the redheaded operator at the beauty parlor. There was a lot more he had to know about Katherine Gloster.

He had walked about two blocks when a cruising taxicab came into sight. He flagged it. "Let me off at the corner of Front Street and Sixth."

The cabdriver was inclined to be talkative. "Some excitement they had there at the bank today, wasn't it?" he said.

"I guess so," Neil said.

"Pretty big job. I hear the police know more than they're telling, though."

"Really?"

"Yes. I got a friend on the force. He told me they've got the murderer dead to rights."

"That so?"

"Uh-huh. They're ready to pick him up. He's the one who engineered it. Some guy who needed money and had it in for Crenshaw. Not that there weren't lots of people who had it in for Crenshaw."

"He wasn't popular?" Anson said.

"You can say that again."

"Do the police know where the murderer is?" Neil asked.

"I don't know." The cabdriver was suddenly noncommittal.

Neil settled back in the seat. "Well," he said, "I hope they catch him."

He got out at the corner and walked down to the beauty shop.

It was now quite dark. The front door of the beauty shop had a curtain drawn over the glass, and the word CLOSED was printed on the curtain.

Neil noticed that there was a light on behind the curtain, so he tapped gently on the door. He stood there for a few minutes, tapping at intervals, before he heard the sound of high-heeled shoes. The redhead opened the door. She was dressed for the street.

"We're closed," she said. "I was just switching off the lights. I—oh, it's you!"

"I wanted to get a little more information."

"I told you everything I knew."

"This is a little different."

"Well, I'm just closing up. I want to get away from here before another woman comes in and tries to talk me into taking on a last-minute appointment."

"Do they do that?"

"I'll say they do."

"Well, let's get away from here, then."

She looked at him quizzically. "Meaning what?" she asked.

"We could go have a cocktail," Neil said.

"I don't drink cocktails. They make me ravenously hungry."

"That's not an incurable disease."

She laughed. "What's your name?"

Neil gave her his first name. "Call me Neil."

"And that's all?"

"You'll find it's enough."

She smiled. "I'm Gladys Leland."

"Do you run this place?"

"Uh-huh. Look, are you with the police or the bank, or what?"

"I'm just looking for information," Neil said.

"Well, I don't know what gives you the idea I can help you any. *I* don't know anything about the bank robbery."

"You've been here for a while?"

"A little over a year."

"Do you like it here?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I left my friends when I came here. I—do we have to talk about me?"

"No."

"That's better."

"Where would you like to eat?"

She looked him over carefully. "Do you have a car."

"No. But there are taxis. How far is it?"

"Oh, a couple of miles. It's a roadhouse. They have little private dining rooms where we could talk. Look, I'll lay it on the line. If you're a detective and it ever got around that I was giving you information, it might help *your* business a lot, but it wouldn't do *my* business any good."

Neil nodded. "There's a taxi up at the corner."

"This place isn't exactly cheap," she warned.

"Neither am I," Neil told her.

She laughed and let him *(Continued on page 37)*

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Continuing: THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER

'I Never Wanted to See

JOHN FLOREA

Realizing an old dream, Mrs. Hoover built this house, on the Stanford University campus, when she and Mr. Hoover returned from Europe in 1919. After her death it was given to the university

Living room of the Lou Henry Hoover House, now a home for Stanford's presidents. Kosta Boris, a Hoover ex-gardener, reads to President Wallace Sterling's daughter Judy (l.) and Jill Vanderhoof

JOHN FLOREA

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By HERBERT HOOVER

IV

BEFORE the first World War the most comfortable place in the whole world in which to live was England—if one had the means. The machinery for joy and for keeping busy doing nothing was the most perfect. The servants were the best trained. The countryside was of unending beauty. To London came the greatest music, drama, art, and the best food.

To an American, the stratified structure of British society was a constant marvel—and grief. The British were governed by the "upper class" and the "upper middle class," whom God had called to their responsibilities. The other 80 per cent were reminded once a week in their prayer book that they must respect their betters.

All this was not "snobbery"; it was just complete belief in breeding and superiority. And that superiority, no matter how politely suppressed, was held equally over Americans, colonials and "natives" in general.

To witness their social superficialities, their fox hunts, their shooting parties, their Ranelaghs and other country clubs, and their week ends was often to believe this upper group was not worth preserving. Yet when war came these same men died bravely; these same women worked their fingers to the bare bone in munitions factories.

In business practices the British were no better or worse than Americans. Wall Street and Throgmorton Street equally performed a useful and necessary economic function; they were equally no place for the unwary and equally free from concern as to public welfare. But most Englishmen held scrupulous regard for personal undertakings. At that time I would rather have had an Englishman's mere confirmation letter of a verbal agreement than the most elaborate contract with any other European national.

I had often to sense the real attitudes of the British toward Americans, for they became so used to Mrs. Hoover and me in some households that they scarcely remembered we were Americans. At times it was hard to bear the attitude of complete condescension to anything American.

In later years the completely false charge was made that I had been a naturalized British subject, and I also lived through a storm of criticism for the alleged "corruption of my national spirit" through having lived for "twenty years" in dreadful England. As a matter of fact, patched together, the times we lived in England did not amount to five full years. The yellow journals and other higher intellectual literature at one time referred to me exclusively as Sir Herbert. On the other hand, when it became my duty to oppose British policies, I was to become in the minds of many British an *ingrate anti-Britisher.*

But we spent many happy times in prewar England, and became greatly attached to the stream of American and British friends with whom we came and went, and to the delightful house called "the Red House," which we sublet on Camden Hill, London, as our European base. Its original lease was so old that we were required not to hang our laundry in view of the neighbors, and to prevent our cows from wandering in High Street.

In the summer Mrs. Hoover usually brought the boys to England from school in California. For a few weeks during various summers we took country cottages at Swanage, Dorsetshire and at Stratford on Avon. I found Stratford intellectually rather dull after I had absorbed the very full local lore on William Shakespeare. To liven up the neighbors, I boned up on the Baconian theory. It took only a little of it to start a cataract of indignant refutation. Shakespeare's home town is certainly loyal to him.

In England we saw a good deal of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rickard. He was an American engineer of

Again'

wide experience who had come to London to take charge of a group of technical publications. Here began an intimate friendship that lasted without a flutter over the years until his death some weeks ago. Abby, whose nickname with us was "Abby-his-wife," was one of the sweetest and most cultivated of women. She was a glorious natural blonde but would have preferred any other color, for she was in eternal tumult that she might be thought to be artificial.

We undertook many joint expeditions with the Rickards, establishing a fund called "Seeing Cairo" to cover all joint traveling expenses. Into it we paid any windfalls that came our way. Neither of us was interested in speculation, but we operated it in a small way for this fund. At one time its assets rose to five or six thousand dollars.

Out of it we saw all the cathedrals, museums, galleries and restaurants of most of Europe—England, Germany, France, Russia, Italy and every way station. The agreed method was to resolve on a date for departure, have no destination until a few hours before, and then choose the first stop.

In after years I had occasion to say, "To many Americans' eyes, Europe consists of magnificent cities, historic cathedrals, art, music, literature, great universities, monuments of human heroism and progress. But under this 400,000,000 people of a score of races lie the explosive forces of nationalism, of imperialism, religious antagonism, age-old hates, memories of deep wrongs, revenges, fierce distrusts, repellent fears and dangerous poverty."

I confess that prior to 1914 we were among the "many Americans," and that we were not searching for "explosive forces."

There was a variety of other extracurricular activities to absorb Mrs. Hoover and myself when I was not engaged in my seven-time globe-girdling engineering profession. We formed quite a collection of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century books on early science, engineering, (*Continued on page* 50)

INTERNATIONAL

When Belgium's royal family visited the U.S. in 1919, Hoover arranged to entertain party of 60 in California. On a ferry are (l. to r.) Prince Leopold, Hoover, Queen Elisabeth and King Albert

Hoover as he looked when he was director of Belgian relief, which fed, clothed 10,000,000

IL THOMPSON

World War I leaders: Standing (l. to r.), Hoover, E. N. Hurley, Vance McCormick, James Garfield; seated, Benedict Crowell, W. G. McAdoo, Woodrow Wilson, Josephus Daniels, Bernard Baruch

INTERNATIONAL

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Reverse Formation

It would stir any patriot's blood to see Hot Dog and Bingo, side by side, fighting the good fight for life, liberty, and the pursuit of Emily

By S. W. M. HUMASON

I CAN'T remember ever not knowing Bingo. The first thing I can remember distinctly about him and me is our having whooping cough together. We had mumps together too and we fell in the pond together one January and we both played halfback on the high-school team and we both played forward on the basketball team. So when we fell in love together it only seemed kind of natural. Things being what they are, of course we couldn't both marry the girl. We thought quite a lot about marrying her but neither of us would be seventeen for several months so we didn't think either of our families would be reasonable, and we could talk about it to each other without making any plans for any fight to the death for her favors.

We'd only known her for less than one evening when we got in love. We met her (together) at 8:18 P.M., on the evening of November 18th. She was visiting Marilyn Grant. Marilyn Grant is a girl who our parents tell us we must be nice to for many reasons, none of them involving our feelings.

This particular night I had been drafted into taking Marilyn Grant to a high-school dance and got no deferment on account of a lot of things like a bent fender on the car and forgetting for three weeks to take out the rubbish can and other little odds and ends that made my family unfriendly and firm. The day before the dance Marilyn Grant's mother called up and said this girl was visiting and couldn't Barclay (that's me—known as Hot Dog, though not to Marilyn Grant's mother) bring a friend? Bingo was going stag, but he still owed me three bucks that he'd bet on the Phillies and besides we were used to helping each other out in emergencies knowing that the next time the emergency might be on the other foot.

Just as Bingo and I got inside Marilyn's house, she—not Marilyn, but *She*—this dream, this creature—came down the stairs. I quickly made signs to Bingo that he rightly took to mean that he could forget all about the three bucks if he'd switch partners, but Bingo was past caring about three bucks. But Bingo is a very right guy and he didn't take all the dances with her but occasionally answered my signals to take over Marilyn Grant. When we could get somebody else to be nice to Marilyn Grant (we had ways) we took turns cutting in on Her. Emily her name was. Emily!

She went away after three days and I wrote to her every day for a week. Bingo did, too, and one day twice. She wrote to each of us just once and sent us each a picture—same picture, same size, same inscription: In Memory Of A Gala Evening.

In January I got another letter from her. I looked at it a long time. Then I opened it. She had invited me to her home to a Valentine Dance. "Holy smoke," I said out loud. Then I started over to Bingo's house, which is two doors away, to tell him I was the one she liked. I met Bingo halfway. He had a letter and was invited too. The whole problem made us so hungry that we went into my house and ate three doughnuts apiece and drank a quart of milk.

"What gives?" said Bingo. "Does she think only one of us will come, or does she plan to hand one of us over to another pigeon? She says go with *me*."

"She wants us both," I said. "She wants me because I am handsome, rich and smart and she wants you because she is as kind and good as she is beautiful and doesn't want to hurt your feelings."

"Vice versa," said Bingo, which brought us, though only temporarily, to the fact that we hadn't studied the next day's Latin which is a language which I don't see why as long as it's dead they don't leave it buried. It being a good half hour before suppertime we went down to Jenkins' to soothe our mounting fever with a couple of sodas. The joint was full of people who were not going to a dance with Emily and the sodas tasted fine.

We wrote and said we were coming and Emily wrote back and said she was delighted. I went around with the inside of my head full of the thought of Emily being delighted because I was coming to the dance. Bingo had an expression that told me that his insides felt like mine and our fathers, who were playing bridge one night with our mothers, said they didn't know what made us look so happy, considering.

After we had been some time in a rose-colored fog, we got down to plans. We got out maps and looked at the name of the lucky town where Emily lived and realized that it was five hundred miles away and that the dance was on a Friday night. My jalopy wouldn't go five hundred miles. My family's car and Bingo's family's car had recently undergone considerable body repair. We thought if we asked our respective fathers for the loan of a car plus the finances for the trip, plus permission to miss a day of school, they would each and both say no. But we finally asked them and without any time to think about it, no is what they said. They said it in a way that you get to recognize as one which you'd better not bother them any more, at least for a time.

They were both mad anyway just then on account of something that had just been done by a character my father always calls that stinker Starrett. His name is really Starrett, Samuel W. He is a big-shot politician in our small town. My father and Bingo's father hate him and so do a lot of other good Joes. He rules things with a rod of iron. My father says the rod of iron is tin and is as crooked as a broken gutter pipe and smells worse. The muttering from our fathers and others was getting louder and they hoped that someday Mr. Starrett would find himself coasting down some other hill on his ear.

I don't like him either and I don't like his son also. Of course it was neither right nor just that our fathers being mad about that stinker Starrett should reflect on Bingo and me. We had nothing to do with that stinker Starrett. In fact except that I once, when I was younger, collected three hundred and seventy-six campaign buttons, I never had anything to do with politics. But Bingo and I decided that even if their irritation about that stinker Starrett was removed, they would still have enough left over for us.

WE GOT a timetable and studied trains and saw the only way we could get there would be to take a night train on Thursday. Even sitting up in a day coach it would take a lot more money than either of us had had for a long time and it meant missing a day of school. There was only one thing that we did not consider for a moment and that was not going. We decided to get finances out of the way first. We borrowed a dollar here and a dollar there and I collected some old debts and I sold my jalopy and Bingo hocked his radio and we washed cars and ran errands and still we didn't have enough.

One day when we were eating chocolate cake to help us think I remembered something. "Holy smoke," I said, "we're in!"

Every birthday since I'd been born my grandfather had sent me twenty dollars toward my education. The checks were made out to my father but he put them in a savings account in my name and I knew where he kept the bankbook. It had seemed a holy sort of money and even I had never thought of touching it before—but this was a big-time issue.

"I don't believe it," said Bingo when I'd explained. "They'd never leave that money where you could get at it."

I got the book out of my father's desk drawer and the next day at lunch hour Bingo and I went to the bank. I found a teller who didn't know me and after I had signed a thing and showed my driver's license for identification, he handed over a hundred dollars as calmly as if he did it every day which I suppose he did, though not to me. I put the book back in the drawer. My next birthday was six months away and the future could take care of itself.

We bought the railroad tickets and I never had anything in my wallet that felt so good. There remained the matter of school. It seemed incredible that to miss one day of such a common occurrence as school should seem important to anybody but it did. We tried for parental permission. We didn't get it. We tried for permission from the principal. We didn't get it.

IN FACT, in both cases, we got instead a lecture, accompanied by everything but television, on our general behavior and social standing. We were in the wrong with all the authorities at school except the athletic coach and even he was getting irked at our dangerously low marks. There was this and that. There was the matter of the alarm clock in the piano at morning assembly, of three rolls of confetti in the principal's umbrella, of the rubber cement on the bottom of all the galoshes in the girls' cloakroom—and so on. All trifles, but they added up.

"We could get suspended easy," said Bingo. We were studying geometry at the time and eating chocolate bars and popcorn. We could, too. We had been warned. Just one more thing, however minor, we had been warned, and we would be suspended for a month. It could be that simple. We had plenty of ideas. We could pick out the best one. I was for the one that called for short-circuiting the fire alarm, but Bingo was for putting beer in the water cooler.

"We don't need to do anything," I said. "We can just go. Then we'll be suspended anyway."

"We might as well have some fun first," said Bingo, and I agreed.

But still and all we were neither of us coming out with the thing that was really in the way. That was basketball. The team was well headed not only toward the league championship but maybe toward an unbeaten season. Of course, if we got suspended, we couldn't play basketball, and of course if we didn't play, the team wouldn't have an unbeaten season.

"We can't do it," said Bingo.

"Can't do what?" I said, though I knew.

"Get suspended. On account of the team."

That was it. I've heard my father talk about a social conscience and I *(Continued on page 47)*

Bingo and I asked Cynthia to go to the other drugstore after school. She was very enthusiastic about the invitation. She is not a wench I could care for, but has her points

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURO SCALI

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WHEN *and* WHERE *do we*

"Only if we are certain that its use is vital to our national existence . . . if

IF RUSSIA were to bomb Detroit, New York, Seattle or Washington, or otherwise directly attack the United States, we would have no choice but to strike back with the only force we have to meet such an attack, the terrible power of A-bombs. In a matter of hours the first of our long-range bombers could take to the air, with atomic bombs aboard, their destination the industrial cities and production centers of the U.S.S.R.

This, if Russia attacks us directly, is what we could, and I think should, do. But the question of whether or not to use the A-bomb is not likely to arise in circumstances where the answer is so plain. The very existence of our stockpile makes the Communists wary of frontal attack that would provoke direct and fearful retaliation. The chances are that the Russians will continue their policy of gradual encroachment, of indirect aggression, of using their allies and dupes to front for them, and die for them; always short of open attack upon us. It is in circumstances such as these that the question as to the use of the A-bomb is most likely to arise, and it is in this light that we need to consider it.

Should we use the bomb against the Chinese Communists, in Korea or in China itself?

If Indochina is about to go under the Communist heel, should we attempt to save it with the A-bombs?

If the East Germans, in obedience to their Soviet masters, move to take over West Germany, should we try to stop them by using the A-bomb either in Germany or in Russia itself?

Should we, relying on our present atomic superiority, attempt negotiations with the Russians on an agreement-or-else basis, as Winston Churchill apparently suggests?

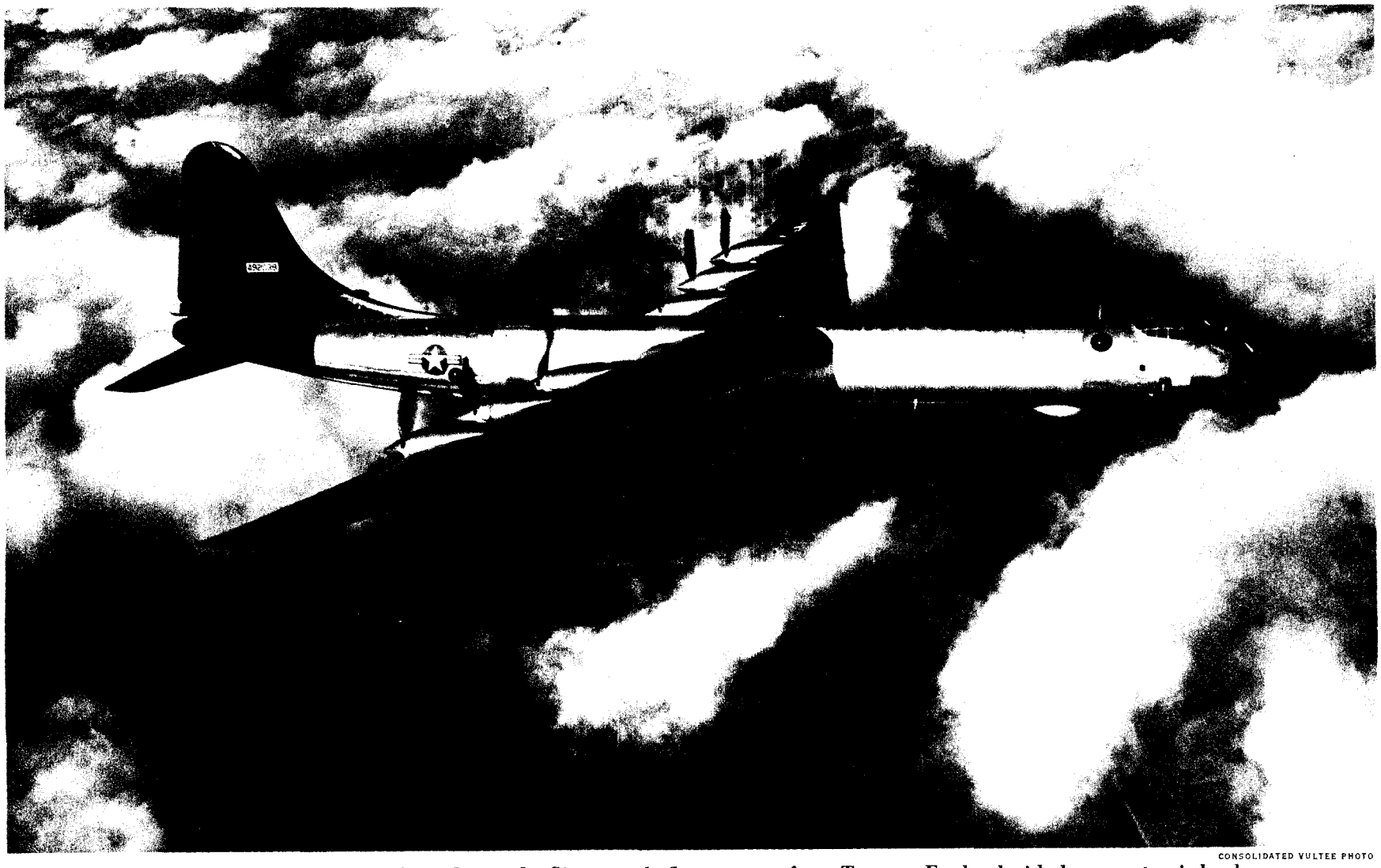
There is no quick or easy answer to questions such as these. To reach for the A-bomb might be to play directly into the hands of the Communists. It might mean the waste and depreciation of a valuable military asset. It could jeopardize our position as leader of the free world. It would virtually assure the outbreak of general war, the very eventuality we seek to avoid.

This does not mean that only an attack upon the United States itself would justify use of the A-bomb. We have recognized in the North Atlantic Pact that an attack upon Western Europe is an attack upon us. Nor does it mean that we should withhold the bomb if the attack comes elsewhere outside the Western Hemisphere.

It does mean that the A-bomb should be used only if we are certain that its use is vital to our national existence, only if we have reached a situation where use of the atomic bomb and all that it implies becomes the lesser evil.

There are no general rules that can be laid out governing the use of the atomic bomb. It is something new in the world. To say that it is all right to use an atomic bomb if Russia uses it first, but not if she wars on us with conventional bombs or shells, is unrealistic. Nor does it make sense to say that it should be used only in retaliation for direct attack upon the United States, for this ignores the ways in which Communist aggression advances. Today it is not a question of being "at war," in the old-fashioned sense of declared hostilities.

The question now is, not are we "at war" but what kind of war? Can it be limited in scope?



CONSOLIDATED VULTEE PHOTO

B-36s will drop the Bomb—if it is dropped. Six recently flew nonstop from Texas to England with dummy atomic loads

Collier's for March 10, 1951

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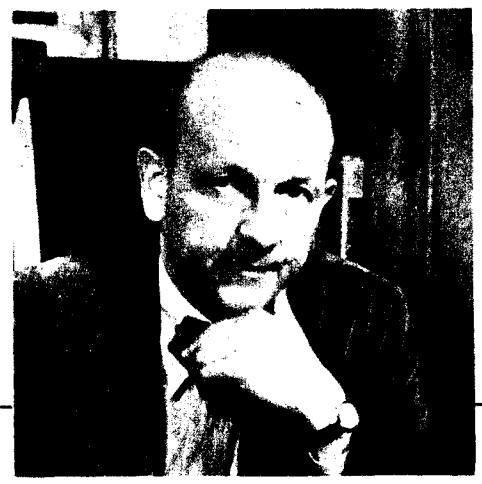
Drop the A-BOMB?

ecomes the lesser evil"

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL



GEORGE TAMES

Have we any alternatives short of A-bombs and direct conflict?

The A-bomb is both the symbol and the instrument of all-out general war. Use of the bomb by us will bring its use against us. The bombs dropped on Japan came as the final blow to a nation already vitally weakened. It will not happen that way again. The use of the A-bomb will mark the beginning rather than the end of conflict.

Therefore, this seems clear: Only the most serious situation warrants resort to it.

Beyond the basic consideration—is the situation serious enough, desperate enough, to warrant resort to the A-bomb?—there are a number of important factors that have to be considered in any specific situation. Many of these arise out of the physical nature of the weapon itself, its military advantages, and also its limitations. The gravity of any decision to use it makes it important to know what it is that we propose to do.

That there are any limitations on the value or use of the A-bomb is frequently ignored. The local draft board that staged a sitdown strike because the A-bomb was not used to stem the push of the Chinese Communists in Korea apparently never stopped to wonder if the A-bomb could do the job they wanted.

The frantic demands that the A-bomb be used every time we face trouble are based upon a dangerous misconception of the power of the bomb. While the atomic bomb is a great weapon, it is neither absolute nor decisive. Its use would not relieve us of the painful necessity of raising an Army, of expanding the Air Force and strengthening the Navy.

The atomic bomb is not an all-purpose weapon. It is not adapted to use in all situations and its effectiveness will vary according to the circumstances in which it is used.

We have already seen in Korea a situation where our A-bombs were no good to us. Surely no one seriously proposes that we expend our powerful but nonetheless not unlimited stock of A-bombs on the vast interior of China in an attempt to halt the swarming Communist armies in Korea. Certainly we would hesitate to use it as a weapon of liberation of occupied countries. Doubtless they shudder at the thought of that kind of liberation.

* * *

A review of the basic characteristics of the A-bomb clarifies many of the considerations involved in its employment.

Simply stated, the atomic bomb is the explosion caused when a mass of certain kinds of heavy atoms are shattered simultaneously, and the energy in their centers or nuclei is liberated. The energy manifests itself in a violent explosion resulting in a tremendous blast, a terrific momentary heat, and the emission of several kinds of rays or radiation.

Since only certain rare kinds of atoms can be made to burst, their separation from other atoms and their assembly into a bomb is a very complicated, difficult and costly business.

The manner in which the atoms split is known as fission. It is a nuclear process; the reaction, explosive in the case of a bomb, controlled in the case of permanent atomic reactors, comes about through the forces within the nucleus of the atom. This is basically different from a chemical process, such as fire, in which the reaction is caused by forces acting between atoms.

Also a nuclear process, but still different from fission, is the process known as fusion. Fusion is the basic process involved in the proposed hydrogen bomb. Instead of heavy atoms, as in fission, the very light elements are concerned, though here again it is the exceptional kind of light atom that will react as desired. Scientists tell us that in the interior of the sun and at the center of stars temperatures of many millions of degrees exist and particles of matter move at very high speeds.

In the resulting collisions the nuclei of light atoms join, or fuse, to make heavier nuclei and in the process relatively large amounts of energy are released.

Until the advent of the atomic bomb the possibility of duplicating on the earth such an explosion was purely theoretical. But the intense temperatures created in the fission process in the atomic bomb could conceivably be used to "trigger off" a hydrogen or fusion reaction, if the assembly could be held together long enough and while the temperature was great enough to induce a thermonuclear reaction. These are, however, gigantic "ifs."

There is another important difference between fission and fusion. The material used in fission or atomic bombs is reclaimable for peaceful purposes such as the production of power. It stays good indefinitely. The fusion or hydrogen bomb holds no peacetime possibilities. More than that, the fusion bomb, if it can be achieved, would probably require material that can be produced only at the cost of fissionable material and, once produced, it could not be turned back into fissionable material. And finally, in contrast to the tens of thousands of years that fissionable material in an A-bomb lasts without deterioration, fusion-bomb material would decay away in a few years.

The power of a nuclear or atomic explosion is well known to the world. In 1945, announcing the bombing of Hiroshima, President Truman stated that one atomic bomb was the equivalent of 20,000 tons of TNT. Within one mile of the drop point there was almost complete destruction from the blast alone, while lesser damage extended three or four miles. The tremendous flash heat set off fires that raged uncontrollably for hours. Tens of thousands were killed and many more thousands, caught in the open, were seriously burned. One bomb destroyed the usefulness of a city of more than 200,000 people.

Since then, following tests at Eniwetok, in the spring of 1948, the President announced a "substantial improvement" in atomic weapons over those dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

* * *

As a weapon for mass destruction the atomic bomb is now unparalleled. But the very size and force of the explosion also limits its usefulness. It is sometimes forgotten that the size of an explosion is not necessarily an index to its military value or effectiveness in any specific situation. Against a highly industrialized country with concentrations of production facilities, sizable transportation centers, large oil depots, big ports and the like, the atomic bomb could be productively employed from a military point of view. But to atom-bomb a "Manchurian cow pasture" would, as one military officer put it, make a "laughingstock" of the atom bomb.

Leaving aside moral and political considerations, the first military consideration in the use of the atomic bomb is, therefore, the existence of appropriate targets, militarily worth the expenditure of atomic weapons. Such targets might include, in addition to those suggested, great masses of men and equipment such as might be assembled in an invasion force. But against smaller targets, single industrial plants, an airfield, troops deployed in the field, a file of tanks, the use of atomic bombs would be militarily extravagant and unprofitable.

Such targets might be better dealt with by more conventional weapons, by so-called pinpoint or precision bombing with TNT explosives, or by artillery. If, for example, there are several plants scattered over a few square miles, the chances of knocking out all of them by conventional bombing are very much greater than by the dropping of one atomic bomb.

While an atomic bomb does not require the accuracy of aim of conventional bombs and thus makes a total miss less likely, the blanketing of an area may not be nearly as important as the destruction of a particular installation within it. If the bomb is exploded at a lower altitude to gain more accuracy in aiming, the area of destruction will be decreased, and thus the prime reason for using an A-bomb would tend to disappear.

There are other factors influencing the effectiveness of the A-bomb which have been discussed at length by military men and need only be indicated here. The kind and type of construction in the target area—its inflammability, resistance to blast, the terrain (at Nagasaki the damage from both blast and radiation was considerably reduced by hills which deflected or absorbed much of the effect), the alertness of the defense and the readiness of civilian defense measures. These and other factors all have a bearing on the effectiveness of the A-bomb.

Atomic bombs are too costly, too hard and long in the making to be wasted or used ineffectively. We would be foolish to use our A-bombs on inappropriate targets, expendable from the enemy point of view.

The ability to strike hard in 50 places may be at least as important as the ability to wipe out five altogether. The bombing of five targets is not likely to eliminate the military necessity for hitting the other 45. *(Continued on page 63)*

David E. Lilienthal, who has been writing exclusively for Collier's since resigning the chairmanship of the Atomic Energy Commission in February, 1950, is now touring the Near and Far East. His reports on what he discovers in those critical areas will appear in future issues of Collier's. He was born in Morton, Illinois, and educated at DePauw and Harvard. After eight years of law practice, he embarked on a career of public service which led to his appointment in 1933 as director of TVA. Now fifty-one years old, he is at present consultant to the top management of several important American firms. He has written two books

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Military Miniatures

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MULLER

James Gregg, Jr., with some of the little figures he sells to collectors. Prices range from 25 cents to $50 apiece

"I WAS sure pleased," the letter said, "to learn that there are other grown-ups who collect toy soldiers. I've been sneaking into stores and buying them for my 'nephews.' I don't have any nephews."

Letters like this arrive often in the mail of James Gregg, Jr., a New York shopkeeper who is riding a growing boom in the collection of what he prefers to call "military miniatures." Some of these tiny, colorful lead figures are actually toy soldiers. But others are remarkably accurate depictions of historical personalities, painstakingly painted by hand and definitely not toys.

It is principally this latter category, which includes subjects other than military, that is sought after by a growing number of hobbyists. Gregg sends his catalogue of two-inch figures to some 8,000 eager collectors in the United States, and there are many more enthusiasts in Britain and France, where people have been collecting miniatures for years. (One of the best-known collectors is Winston Churchill.)

Gregg's store on Manhattan's Lexington Avenue, one of the few in this country devoted exclusively to miniatures, offers a sometimes startling cross section of world history and current affairs.

On one shelf a group of fourteenth-century knights is aligned in full battle array, hard by a glittering formation of Continental militia of the Revolutionary War period. Not far away, a Red Army infantry squad marches in review. The collector can also buy close likenesses of the present King and Queen of England, or King Henry VIII, or almost any other historical figure—including Cleopatra. If his interest is not historical, there are sets showing a farm scene, a well-stocked zoo (camel, polar bear, lion, lioness, zebra, kangaroo, chimpanzee, gorilla, monkey, two pelicans, two penguins, two date palms, two coconut palms), or a "Mammoth Circus," complete with clowns and performing livestock.

The cost of these sets ranges widely. Some of the figures are machine-made; their price is relatively low—about 25 cents each. Others are cast in master molds, but painted by hand. They are more expensive. Most costly of all are the figures made to order. For example, Gregg displays one group of 18 figures which represent the complete Order of the Star, established in the fourteenth century by King John of France. Each of the miniatures bears the coat of arms of a particular knight (including that of the king himself), and all were laboriously hand-painted.

Only three of these sets were made: the one in the store, another in the collection of a New York enthusiast, and a third that was sold to a collector out West for $475.

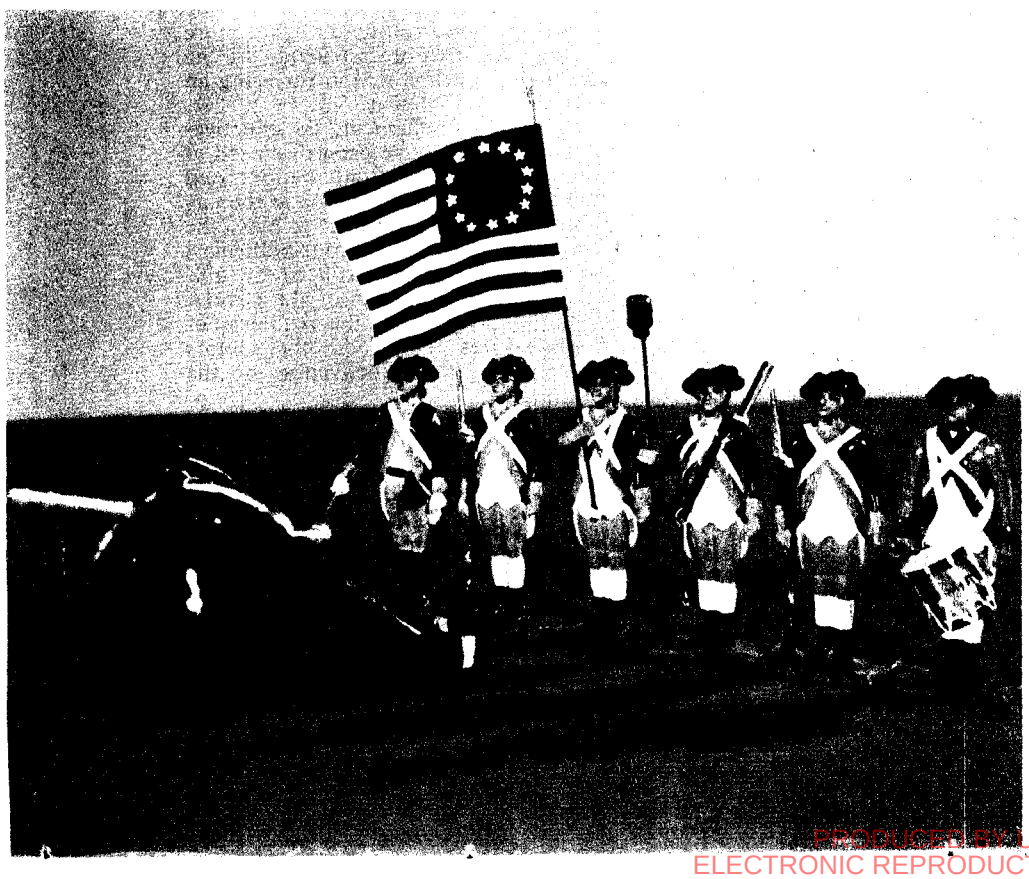
Most of these specially made miniatures are turned out by a couple of firms called Metayer and Ballada in France, and by a pair of husband-wife teams, one in this country and another in London. The American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Barker, Jr., of Elkton, Maryland, specializes in Americana; the Britons, Mr. and Mrs. R. Courtenay, are world-renowned for their fourteenth- and fifteenth-century figures (they did both the Order of the Star and the Order of the Golden Fleece groups).

Despite Gregg's assertion that the trend is toward collectors' items, rather than toys, his shop has a magnetic attraction for small boys.

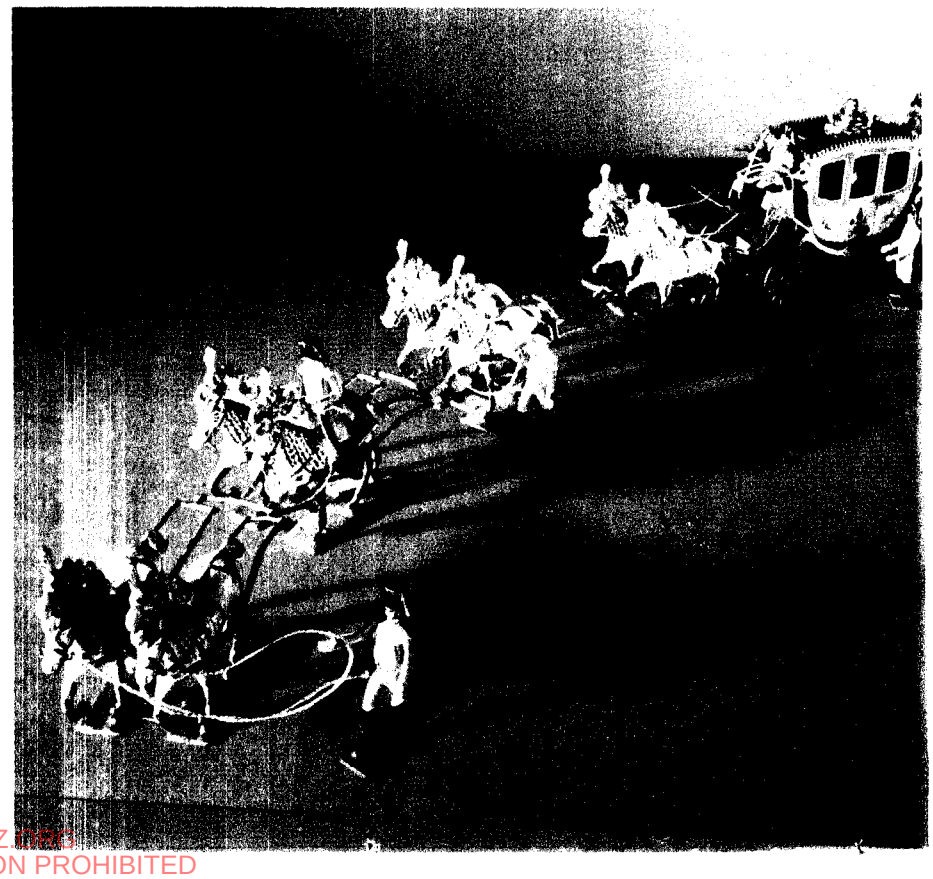
However, they rarely buy anything; their conversation with the proprietors usually consists of a brief, wistful "Just looking."

THE END

A Revolutionary War gun crew, cast and hand-painted by Harry Barker, Jr., of Elkton, Md. This set is completely authentic. It costs $75



Eight-horse team pulls a papal coach of the Napoleonic period. The set, created by Mignot of France, includes a figure seated in coach



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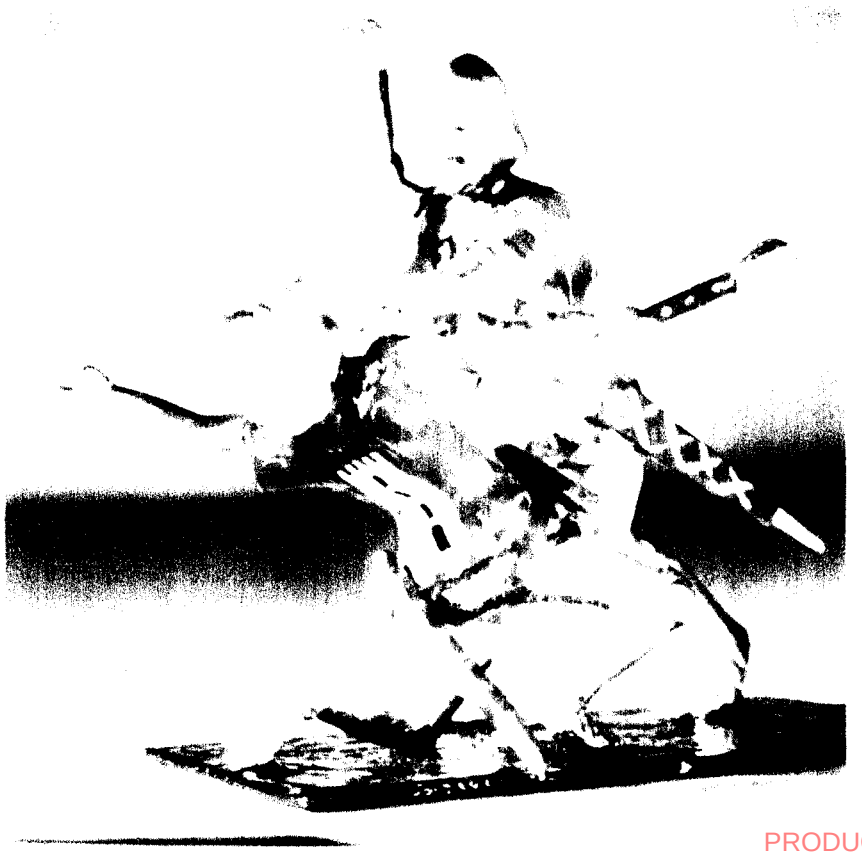
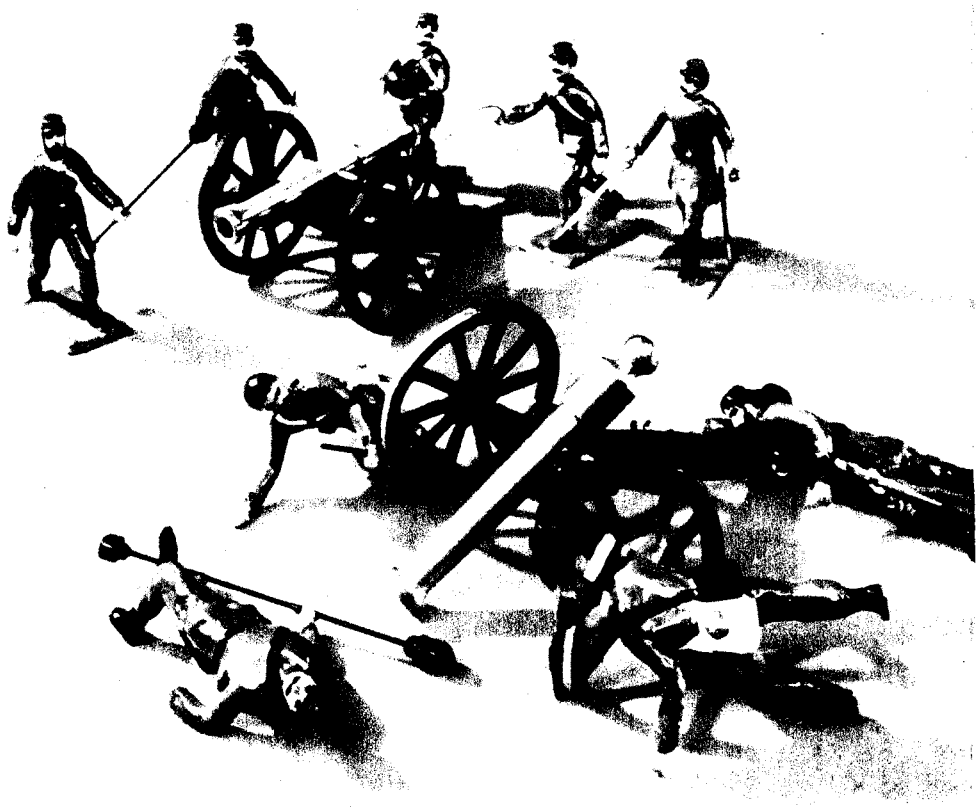
This represents a French ar[illegible] the Battle of Poitiers, in the 1300s. R. Co[illegible] Cost: $30



American-made Confederate gun crews. Many Civil War figures are made in France; whole Gettysburg battle could be re-created from them



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ROBERT BUGG

Dynamite!

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

THE trucking business has come a helluva long ways in the last twenty years and as far as I'm concerned it had one helluva long ways to come. You see I was the truck driver in the famous Jake Grotch dynamite case. What happened to Jake's dynamite, the little town of Sandy Creek, a bus load of po' innocent school chillun and me would make anybody bitter.

It all starts the morning I back the Grotch Transfer Line truck up to the loading platform of the Grotch Hardware and Grocery Company and see this big box leering at us. It's marked: Extreme Caution—Dynamite—Detonators. Joe Davis, my helper, nearly tears the hinges off the door getting out of the cab.

"Has that old bale of guts gone crazy?" he screams up at Ed Green on the platform.

Just then Jake steps out. He's an Eskimo's dream. All blubber except his heart and you can make arrowheads out of it. The wrinkle with his teeth in it opens up in what's supposed to be a smile.

"What's the matter, boys?" he says.

"If you get that stuff over them lousy roads," I tell him, "you gonna pack it in by mountain goat."

"Why, Charlie," he says, "a careful driver like you oughtn't to have any trouble."

He's just being nasty. Every time we truck stuff to the mining towns over them washboard roads something gets busted—and Jake blames me. Says the way I drive it'd fracture marshmallows.

"I got it padded real well," he goes on. "The dynamite won't go off; the detonators aren't attached."

"Yeah," I tell him. "One good jolt and we'll blow up the—"

"You want the job or not?" he growls. "I can get drivers to haul stuff for what I pay you birds to wreck it."

He knows he's got us. It's the middle of the depression. The only jobs left are those in the mines and they're worse than working for Jake. I'm trying to save up some money to get married and Joe's got another baby coming.

They ease the crate on and put it jam up against the cab. "Ain't you got any high-explosive signs we can hang on, Jake?" Joe whimpers.

"You crazy?" Jake snarls. "Won't nobody else in town ship with me, if they know that stuff's in the truck. You just be careful. You blow that truck up and I gotta pay for all their merchandise!"

"Remember that!" I tell Joe. "Just bleed on Jake's stuff."

We pick up the other shipments around town and head into the mountains. Sometimes we hit eight miles an hour but most of the time we go slow. Three buggies, a wagon and an old man on a crutch pass us going up Bear Mountain. Every time we hit a bump, sweat pops out on us like resin on a hot log.

Joe gets to making me as nervous as the dynamite. He's like a coxswain taking a crew over Niagara Falls. He's gotta coach me over every rut and around every rock. When he ain't pleading with me, he's pleading with the Lord.

"Easy, Ben Hur," he wheezes, "easy! Thank you, Lord, thank you. That was a mean one!"

WHEN we start down a mountain he quits worrying about the rocks and ruts and starts moaning about the brakes. Every time I put 'em on he says they ain't got the vigor they had before. When we get to the top of Bald Gap and get ready for the worst stretch, I tell him to either shut up or walk down. He looks at Sandy Creek down in the valley and says he'll be quiet. He's too weak to walk and it's too far to crawl. We start down.

It's a helluva grade and more curves than a snake with cramps. I have to keep braking it. Then I start getting uneasy about the brakes too. Every curve it seems the pedal is getting a little closer to the floor board before anything happens. Around about the tenth curve I get it all the way to the floor. The speedometer creeps up to fifteen miles an hour. I pump the pedal again. We hit nineteen miles an hour. . . .

Joe looks out the window. "Charlie," he gasps, "as soon as we get to a place where there ain't but a hundred foot drop-off I'm gonna be leaving you!"

We're riding right on the rim of the mountain and no side rails. I yank up the hand brake. We pick up three more miles an hour. Then we leave the edge of the mountain and start down between two walls of nice soft granite. I holler for Joe to get ready. He starts to open the door, then stops.

"For Heaven's sake!" he moans. "Look!"

I've already seen it. A big orange school bus has nosed around the curve about a quarter of a mile below us. With anything but our load we mighta risked jumping and hoped the truck would crash before it got to the bus. I start blowing the guts out of the horn. Joe starts flailing his arms out the window waving for 'em to get over. The kids lean out the windows and start waving back. We're right on top of the driver before he figures out Joe ain't just saying hello.

I close my eyes, and when I open them we're going into this corkscrew curve. I contact the saints, the angels and any of my departed ancestors who might have any influence with the foregoing.

THEY get us out of the curve. We're getting ready to jump again, then we realize we're stuck again. We're doing about fifty heading down this rock corridor right into the town of Sandy Creek, all three stores and eight houses of it. If we jump and cut the wheels, the truck will crash into the rock walls and blow up right on top of us. If we jump and don't cut 'em, we'll blow up Sandy Creek. Some idiot's got a wagon we can't miss sitting out in front of the general store.

There's just one out. The town sits right alongside the creek bank. Just as you come out of the granite alley we're in there's a pasture on the left next to the general store. We can cut the truck over in it and let her blow there.

I holler to Joe what I'm gonna do. He turns green. His door crashes open against the hood and he's jumped. I can see folks fighting to get inside the store. I swing farther over to the right, get out on the running board, cut the wheel left, take a deep breath and jump. I feel like a man on stilts running along the ridge of a roof. I see the truck leave the road. Then something hits me in the face. . . .

When I come to I'm laying out in the middle of the road. I feel like I been swimming in a live barbecue pit. I'm bleeding at the knees, elbows and nose, and one eye is closing. Then I hear Joe screaming. I look over in the pasture. There's the truck hanging on the edge of the creek bank. Typical Grotch luck. If we'd stayed with it they'd been scraping us off the roofs down in Charleston. Joe is screaming for everybody to keep away from it, but out of some weak-minded loyalty to Jake I take my life in my hands and scotch the front wheel of the damn' truck to keep it from sliding into the river.

Joe's just as beat-up and bloody as I am. I tell him to go in and call Jake to come get the truck. Then I limp over toward it. When I tell the folks who start crowding around me what's happened they say it's the bravest thing they ever heard of. They wanna give me the key to the city, all that stuff. I tell 'em I'll settle for a little whisky. Somebody pulls out a bottle and I'm so shaky they have to hold it for me. I can still see all those cute little kids laughing at that load of dynamite bearing down on 'em.

After the third drink, though, I begin to appreciate what a helluva hero I really am. After the fourth drink I'm telling 'em that there's two tons of dynamite and a ton of detonators aboard. Then Joe comes tearing out of the store where he's called up Jake. He's whiter than ever.

"There isn't any dynamite or detonators in the damn' thing!" he screams. "The box has eggs in it. Jake just wanted us to be extra careful!"

"Well, hell, that's different," I tell him. "We'd better take that rock away and put a bigger one under the wheel. We wouldn't want those nice fresh eggs on the bottom of the river, would we?"

Joe sort of nods and the two of us walk over to the truck, careful and slow, like we are walking on eggs, which in a way we are.

Well, it is really tragic. Just as we move the rock, that truck we'd gone through hell for, slips and goes down the bank, and then there's the damnedest splash you ever saw. As we told Jake later, if we hadn't used up all our strength nursing the truck down the mountain we mighta saved it. THE END

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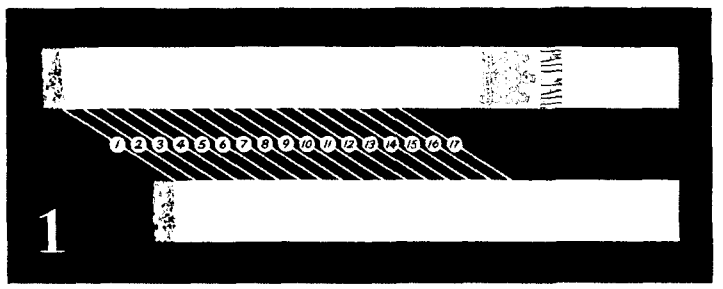
GUARDING enjoyment

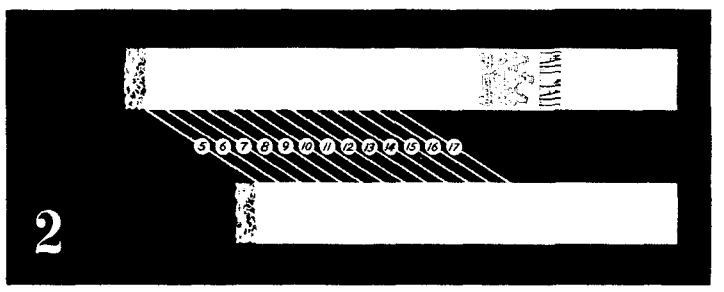
...smoke PALL MALL
the cigarette whose
mildness you can measure

Study this Puff Chart:

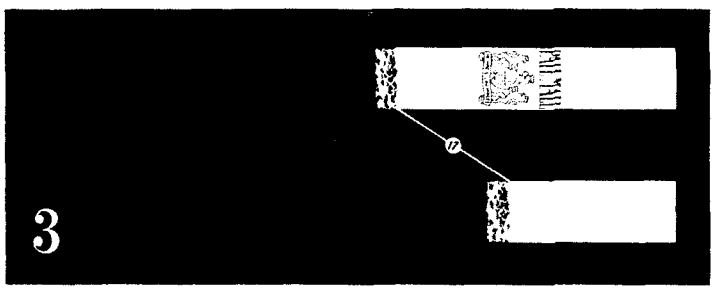
PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—**Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

* * *

Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL*—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.*

Outstanding...
and they are ***MILD!***

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CHARLES HAWES

No Use Blaming Congress

Dear editar:

For a long time now I've been noticin as newspapers and magazines drift in out here at my Johnson grass farm at Circleville where the Russians are still claimin the Korean war was started because the North Korean Reds and the Chinese Reds, with plenty of tanks and airplanes, were first attacked by the South Korean democrats, who didn't have a tank to their name and 60 aviators at the time but no planes.

I know exactly how it was. My neighbor's pasture is always attackin my cows. One of the worst causes of trouble we got out here. If he'd learn to keep his pastures to himself and stop his imperialistic fence buildin we'd have community peace out here at Circleville.

I went into town yesterday because my wife was cleanin house and noticed at the Taylor post office they'd taken a war surplus sign down and put up a recruitin sign instead. I guess this is the first time in our history we ever got caught in one war before we'd gotten rid of the surplus material from the last. We're the only country on earth where carpenters buildin a new trainin camp have to wait on the wreckin crews tearin down the old one. But I notice we've always gotten the new camps up in time and there are some folks who have made army surplus stores a permanent occupation. Believe we'll do it again.

The other day I was out here at un-bomb-worthy Circleville reviewing the world situation. When you don't take a newspaper regularly but depend on what floats down the San Gabriel River or blows in from your neighbor's farm you get a more balanced view of things. Most people try to read a paper every day and in cities twice a day and since editars have to get one out whether there's any news or not and on off days have to make a flesh wound sound like the Battle of the Bulge, it's hard for a regular subscriber to get a clear opinion of the world.

It's like listenin to your wife and your mother-in-law both givin you instructions on how to improve the place at the same time. It takes an astute mind and plenty of leisure plus the ability to ignore most of the talk to pick out the significant events, but practically everybody is convinced the world is in bad shape.

Don't anybody seem to be sure what's happenin. This afternoon while I was sittin on the south side of a tree in my pasture enjoyin the sun—it's the tree I was leanin against and fishin the day Hitler started marchin, the reason I know is I caught two catfish, one right after the other, that day without havin to change bait—I pulled a copy of the Granger News out of my pocket where I had put it when I found it about to fall out of my neighbor's mail box earlier in the day, didn't figure he'd want his paper to fall out and blow away, and read where the editar of that weekly is aware of the world situation.

Accordin to him: "We are faced today with the greatest problems of all times and upon our willingness to think seriously about them rests the future of all civilization. Problems, international, national, state, county and local, all of the greatest importance, are staring us squarely in the face and only within our own minds lie the solutions to them." I might as well have left the paper in the mail box.

As I see it, he may have stated the first half of the problem correctly, but he ain't gonna pin the responsibility for the solution on my shoulders. I have searched my mind pretty thoroughly and if there's a solution in it for the present world problem, I can't find it, although I haven't given up and am willin to keep lookin right through spring plowin if necessary. And I don't think I'm by myself.

The other day I read where a cattleman from Texas who had been listenin to the radio pretty steadily had been to Washington instead of brandin to find out what was up and had been talkin to Congressmen and he reported he'd run into "the strangest thing he'd ever encountered."

Accordin to him, "instead of telling you what's goin to happen, Congressmen grab hold of your arm and ask *you* what's goin to happen. I don't think the general run of Congressmen has the least idea of what's goin to happen."

He seemed astonished, maybe even shocked, at this, but it don't affect me that way.

Why should a Congressman know what's gonna happen next when nobody else in the world does?

The democratic thing about the present world situation is that I can sit out here at Circleville and feel about as well posted as all the government officials, Congressmen, military leaders, newspaper editars, college professors, experts and Presidential advisers on what's comin off next. You might say us folks out here at Circleville are right up at the top level when it comes to bein in the dark.

Ain't no use blamin Congressmen because they don't know what's gonna happen tomorrow. Some of em ain't sure what happened yesterday, and they ain't by themselves, are they?

As I see it, civilization may be doomed, but I doubt if many folks will know it when it happens. Probably be busy farmin and won't notice it.

Yours faithfully, H. B. Fox

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The Corpse Was in the Countinghouse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

take her arm as they walked to the corner. "I think you're nice," she told him.

"I *know* you are."

"I don't ordinarily do this."

"What?"

"Get picked up on the spur of the moment."

"This isn't a pickup. This is an investigation."

"Okay, but perhaps you aren't going to get as much out of this as you think."

"I'll take that chance."

She gave the driver an address, then settled back to look at Neil thoughtfully. "You don't look like a detective."

"What's your standard of comparison?"

"Just the movies."

She smiled up at him. "Anyhow, you don't scare me—and I hope you're on an expense account because I'm going to take on a carload of calories."

THE roadhouse was a huge place which hadn't yet filled up for the evening. The headwaiter came forward and Gladys said, "We want one of the dining rooms, Henry."

He led the way past the dance floor and down a long corridor, and pulled back the curtain on a private booth.

Neil handed him five dollars. "We'd like cocktails right away."

"Daiquiri for me," Gladys Leland said.

When they had finished their drinks, Neil said, "I want some more information about Katherine Gloster."

"She's a customer. We don't talk about customers. I might tell you where you could go to brush up on local gossip. That's about all."

"Do you know George Durant who works in the bank?" Neil asked.

"When I see him, yes."

"Does he know Katherine Gloster?"

"Now you're getting right back to where we started."

"Have a hard day today?" Neil asked abruptly.

"Terrible."

"Do you do all the work?"

"I have two girls who help me."

"Do you make any money?"

"A little."

Neil took out his wallet and laid two bills, a ten and a twenty, on the table. "I'd like to pay you for your time and whatever information you give me."

"Information about who?"

"Katherine Gloster."

"I told you we don't do that."

"Listen," Neil Anson said, "your words are going down a well where there's no echo."

She hesitated a moment, eying the thirty dollars, then abruptly she reached over, picked the bills up and tucked them in her purse. "I'm taking this chance because I think you're okay. What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

She said, "Women like to talk when they're getting their hair done or their nails manicured. Some women come in mainly to pour out their troubles. I don't say anything much. I just listen and nod and smile, and they get it all off their chests. Katherine Gloster doesn't do that."

"What does she do?"

She looked squarely at him and said, "Katherine Gloster asks questions."

"How long has she been coming to your shop?"

"Five or six months."

"What does she do?"

"She doesn't do anything. She's supposed to be a Miss, but I think she's been married. I think she left her husband and probably gets alimony. Anyway, she has some kind of an income that keeps her going without working. She told me once that she was recovering from a heartbreak. Then she began to go out with George Durant."

"They're going steady?"

"I don't know how steady, but they go around together and he seems to be making quite a play for her."

"All right," Neil said. "What about George Durant?"

"He came here about a year ago. He was looking for a job as bookkeeper; then he finally decided to work for the bank."

"Does the bank take people on just like that?"

She laughed and said, "I'll say they don't. You should have known Frank Crenshaw."

"You mean he looked people up pretty well before he hired them?"

VIP'S WAR

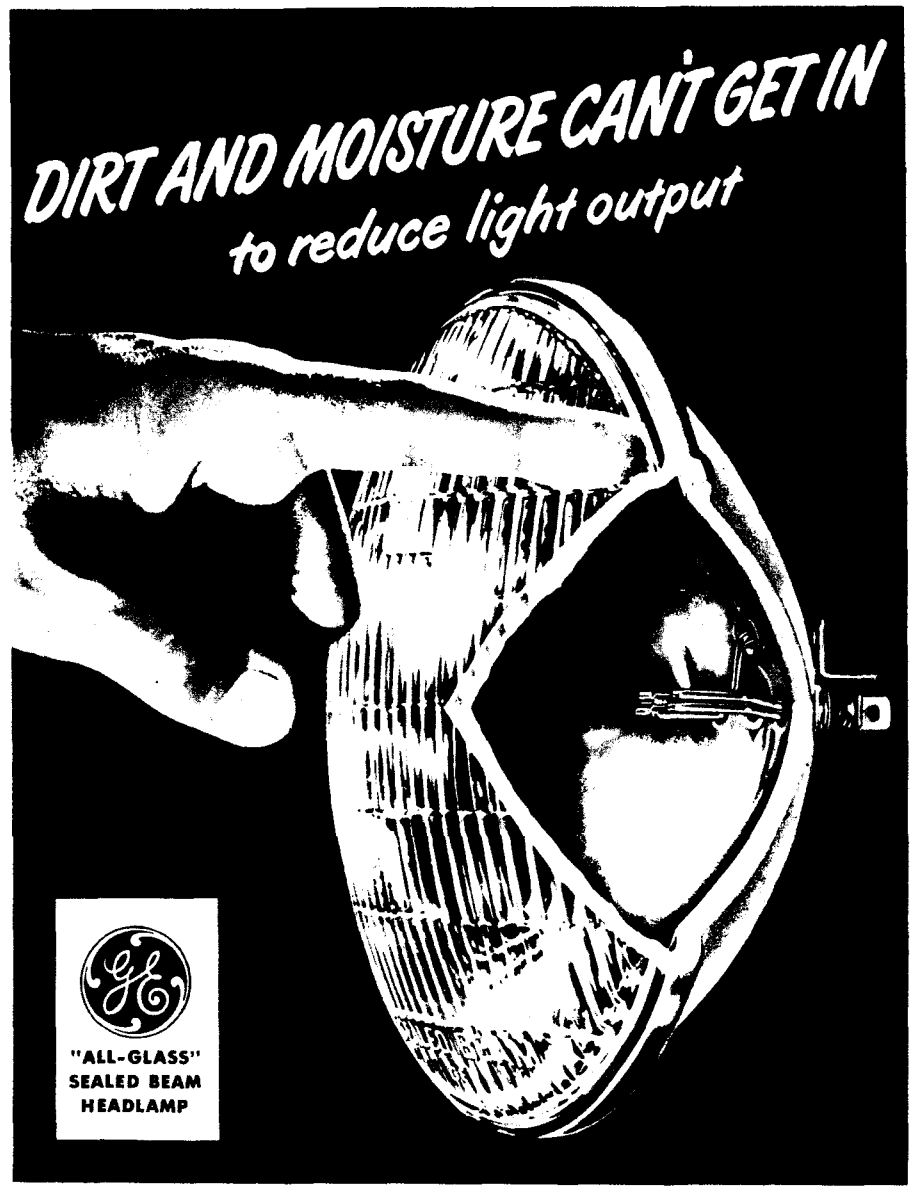
"O.K., Filstrup! You can just kiss your Good-Conduct medal good-by!"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

BECAUSE THEY ARE ALL ONE PIECE

G-E "ALL-GLASS" HEADLAMPS

DO NOT GROW DIM!



THE cutaway view above reveals one big reason why General Electric "All-Glass" headlamps do not grow dim. Lens and reflector are one piece, with filaments firmly anchored in the reflector. Because it's a single unit, dirt and moisture can't get in to dull the reflector.

"All-Glass" headlamps give more light, right from the start. And they continue to give more. Tests show they average 99% as much light at end of lamp life as when new. New or old, G-E "All-Glass" headlamps help make your night driving safer and more comfortable.

Have your lights checked next time you leave your car for service. And be sure to ask for General Electric headlamps by name if you need a replacement.

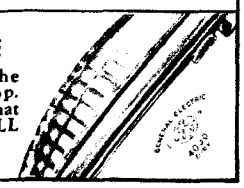
Here's how to play safe when you buy sealed-beams

1. FEEL THE SEAL

There is no seam where glass reflector and glass lens are fused into one piece. Dirt and moisture can't get in.

2. SEE THE G-E

It's on the back of the headlamp near the top. It's your assurance that your headlamps WILL NOT GROW DIM.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Announcing...

New DODGE "Job

THE TRUCKS THAT DO THE MOST FOR YOU!

More powerful than ever!

Dodge now offers you the most powerful "*Job-Rated*" trucks in Dodge history!

Eight high-efficiency engines—94 to 154 horsepower—with power increases as high as 20%! You get the right power for *your* job . . . dependable power, economical power . . . in the finest performing trucks that ever carried the Dodge name!

Remember, with all their extra value, the new Dodge "*Job-Rated*" Trucks are *priced with the lowest!* See these great new trucks at your Dodge dealer's.

NEW! SMARTER STYLING

New Dodge styling has combined new beauty with massive, rugged appearance. Modern design provides a new hood line that results in better visibility of the road ahead. Roomy new cab interiors feature contrasting colors—new clear-vision instrument panels—and amazing new comfort with redesigned seat cushions and seat backs.

NEW! EASIER HANDLING

Now, Dodge "*Job-Rated*" Trucks have shorter turning diameters than ever—for even greater maneuverability.

The steering wheel is at a more convenient angle for greater driving comfort. You can steer with less effort and more precision, thanks to new worm-and-roller steering gears. And, Dodge continues to bring you the easy-handling advantages of cross-steering, wide front tread, and short wheelbase—features that made Dodge "The Choice of Champions" in the 1950 National Truck Roadeo.

NEW! EXTRA-QUIET BRAKES

Another Dodge Engineering *first*—available only on Dodge "*Job-Rated*" Trucks! New, molded, tapered Cyclebond brake linings! Designed on a new principle, these remarkable linings contact the brake drums with smoother, more even action—*practically eliminating brake squeal.* So nearly perfect is braking contact there is no tendency of brakes to "grab"—and lining life is greatly extended. Standard on all trucks 1½-ton and up, except air brake models.

A model to fit your job

More than 50 brand new features-including:

NEW! SMOOTHER RIDE with new, "Oriflow" shock absorbers; standard on ½-, ¾-, and 1-ton models.

NEW! EASIER LOADING with lower ground-to-floor height on all models through 2 tons.

NEW! TWIN CARBURETION AND EXHAUST SYSTEM for more power with economy—available on all high-tonnage models.

NEW! GREATER ELECTRICAL CAPACITY with new 45-ampere generator.

NEW! MORE ECONOMICAL PERFORMANCE with higher compression ratio on models through 1 ton.

NEW! EASIER-TO-READ INSTRUMENTS—now grouped in a cluster placed in front of the driver.

NEW! EASIER BAD-WEATHER STARTING with new moistureproof ignition, high-torque starting motor.

NEW! SMOOTHER ENGINE IDLING with "hotter" spark plugs; on all models through 1 ton.

See the new DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS now on display

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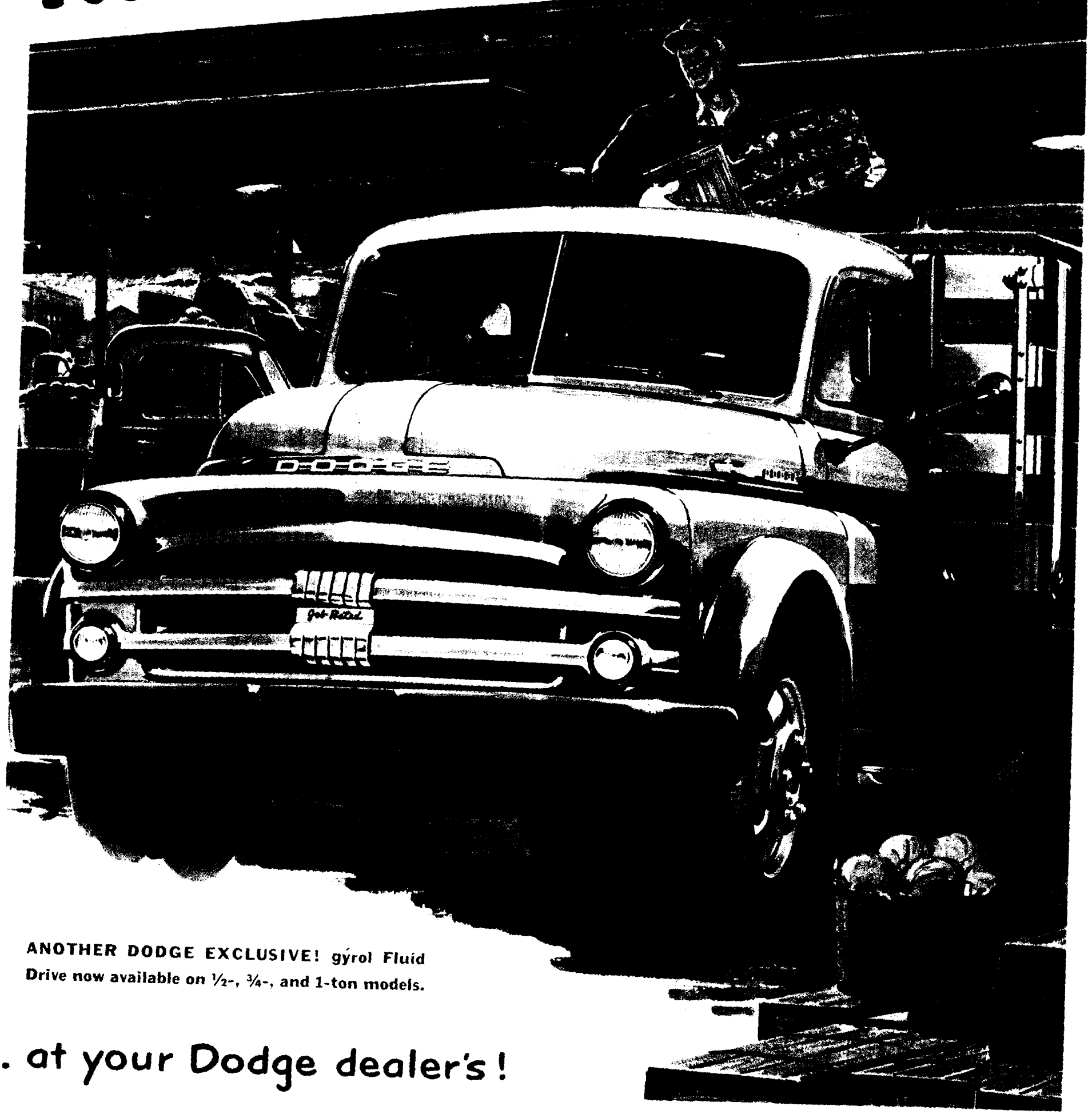
Rated "Trucks!



ANOTHER DODGE EXCLUSIVE! gyrol Fluid Drive now available on ½-, ¾-, and 1-ton models.

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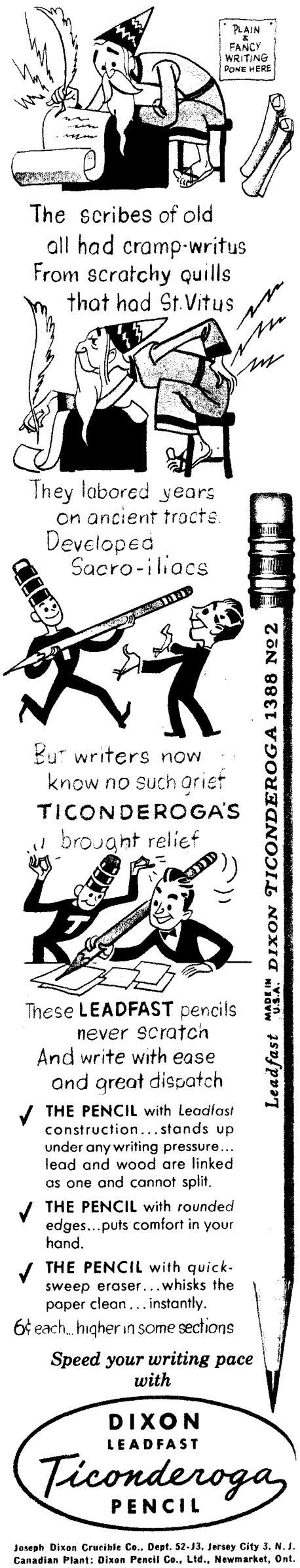
PLAIN & FANCY WRITING DONE HERE
The scribes of old all had cramp-writus From scratchy quills that had St. Vitus
They labored years on ancient tracts. Developed Sacro-iliacs
But writers now know no such grief TICONDEROGA'S brought relief
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"He didn't. He had Alva Kenton."

"Who's he?"

"He does polygraph work. You know—lie detector."

"Oh."

"Before anyone went to work for the bank he had to go to Alva Kenton and be turned inside out."

"Is there enough work to keep a polygraph man busy in this city?"

"Not steadily," she said. "Kenton comes around once every two weeks and screens employees. He not only goes over the new ones, but some places, like the bank, have their men screened every four months."

"Do you know him?"

"Of course. He uses an office in my beauty shop—one of the back rooms."

"No kidding!"

"What's so startling about that?"

"Nothing, I suppose. It just hadn't occurred to me."

"It's a good deal. Kenton needs a temporary office. I have rooms to burn. He's only in the city two days a month."

"Where could I locate Alva Kenton?"

"You could write him at—"

"I mean now."

"You could call him long-distance."

The waiter came to take their orders, and Gladys Leland ate her way through a shrimp cocktail, soup, salad and a *filet mignon* two-inches thick.

On the way home she said, "Would you like to see the morning paper?"

"Is it out?"

"No, the boys don't start distributing until much later. But they're printing the first copies now. We can drive by the newspaper office and get one. I know somebody there."

Anson nodded.

She leaned forward and spoke to the driver.

He nodded, swung a few blocks east to Chestnut Avenue and stopped in front of the newspaper office.

"Better let me run in," she said.

A FEW minutes later she was back with a paper damp from the press. "Well," she said, "I guess they've cleaned up the bank job."

"What happened?" Neil asked.

She said, "My friend was telling me that they found a brief case with the murder weapon in it. It had been left on one of the benches at the railroad station."

"The murder weapon?"

"Uh-huh. The gun that killed Crenshaw."

"In a brief case?"

"That's right. That's what my friend said."

"Whose was it?" Neil asked.

"I think the name was Anson."

Neil reached over and gently took the paper from her, folded it and said, "Thanks a lot. I'll read it later."

The cabdriver drove to the address Gladys had given him, a three-story brick apartment building.

"Want to come up?" she asked. "I'll give you a nightcap."

Neil Anson put the folded newspaper under his arm. "Thanks," he said, then looked questioningly at the cabdriver.

Gladys answered Neil's unspoken question. "You wait," she said to the cabdriver. "It won't be long." Then she flashed Neil her most cordial smile, took a key from her purse and opened the street door. She walked up the stairs, with quick, nervous steps, to the second floor. "Come on, it's this way," she said, and led him down the dimly lit corridor.

"Brandy-and-benedictine?" she asked, as she opened the door.

"Now that," Neil said, "would really be an imposition. Actually all I wanted to do was make certain you got to your apartment safely."

"Someone gave the stuff to me," she said. "I didn't buy it. So don't worry about that. Anyway, you've been swell to me tonight."

"It's been a real pleasure."

She switched on the lights and slipped out of her hat and jacket. "Let me take your hat and that newspaper. I'll put them in the bedroom."

She opened the bedroom door and closed it behind her. Neil heard the click of a light switch and the faint rustling of newspaper. A moment later, she reappeared.

"There are cigarettes on the table," she said. "Just a minute and I'll get the drinks."

She produced a bottle of benedictine, one of brandy, two glasses, and poured out drinks.

"You know," she said, "you were nice about that."

"About what?"

"The taxi. You know, when I told him to wait. I aim to allow time for a drink but not for a pass. A lot of men make a fuss about it. They tell the cabdriver to go on about his business and they'll telephone when they want him back."

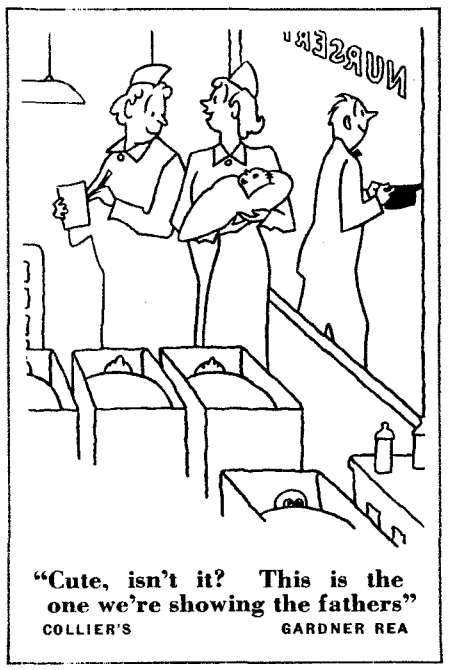
"And what do you do?"

"I tell them very firmly that they're going to want him back before he could go to town and pick up the call."

"And then?"

"Then," she said, "they do want him, and fast. Some fellows think a three-dollar steak gives them a first lien."

She picked up her glass and sipped her drink. Then she moved closer to Neil. "You haven't told me very much about yourself, and how come you're interested in this thing.



"Cute, isn't it? This is the one we're showing the fathers"
COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Are you a private detective, FBI, or what?"

"Oh," he said, "I'm just interested."

Gladys got up suddenly. "Could you amuse yourself for a minute or two? I have to go put out the milk bottles and do a couple of little chores. Anything I can do now shortens the mad morning rush."

She picked up an empty milk bottle from the shelf above the sink and said, "I'll be back in a minute. I have to go all the way down a flight of stairs. The milkman won't climb."

She unlocked and opened a back door and stepped out onto a service porch, and then Neil could hear her feet on the flight of wooden stairs leading down to the ground floor.

It was several minutes before she returned.

"Sorry," she said. "I had to leave a note for the milkman. I want an extra half-pint of whipping cream in the morning. You were going to tell me about yourself."

"What about me?"

"Oh, you know, the little things. You haven't even told me anything about your background."

"It's pretty routine," he said, sipping the liqueur. "Listen, Gladys, I'm going to have to run along. That cabdriver will be getting impatient down there."

"But do tell me something about yourself before you go."

"Oh, it's very dull," he said. "I have to do a lot of checking here and there—a lot of leg work."

"You must have got on the job pretty soon after you were notified of the robbery."

"I did."

"Well, come on," she said, "tell me. Is it a government agency or private work, or—?"

"Private."

"Are you in business for yourself, or part of a company?"

"A company."

"My, you're talkative."

He finished the drink, looked at his watch and said, "They pay me to get information, not to give it."

She said, "I wonder if we haven't been working at cross-purposes long enough, Mr. Neil Anson?"

He put the empty glass down slowly.

She said, "You probably wondered what I was doing when I was putting the paper away. I thought I'd just take a look to see if there was a picture of the suspect in the bank robbery. There was. It's a good likeness."

HE GOT to his feet. "I'm afraid I can't explain now, Gladys. I'm going to have to go down and get the taxi."

"Don't worry about that," she said. "It's gone."

"What do you mean?"

"What do you suppose I was doing when I made that stall about taking the milk bottle down? I took it down the back way, then walked out front and told the cabdriver that he didn't need to wait. He gave me a card with his number on it so you could call him any time you wanted to go home. Here's the card. He's number nineteen."

"And I suppose you also telephoned the police?" Neil said bitterly.

"Don't be a sap," she said. "I like you. I'm giving you a break. You don't seem like a crook to me."

"What do you want in return?"

"I want to know about you, and believe me, I want to know *all* about you."

He thought for a minute, then said, "I'm just like a lot of other people. I was going to college, just getting a start, when the war came along. I quit college and when I got back I somehow couldn't settle down. I know lots of guys who came back from the war and did fine in college. I didn't. I had ideas of my own. I like to invent things. I have a brother who has a lot of mechanical ability.

"We opened up a little manufacturing plant. We needed money. Frank Crenshaw had been a friend of my uncle. We went to him. He agreed to advance us money against orders we'd get and on assignment of accounts receivable. He had a clause in the contract that he could make all the loans mature in thirty days if he thought it was justified."

"And he did that?" she asked.

"Yes. He did that."

"Was it justified?"

"No."

She looked at him thoughtfully, then said, "Frank Crenshaw's secretary used to work for your company, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"She was engaged to your brother and broke the engagement, quit her job and came here to Pleasantville?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know why she did all that?"

He said bitterly, "I haven't the faintest idea why she did all that, or any of that."

"I know why," Gladys said.

"How do you know?"

"There's a statement from her—an interview in the paper. A man might read that and not know. A woman might read it and not know, unless she also knew you." Her eyes were slightly wistful.

"If you know why, I wish you'd tell me."

Gladys said simply, "She fell in love with you."

"She *what?*" Neil said.

"Found she had fallen in love with you."

"Are you crazy?"

"I'm not the least bit crazy. I read the first few paragraphs of her interview with the reporter. She loves you, she thinks you must have killed Crenshaw, and she thinks she is going to be called as the main witness

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"DAD TRIES IT THE UKULELE," number 53 in [illegible] series "Home[illegible]"

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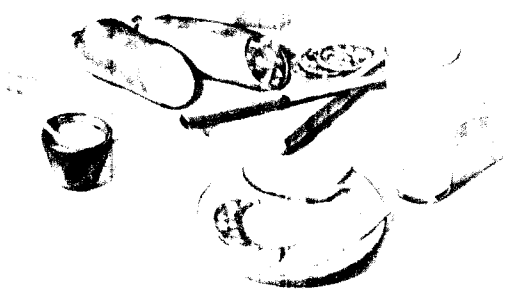

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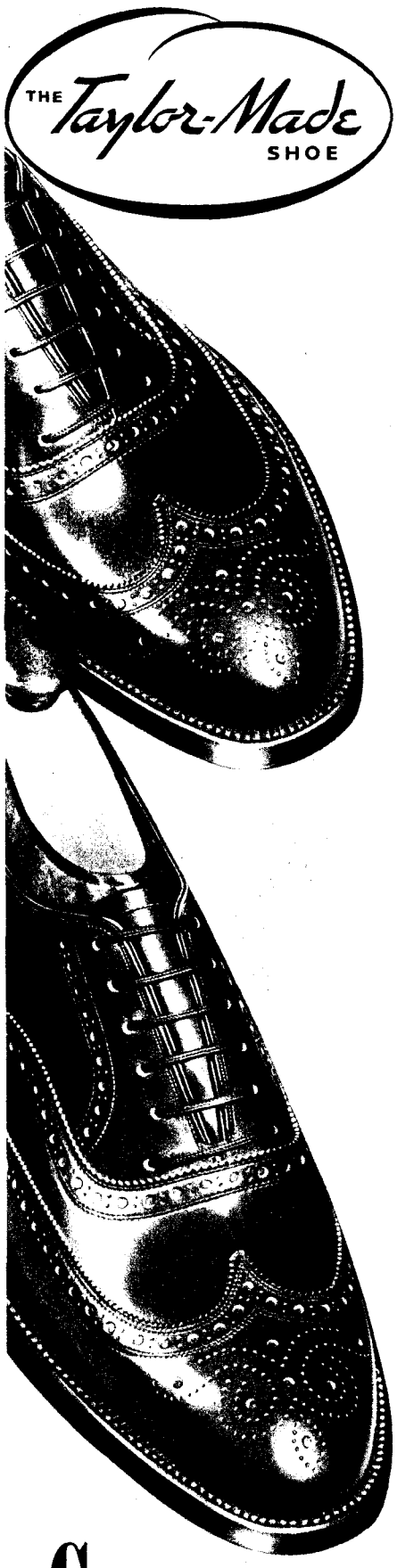

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against you. She'll kill herself before she lets that happen. I can understand how she feels."

Neil wanted to argue, but suddenly a lot of isolated events fell into a pattern in his mind, and he realized that Gladys was telling the truth.

"Did you shoot Frank Crenshaw?" she asked.

"No."

"Did you hold up the bank?"

"Don't be silly. Of course not."

"Things don't look too hot for you," she said. "What did Katherine Gloster say?"

"She told me she couldn't help me. She seemed to be trying her best to work out a theory that would make me guilty."

"Well," Gladys said, "I can tell you one thing, Neil. When she came into the beauty shop this morning she was as nervous as a cat in a thunderstorm. She couldn't even keep her mind on what she was saying."

"Did she ask you about the bank robbery?"

"I didn't hear the burglar alarm. I heard the siren. After a while someone came in and told us about the holdup."

"What did she do or say?"

"I can't remember exactly what it was, but I remember thinking at the time that she acted a little queer."

"All right," Neil said, "what are you going to do about me?"

"The people who live across the hall are away on vacation. They left me the key to the apartment and asked me to take care of their canary. You can sleep in there. I'll give you some spare blankets and a pillow and you can sleep on the davenport. I'll call you for breakfast in the morning."

"Nonsense. I'll get a taxicab, go to a hotel and—"

"And be in jail half an hour later," she said flatly. "Maybe you didn't read it in the paper but there's a reward offered for information about you. Every taxidriver in the city will be keeping his eyes open. I'm trying to give you a break."

He looked at her. "Why?"

"Because you're a good guy, and because I don't want that little secretary to take a handful of sleeping pills and forget to wake up. I almost did that once myself. There's no percentage in it, but you don't realize that at the time."

SPREADING the blanket on the davenport, Neil Anson punched the pillow into shape and took off his shoes. Then he sat up with his elbows on his knees, thinking the situation over.

The things Gladys had told him had left him terribly shaken. He had always thought of Ellen Jasper as his future sister-in-law. He knew he had felt happy when he was with her, but he'd never questioned whether his feeling about her was more than ordinary brotherly affection.

He kept telling himself that Gladys must be wrong. But even while he was trying to convince himself of it, he felt an inner warmth that he couldn't explain.

Neil had always looked up to his brother Colby and he wouldn't have dreamed of doing anything that would hurt him. When Ellen had abruptly broken her engagement and gone to work for Crenshaw, Neil had felt so sorry for Colby that he never stopped to analyze his own feelings.

Now he tried to force his thoughts back to the murder of Frank Crenshaw and the spot it put him in.

He had left a brief case in Crenshaw's office. Crenshaw had been murdered, and the police had found Neil's brief case with the murder weapon in it. That kind of circumstantial evidence made things look pretty bad for him.

Neil realized that Frank Crenshaw's murderer must be someone who knew all about his habits, and who also knew a great deal about Neil Anson. This murderer was deliberately planting evidence which would convict Neil. Today it was the murder weapon in Neil's brief case. Tomorrow what would it be? Even if he went to the police and tried to find some way of explaining the present evidence, he had no way of knowing that the evidence wasn't being strengthened while he was explaining it.

Neil could see only one solution: He must find out who had committed the murder.

The police, of course, had assumed that the murder was connected with the bank robbery. Katherine Gloster had tried to show that the two crimes must have been related.

But had they been?

Neil began to check off the various facts on his fingers. First, the murderer must have been someone who had planned the crime and was waiting for an opportunity to put the murder scheme into execution. Two, the murderer must have had no detailed plans because being able to plant the gun in Neil Anson's brief case was just a lucky break. So the murderer must have been someone who knew Neil Anson, someone who knew that he had been in the office with Frank Crenshaw, someone who could have entered Crenshaw's private office after Anson had left, without being seen by Ellen Jasper.

As Anson considered these possibilities, he shook his head. They called for an impossible set of circumstances. And yet the thing must have been done.

Suicide could be ruled out. According to the newspaper, the police felt certain the gun had been fired from some distance—at least five or six feet.

The newspaper had said that Ellen Jasper hadn't suspected anything was wrong until the burglar alarm had begun to ring. Then she had run through the door of her office out to the main banking establishment. A few seconds later, remembering what Crenshaw had told her to do in case of a holdup, she had pressed the button which threw the spring lock on the door of the outer office and had pulled the door shut.

So, anyone who entered Crenshaw's office must have had a key to the door of Ellen's office, as well as a key to the door of Frank Crenshaw's office. And he must have been able to come in and leave without attracting any attention—an obvious impossibility.

The murderer had already showed a good deal of ingenuity in planting clues which led to Neil Anson as the murderer. There was no telling what new phony evidence he might be concocting.

Yet, in spite of the urgency of the situation, Neil couldn't keep his mind on it. He kept thinking, instead, of Ellen and what Gladys had said about her.

He stretched out and tried to sleep.

He had never in his life been so wide-awake.

He decided finally that there was only one thing to do. He pulled his shoes on, switched on the lights and looked in the telephone book. Ellen's phone wasn't listed, but information gave him her number.

He repeated it to Central. After a few rings, he heard the receiver being picked up and a sleepy voice saying, "Hello."

NEIL made his voice low-pitched. "This is Sergeant Newton of the police," he said. "This is Miss Jasper, isn't it? I'd like to talk to you, Miss Jasper."

"Do you want me to come to police headquarters?"

"No. I'll come to your apartment."

"But I've told the police absolutely everything I know."

"I understand," Anson said gruffly, "but this is something new."

"Oh, all right. Come on up, only you'll find the apartment pretty well torn up. I've moved the furniture around to let the bed down." She gave him the address, and added, "Just ring the buzzer and I'll open the door for you."

"Right away," Neil said, and hung up.

He put on his coat, debated whether to tap on the door of Gladys Leland's apartment and tell her what he was doing, then decided against it.

He threw the catch on the lock of the back door so that he could get in without a key when he came back, called the taxicab company and asked to have cab number nineteen sent at once to that address. He said he would be on the curb waiting for it.

Then Anson clicked off the light, closed the door quietly and went down the back stairs.

He was relieved to see that the driver was the same one who had brought him and Gladys home. Now that his picture was in the papers Neil was getting by on borrowed time.

"I could have waited," the cabdriver said reproachfully. "It wouldn't have cost you much more."

"I didn't know just when I was coming out," Anson said.

"I getcha," the driver said. "Thanks for asking particularly for me."

Neil gave him the address of Ellen Jasper's apartment. When they drew up to the apartment house, Neil stretched and yawned like a man who has had a full day and is looking forward to a quiet evening at home.

"Okay," he said to the cabdriver, "I guess this winds it up."

SISTER

"Well, I think it was very *nice* of Herbert to bring your whole week's homework"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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Anson waited until the cab had driven off. Then he ran up the steps and pressed the button opposite Ellen Jasper's name.

The buzzer sounded immediately and Anson pushed the door open, looked around for Ellen's apartment and started down the hall.

She was standing at her door waiting for him, and as Neil came down the hall he kept his hat pulled down low, and his shoulders hunched forward so that she wouldn't be able to see his face until he was directly in front of her. Then he raised his head and said, "Good evening, Miss Jasper."

He had expected her to be startled. Instead, she said quietly, "Hello, Neil."

"Did you recognize me coming down the hall?" he asked.

She laughed. "I recognized you as soon as you said hello over the telephone. Did you think you had to pretend to be a detective to see me, Neil?"

"I thought your telephone might be tapped."

"It probably is," she told him. "The police don't think I'm being very co-operative. Come on in. The place is a mess, I'm afraid. I'd gone to bed."

She held the door open for him and Neil walked in.

Her manner was quiet and casual but Neil noticed the rapid beat of a pulse in her neck.

"The police seem to have me elected as suspect number one," Neil said, as he sat down.

"They think I was your accomplice," she said simply. "Neil, why don't you give yourself up and let's try and get the thing straightened out?"

"Don't you see, Ellen, someone is deliberately framing me? Even if I could explain the evidence that's been planted so far, once the police put me in a cell where I couldn't do anything—"

"But can you do anything now, Neil?"

"I think so."

"Good," she said, with that quiet faith in his ability that he had always found so reassuring.

"I'm afraid it isn't going to be that simple, Ellen. We've got to find the murderer." Then he found himself adding, "Gosh, Ellen, we miss you down at the plant. It seems—" He broke off as he realized that Ellen had, so to speak, moved into the enemy camp.

ELLEN pretended not to notice. "Have you any idea who could have killed him, Neil?" she asked quietly.

"No," he said. "We'll have to try to figure that out together. And thanks for one thing, Ellen."

"What?"

"For having enough faith in me so you didn't ask if I had done it."

She smiled faintly and said, "Perhaps the shoe's on the other foot, Neil. I should thank *you* for not asking if *I* did it. The police have it reduced to a mathematical certainty. If you didn't do it, then I did. Or perhaps we both did."

"About the only way I can hope to get out of this is to have you convince the police that— But the minute you try to do that—"

"The minute I try to do that they'll be sure I was your accomplice. I did a foolish thing, Neil. I tried to shade the facts just a trifle. I told the police I must have been out of my office where I couldn't see the door for as much as two minutes—long enough for someone to have slipped into the office and killed Mr. Crenshaw and then gone out again."

"What was so foolish about that?"

"They tripped me up. Actually I don't suppose it was more than twenty or thirty seconds. You see, I was trying to help you and I overdid it."

"Ellen, tell me what actually did happen?"

"I don't know. What happened in the inner office between you and Crenshaw?"

"I hit him. He opened a drawer and reached for a gun. I stepped out. I thought perhaps he'd follow me, so—"

"I could tell from the way you were standing by the door that there'd been trouble."

"Do the police know that?"

"Don't be silly."

"Just what did you tell them?"

"As far as possible, I told them the absolute truth, but the truth is the thing that absolutely crucifies us."

"Let me have your side of it," Neil said.

She said, "I don't suppose you'll believe how dreadful I felt about having to type that letter that Frank Crenshaw wrote you. I started to throw down my pencil and walk out when he began to dictate it, then I decided I'd stay on. I thought perhaps something might happen so I could do some good."

"Do you know why he wrote it?"

"I know all about it," she said, "and it's not a very pretty story, but—"

NEIL said, "Okay. I'm sorry I asked you, Ellen. The story I got is that he thought he could wreck the company, take it over cheap, capitalize on the good will we'd built up and then sell for a profit that would be a capital investment from a bookkeeping standpoint instead of income."

She said, "I knew he couldn't fool you. But let's talk about the murder, Neil. We haven't a great deal of time."

Neil nodded. "All right, Ellen, tell me what you know."

She said, "I was upset after you left the office. Mr. Crenshaw stayed in his office. He didn't come out and he didn't buzz for me. You know that door of his has a steel lining and locks automatically as soon as it's closed. It's not just a spring lock, it's a steel bar that shoots in place—he was always frightened that someone he'd fleeced would manage to get into his office and—"

"I can imagine," Neil said, as she hesitated. "Don't tell me anything that you don't want to, Ellen. Just what happened after I left?"

She said, "The burglar alarm started. I ran out to the main bank to see what it was all about. As I went out I pressed the catch on the spring lock on my office door and pulled it shut behind me.

"No one in the bank seemed to have the slightest idea of what was going on until the shooting started. We'd been drilled on holdups. It was sort of an obsession with Mr. Crenshaw. He'd told us to throw ourselves flat on the floor if we ever heard shooting."

"Then what happened?"

"We were there for—oh, twenty or thirty seconds, I guess. Then when the police came, Arthur Baxter, a cashier, unlocked the front doors."

"Did the police come in the side door?"

"No, but Carl Harman, Mr. Crenshaw's lawyer, had an appointment with him for nine fifteen that morning, and he was at that door, pounding on the panels and rattling the doorknob, trying to get someone to open it and—"

"Wait a minute," Neil said. "That door was open, Ellen. I unlocked it when I went out. The guard's key was in it, with his other keys hanging from a key chain."

She said, "He'd been instructed lots of times not to leave his keys in the door."

"What I'm interested in is Harman," Neil went on. "If the door was unlocked, why was he pounding on it?"

"I guess he just assumed that it was locked. It should have been locked—it always was until ten o'clock."

"Did anyone go out that way, Ellen?"

"No one left the bank except by the alley door where the bandit ran out," she said positively.

"How do you know?"

"Well, the front doors were locked and—"

"But couldn't someone have followed me out of the side door and down Fifth Street?"

"Don't you see, Neil?—Mr. Harman would have seen them. He was walking down Fifth Street and the side door of the bank was where he could see it. He saw you go out."

"Then someone *must* have gone into the office after you went out?"

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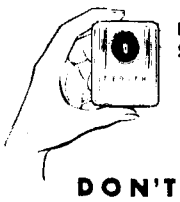

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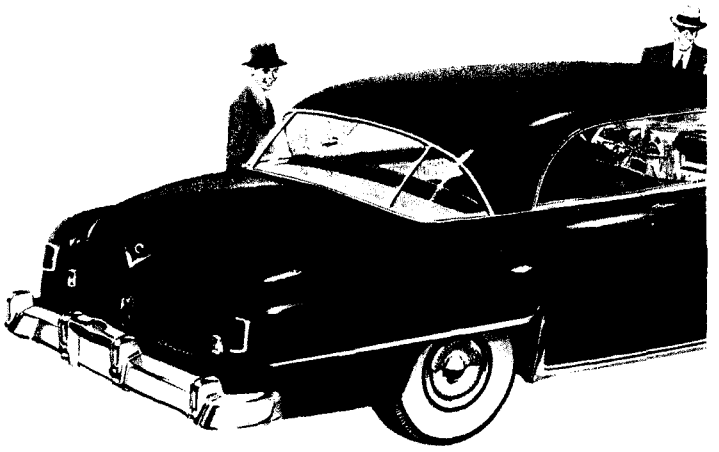

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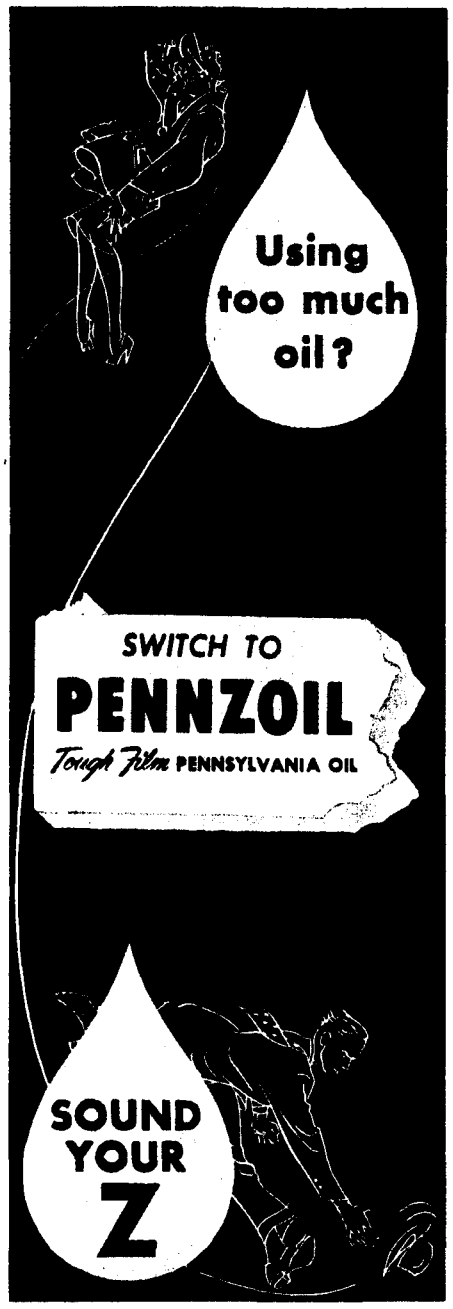

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"I told the police that was what must have happened, and they pointed out that it must have been done while we were all lying on the floor during the shooting. Someone must have had a key that would unlock the outer door, the one I pulled shut and locked when I ran out, and then must have found some way of getting Mr. Crenshaw to come to the door and let him into his private office."

"Crenshaw's office was soundproof. Could he hear the burglar alarm?"

"Yes. There's an auxiliary alarm that sounds in his office whenever anything happens outside."

"Someone could have done it," Neil said doggedly, "because someone *must* have done it. Actually I can prove it. You see I left my brief case in Crenshaw's office. It was filled with papers. Someone must have taken the papers out and dumped them in the wastebasket and then left the bank carrying my brief case. When did they find out what had happened?"

ELLEN explained: "As soon as the police got in and started checking up on things. They had me open the door of my office and they sounded the buzzer in Mr. Crenshaw's office. When nothing happened they insisted that I open the door with my key and—"

"How many keys to his private office, Ellen?"

"Three. The janitor has one, I have one and Mr. Crenshaw had one."

"Where did you keep yours?"

"On my key ring."

"All right, you went into the inner office. Then what?"

"We saw Mr. Crenshaw lying on the floor. The drawer of his desk was open and a gun had been jerked out but it hadn't been fired. It was lying on the floor. The police thought Mr. Crenshaw must have heard the burglar alarm sounding in the bank, that he must have opened the drawer of his desk and grabbed the gun, and then someone shot him. Everything made it look that way. His hat was on the shelf in the coat closet, his topcoat was neatly hung up on its coat hanger in the closet, and—"

"Wait a minute," Neil said, "when I followed him in, he just dropped his hat and tossed his coat over the back of a chair and—"

"Then he must have had time to do that after you left," she said.

Neil frowned. "I don't see how anyone could have got in that office in the short time that you were lying on the floor and—"

"Neither do the police," she said.

They exchanged glances.

"And that," Ellen said, "makes the murderer you *or* me, or you *and* me."

Neil saw the worried expression in her eyes and pretended a reassurance he didn't feel. "Never mind, Ellen," he said, "we'll make it all right. I just wanted to find out what happened. How soon did you get up after the shooting stopped?"

She said, "Neil, I got up right away. Some of the others didn't. I—that's where I stretched the time a bit when I told the police about it."

Neil had a sudden idea. "Look, Ellen, we can *prove* someone was in there."

"How?"

"By Carl Harman. He saw me leave the bank. If he noticed me—"

"He did. He knew about that letter Mr. Crenshaw wrote, and so he noticed you particularly—"

"So then he'll know I didn't have my brief case with me," Neil said. "Don't you see? That will prove someone *must* have gotten into the office."

She gripped his arm. "Oh, Neil! That's swell! The police will believe him. They wouldn't believe me."

"This is a break, Ellen. I'll call him."

"No, Neil, you can't."

"Why not?"

"Because he'd notify the police."

"Once I can prove that I didn't have that brief case with me when I left the bank," Neil said, "they can call in the whole damn' police department."

"But, Neil, suppose he should say he didn't notice?"

"Then I wouldn't be any worse off than I am now."

"I know, but then he'd call the police and you'd find yourself in a cell. *I'll* call him and ask him."

"Will you, Ellen? When?"

"Tomorrow, first thing."

"Why not now?"

She picked up a telephone directory and looked up the number. Then she lifted the receiver off its hook and said, "Please get me Gladwell 9478."

A moment later she said, trying to keep the eagerness out of her voice, "Oh, Mr. Harman, this is Ellen Jasper at the bank. I'm sorry to call you up at this hour, but it's quite important. You told me you saw Neil Anson leaving the bank. Did you see him clearly? Yes, I see . . . And did he—was he carrying anything? . . . Yes, yes, his overcoat; anything else? You didn't? You're sure? . . . No, I just wanted to know. If he had been carrying anything else you'd have seen him? I mean you'd have seen it? . . . Well, thanks—you *are* sure about it? . . . No, no, this isn't a cross-examination; I just wanted to make certain, to have someone who would back up my statement to the police. I know Mr. Anson wasn't carrying a brief case. I told them so . . . Oh, that's swell, Mr. Harman! Thank you ever so much. . . . Good night."

She hung up and turned to Neil. "Oh, Neil, oh, my darling, it's all right! He says you definitely did not have a brief case. He was sure he'd have seen it."

She came to him, and he thought she was going to hug him. Then she checked herself. "Wait, Neil. I'll phone the police."

He watched her lift the receiver, wondering what had caused such an abrupt change in her mood and manner.

He heard her get the police on the line, heard her telling of her conversation with Carl Harman. A moment later her expression changed to one of disappointment.

"Oh, I see. Well, thank you for being frank. Good-by!"

She dropped the receiver into place and turned to face him. "Of *all* things," she said.

"What is it, Ellen?" he asked.

Her eyes filled with tears. "They seem to think I got rid of the brief case for you."

"They're crazy!" he said. "Where on earth did they get that idea?"

"Oh, Neil, I don't know. They say it must have been done that way because there wasn't time for anyone to get in and kill him and get out again—and, of course, no one left the bank. They'd already asked Mr. Harman about the brief case. Oh, Neil!"

"Wait a minute," Neil said. "If they told you that, Ellen, it means they're ready to pick you up as an accomplice."

"They told me to be at the district attorney's office at ten tomorrow morning."

"Well," Neil said, "I'll be there with you."

"Indeed you will not! You'll do nothing of the sort."

"Do you think I'd let you face that alone, Ellen?"

"Don't you see, Neil? Everything you said before is even more true, even more important now. Someone is deliberately planting evidence. Once the police get you they'll simply quit working on the case. They'll have all the evidence they want."

Neil hesitated.

"Oh, Neil, I'm right. I know I'm right. And they'll really be watching my apartment now."

"They really haven't anything on you," Neil said.

"No, but they will have. The murderer will plant clues on me just as he did on you, and then they'll have proof! It's up to you, Neil. You'll have to stay free, and try to find him. Please, Neil, please!"

"Okay, Ellen," Neil said. "I'll get him and break his damn' neck. If he tries to plant evidence that will drag you into it, I'll—"

She leaned against him. "I know you will, Neil."

He tightened his arm around her, and then her hands were pushing against his shoulders.

"Neil, Neil, please," she pleaded. "Leave now. Oh, my dear, please go."

He turned and stepped out into the corridor.

"Good night, Neil," she called softly.

"Good night," he said, and walked down the corridor without once looking back.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S

"I'll be glad when he marries me and I can tell him what I think of him"

KATE OSANN

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Reverse Formation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

guess that's what we had. There didn't seem to be much sense in studying geometry and we were out of chocolate bars so we went down to Jenkins' and fooled around with the crowd all of whom were too cheerful.

Well, Time marched on like always, and the Date got to be only a little over a week away and there we were right in the same old solid nickel-plated rut and even beginning to think we'd have to wire Emily that we weren't coming though neither of us gave voice to such a horrible, disloyal and excruciating idea.

One day I was sitting in Miss Cummings' Latin class feeling extremely melancholy and finding nothing in my surroundings to bring cheer. I looked at Miss Cummings. She is one of those dames that you can't tell how old she is, and who cares? She is a pretty good scout, though. She even goes to most of the football and basketball games though I don't suppose she knows what we're doing. This day that I was sitting there wanting not to think about Emily and not thinking about the lesson because I didn't know enough of it to think about, I noticed that Miss Cummings looked like she'd been crying. I was surprised because somehow I'd never thought of her as having any inside workings.

"What was the matter with old Horse-Face?" said Bingo, when we were on our way home.

"Love, maybe," I said, "blighted love."

Bingo can make the loudest snorts. After he had snorted he said, "Little she knows," which brought us back to our own sad state. We stopped automatically at the door of Jenkins' but we didn't feel like going in.

"Let's give it a miss," I said. "It's full of carefree youth."

We went to the other drugstore where nobody goes and had two banana splits each because we were sad and bewildered.

AT SUPPER that night my father said, "I hear your Latin teacher's been suspended."

"Miss Cummings?" I said and he nodded.

"Holy smoke," I said with a great leaping thought of no more Latin, but I soon saw that the authorities would take care of that and I remembered how Miss Cummings had looked and it made me feel funny and I decided I was sorry.

"Why?" I said.

"I don't like it," said my father. "I don't like it at all. If the story I hear is true, and I trust the source, that stinker Starrett got her ousted because she flunked his son in Latin. Did she flunk his son in Latin?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Because he didn't know the answers," I said brightly. Raymond Starrett didn't know the answers even as much as I did, which gave him a score of near zero.

"His father's mad because he can't play basketball any more, on account of flunking."

"Any more!" I said. "He never could."

"He was on the team, wasn't he?"

"Well, in a way. On and off." All at once I saw a light and smelled a smell. Bingo and I had wondered why the coach kept putting Starrett in games, though he always took him out before he could do much harm. If Starrett's father could get people fired—

"Holy smoke," I said, "what goes on?"

"You may well ask," said my father.

"But," I said, "even that stinker Starrett couldn't have her suspended just because she flunked his son, could he?"

"He says she's a Communist."

"Miss *Cummings?* Why, she never heard of any political party since the one Caesar organized to get across the Rubicon."

"Well," said my father, "there it is."

"Why does he say she's a Communist?"

"He doesn't say *why*. A character like that stinker Starrett thinks he doesn't need to say why. He just *says*. It's become too easy for him to call people things. And Communist is the first thing some people call some people these days. There are plenty who need to be and should be called that, but a little investigation before and a little proof after the calling would seem to me not only advisable but American. I've known Emma Cummings all my life. And if she's a Communist, so was Calvin Coolidge."

"What are you going to do?" I said.

"I don't know," said my father, throwing down his napkin, "but it's time somebody did something."

THE next day, in spite of being sorry for Miss Cummings, I kind of hoped there wouldn't be any Latin class. She was there, but she didn't stay long.

She had all her books and stuff and a box of paper handkerchiefs and a glasses case out on top of her desk, and when we were all seated she said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been removed from the position I have held here for twenty years. I have been accused of being a Communist without one shred of evidence to back the accusation. I have been removed without a chance to defend myself. I can only assure you that I am not a Communist and never have been. I am as loyal an American citizen as anyone in this country. I hope by some means to vindicate myself. In the meantime, you are excused for today. Tomorrow, I presume you will have another teacher." She picked up her books and left.

There was considerable buzzing, and then the principal came in and told us to take that time for a study hour and we were on our honor to behave ourselves. Bingo and I didn't have anything we particularly wanted to study, so we drifted down to the gym which was empty and changed our shoes and threw a basketball around. Just as I had made an impossible shot from center court, the idea hit me as clean and quick as the ball had gone through the basket.

"Bingo," I said, seeing some freshmen girls coming in for a gym class, "let us go somewhere where we will not be interrupted by female children."

We went up to the auditorium which was also empty and sat down in two seats and hung our feet over the ones in front.

"Bingo," I said, "this is the United States of America."

"How true," said Bingo.

"Are we going to sit idly by," I said, "and see the inalien—the something rights of a citizen placed in jeopardy?"

"I guess so," said Bingo, taking off one shoe and looking at a hole in his sock.

"No," I said, "we are not."

"Not, eh?" said Bingo. "Well, I would like to ask one question."

"Ask it," I said.

"What are we talking about?" he asked.

"We are talking," I said, "or we are about to talk about Miss Cummings."

"We are?" said Bingo. "Then I will ask another question. Why?"

"Miss Cummings," I said, "is the victim of injustice."

"That concerns us?"

"Of course it concerns us. It concerns every right-thinking citizen of this republic."

My father has often accused me of not listening to him, so I wish he could have heard me. At some time I had taken the words right out of his mouth and stored them in the deep freeze.

"And?" said Bingo.

"We *are going* to do something about it."

"Such as?"

"Such as organize a student strike. At least, we will start the wheels rolling. On account of our natural modesty and for other reasons, we will remain somewhat in the background. We will merely plant the seeds where they will take root—we will talk to—well, to Cynthia Wyatt, for one:

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then we will fade out of the picture, and let things take their course. But—"

"Continue," said Bingo; "you fascinate me."

"But before we fade out of the picture, we will impress upon Cynthia Wyatt and others that it will take a little time to get the strike properly organized, that it would not be in the best interests of the student body to have the strike last too long, that a one-day strike would show the authorities where we stand, that a week from this Friday would be a perfect day considering everything. So—a week from Friday, which is a date well known to you and me, there will be nobody in school except a few die-hards —reactionaries, I believe, is the word— and our absence will be noted only along with that of three hundred other people."

Bingo got up and shook my hand. "Sir," he said, "allow me to congratulate you. If you are not hung, you will be President."

We were about to separate to go to our next classes when Bingo said, "Are you sure we can fade out of the picture? You know what will happen if they know we started it."

"Do you think Cynthia Wyatt would refuse to take all the credit?" I said.

"Ah," said Bingo, "I see what you mean. You are practically President already."

We asked Cynthia Wyatt to go to the other drugstore with us after school. We didn't want to attract attention. She was very surprised at the invitation. She only had a Coke. I don't know how girls stay alive. She was very enthusiastic about the whole thing. She is a great talker and she is the head of everything that talking could get her to be the head of. She is not a wench I could care for but like most women she has her points.

"I didn't think you big football lugs had it in you," she said. I ordered another marshmallow fudge sundae with pecans and said she did us wrong.

BY MONDAY little knots of kids were gathering in corners and talking and we could sense that things were under way. Cynthia Wyatt managed to see us on the quiet now and then and told us that she had eight committees working through the school and that on Wednesday there would be a monster rally at Parker's Hall which is a hall that you can hire.

"Who's going to pay for the hall?" asked Bingo, always a practical man.

"We're getting it free," said Cynthia; "I told Mr. Parker what we're doing. He hates Starrett." She walked off down the hall.

"Maybe she will be President instead of you," said Bingo.

"She can have it," I said. "I'll be pretty busy being a commercial pilot."

On Wednesday as Bingo and I left school everybody was heading in one direction. It occurred to us that we would be conspicuous if we didn't show up. There must have been at least two hundred kids in the hall. A lot of them, I guess, had just come along for the ride because naturally if everybody is going somewhere you want to go too. Bingo and I sat down toward the back and it was kind of exciting to see our handiwork bearing fruit so fast.

"Hey!" said Bingo and pointed to Raymond Starrett. We hadn't thought much about him.

"His father couldn't get the whole school fired, could he?" said Bingo. I said I didn't think so, and if he could, what fun.

Cynthia Wyatt made a speech. It wasn't bad at first but she went on much too long as usual and people got to catcalling and saying "Aw, sit down," and "Let's go home," and it wasn't a very good start. Cynthia looked tearful and left the platform.

Then Raymond Starrett got up there. He said, "You guys crazy? Do you want to be called a bunch of Commies? What's this all about? Miss Cummings got suspended. Okay. Why? Because she's a Communist."

"How do you know?" I yelled and I certainly was surprised to hear myself yelling it. Bingo kicked me.

"A Communist," said Raymond, looking at some notes he had, "is a sneak and a liar—is a traitor to America. Why are we defending Miss Cummings, a Communist?"

"How do you know?" I yelled louder.

"Do we want a Communist?" went on Raymond.

I punched Bingo and one reason why we play football and basketball so good together is that we each know right away what the other one means to do next. So we started saying, "How do you know? How do you know?" loud and right together and pretty soon the whole room had taken it up, shouting it over and over, and stamping feet in time with it until the whole building shook. It wasn't that everybody had their hearts in the cause yet, but it was kind of fun. Anyway it took care of Raymond.

Then Larry Twitchell got up and everybody was quiet because he is a respected guy though a little slow at learning football signals.

"Let's not lose our heads," he said. "I suppose if Miss Cummings can prove she's not a Communist, she'll be reinstated—"

Somebody, I couldn't see who, said, "In a pig's eye," but Larry paid no attention. "We won't do her any good by striking," he said.

There were some more calls of "Let's go home," and some kids began to stir around and get up, but just then the door of the hall burst open and that stinker Starrett and two cops came in. The cops stayed at the back but Starrett strode down the aisle and up on the platform. He held up both hands for silence. The kids who had gotten up sat down again.

"What do you crazy kids think you're doing?" he said. He was bright red and yelling mad. "You'd better stay out of things that don't concern you. This is just the kind of thing we're trying to prevent in America. A bunch of kids, old enough to know better, defending a Communist."

I punched Bingo and we started the How Do You Know routine again and everybody took it up and it got louder and louder and Starrett got redder and redder and finally he yelled, "Shut up!" so loud it scared people and they stopped.

"Get out of this hall and go home," he said. But a voice from the back of the room called out, "I own this hall, Mr. Starrett, and they had—and still have—my permission to use it."

"They're inciting to riot," said Starrett. "I could have the lot of them thrown in jail."

That started everybody laughing because the town jail only holds about forty and it certainly would have been some picnic if he'd carried out his threat.

"Whoever started this thing," said Starrett when the laughter died, "I bet he's got a foreign name."

There was a kind of a murmur at that and it wasn't a friendly murmur. Stanley Pogliawasky was at that meeting and he is the best football player we've got and president of the senior class and the most popular guy in school.

WELL, I don't know what started me. I can't even remember getting up. But I did get up. I walked down the aisle and up on the platform and everything was silent and I said, "I started it. I guess you know my name. If you don't, it is Barclay Morton. I don't like C-Communists any more than you do, Mr. St-Starrett," I said (that stammer comes back on me at times) "I d-don't like d-dictators of any k-kind and that goes for your k-kind. I b-believe in d-democracy and I b-believe a person is innocent until p-proved g-guilty. I d-don't b-believe Miss C-Cummings is a C-Communist and what's more I don't b-believe you b-believe it either. L-look," I said, turning to the kids, "are we going to let this ch-character tell us what to do?"

I heard Bingo begin it. In a minute the whole room was yelling, "NO! NO! NO!" with hands and feet going in time. When it finally stopped, Starrett said, "Arrest this boy." A cop came down the aisle, but Bingo got there ahead of him and he said, "You better arrest me too. I started it too. Me, Bingo McKee. Him and me, we started it."

So Bingo and I rode down to the courthouse in the pie wagon. Just as I went out the door I yelled to Mr. Parker, "Call my dad," and he must have done it quick because my father and Bingo's father were at the courthouse about five minutes after we were and seemed to have heard just what was going on. They bailed us out and took us home to my house and my mother went and got us cake and milk so we would have something to do while listening.

Our fathers stared at us as if they'd never seen us before. My father said, "I'll be damned," and Bingo's father, who looks just like Bingo, said, "Me, too." Bingo and I just ate cake

"For seven years," my father said, "this town has needed somebody with guts enough to face that man down, and who finally does it? These two! We're proud of you!" Bingo and I stopped eating we were so surprised.

"I'm calling a meeting here tomorrow night," said my father, "and you're both invited to come. And when you have your strike on Friday a lot of people in this town are going to be right there in front of the high school with you."

They went away then, leaving Bingo and me looking at each other. We finished the cake and milk without saying a word. Then I said, licking my fingers, "Bingo, you can take the dough and go to the dance by yourself. Because, Bingo, I have somehow got a great yen to be in front of the high school on Friday morning."

Bingo thought a while and then he said, "Well, no, I guess I am not going to the dance either on account of I have got a yen of my own."

We took out the railroad tickets and looked at them and they looked like something that had happened a long time ago. We turned them in and got our money back and we sent a telegram to Emily that said, DEEPLY REGRET POLITICAL CRISIS KEEPS US HERE ON FRIDAY LOVE. We signed it McKee and Morton, and we decided that was a swell name for a partnership and we decided that Bingo would be business manager of the commercial air line that I would be pilot of.

We went to the meeting that they had and while we didn't say much we felt like hotshots being included. The mayor was there. It seems he is a character that Starrett got elected because he was somebody Starrett could push around and it seems by this time he was tired of being pushed and ready to go in another direction. Judge Marbury was there and Bob Wayne, the editor, and Mr. Parker and a lot of other important people. They had just been waiting for somebody to start something—and we had started it.

FRIDAY morning there was a big crowd in front of the high school outside and only a few kids inside. The people carried placards that said Justice and This Is America and No Dictatorship and other stuff. Bingo and I carried ones that we had made ourselves and they just said How Do You Know? Everybody milled around and a couple of people made speeches and somebody yelled for me to make a speech and hauled me up on the steps.

I just got as far as "Well, gosh," and couldn't think of anything more to say but it seemed to be enough because everybody laughed and clapped. I saw Bingo hide behind the statue of Elias P. Bradbury in case anybody asked him to make a speech and I saw Cynthia Wyatt getting ready to make a speech whether anybody asked her or not, but just then a man came hurrying up and spoke to the mayor.

The mayor went up on the steps and said, "Mr. Starrett wishes to withdraw his charges against Miss Cummings. He states that he was misinformed. He has also withdrawn the charges against Barclay Morton and Harold McKee." Everybody cheered like crazy and my father said in a voice I'd never heard before, "He's scared. This is it! We're started, and we won't stop now. Oh, brother! Oh, son! Oh, Bingo!" He shook hands with me and with Bingo and with Bingo's father and with the mayor and with everybody else he could reach, and we all went home.

Saturday morning Bingo and I met at my house to see how we felt and we found we felt good. Even though Emily's party was over and we had not been there, still and all we had struck a blow for freedom and fair play. Also it was a novel and pleasurable thing to feel our fathers being proud of us. We started down to Jenkins' to get something to eat and near there we met Miss Cummings.

She held out both hands to us and, looking quickly around to be sure no one was watching, we each took one. She didn't say a word, just held on to our hands and there were tears in her eyes. It was a pretty uncomfortable kind of situation and in order to make her let go, I invited her to come into Jenkins' with us. The gang gave us a round of applause. Miss Cummings blushed and Bingo and I tried to look unconcerned but we liked it real well. We sat down in a booth and I asked Miss Cummings what she would like to have. She said she'd often wanted to try a banana split. THE END

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S "How many more colds do you figger on catchin' this winter, Kennesaw?" REAMER KELLER

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Be Happy- Go Lucky!

I dance and skip upon my toes,
I leap and pirouette —
Since I discovered Lucky Strike,
The happy cigarette!

ENJOY YOUR CIGARETTE!...

If you're not happy with your present brand *(and a 38-city survey shows that millions are not)*, smoke Luckies! You'll get the happy blending of perfect mildness and rich taste that fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—can give you. Remember, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So get complete smoking enjoyment. Be Happy—Go Lucky today!

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It's Lucky Strike you smoke!

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Lucky Strike
Means Fine Tobacco

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

A feudin' with the neighbors used
To mean a heap of thrills.
But now we all smoke Lucky Strike—
There's peace in them thar hills!

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'I Never Wanted to See EUROPE Again'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

metallurgy, mathematics, alchemy and so forth. One of these—Agricola's De Re Metallica, a folio published in Latin in 1556 which I picked up in a bookshop around 1905—was the first important attempt to assemble systematically in print the world-knowledge on mining, metallurgy and industrial chemistry.

It was the great textbook of those industries for two centuries. In many mining regions, including Spanish South America, it was chained to the church altar and translated by the priest to the miners between religious services. No one had ever succeeded in translating it into English.

Mrs. Hoover Knew More Latin

My own study of Latin had never gone beyond some elementary early schooling. Mrs. Hoover was a good Latinist after she brushed up a little. The "untranslatable" Agricola fascinated us, and finally in 1907 we resolved to translate it jointly.

There were formidable difficulties. Agricola was dealing with subjects which had developed hundreds of years after the Latin language ceased to grow. He did not adopt into the text the German, Italian or English terms which had developed for the operations he described, but coined or adapted Latin terms for them. The book had been translated after a fashion into both German and French by persons unfamiliar with the arts described. For this reason, their work had failed.

The job involved finding out—either from the context, from German, French, Italian or other fragmentary literature of the times, or from study of the processes themselves—what Agricola meant. Mrs. Hoover's ability to read German and some French helped greatly. Sometimes the task amounted more to scientific detective work than to translation. Material A might be a substance unknown to us, but Agricola would state its varying reactions when treated or combined with known substances B or C. Thus I could often have the meaning of his terms worked out in our laboratories.

We grappled with the translation sentence by sentence, during our spare time, month after month for over five years, lugging the manuscript all over the world. The translation was completed to our satisfaction in 1912, after four complete revisions.

Edgar Rickard knew of a commercial printer in the North of England who had a love of old books. His name was Frost. When Frost saw the manuscript and the original his eyes glistened. He exclaimed that all his life he had been a commercial printer and had always wanted to do such a book. He offered to do it at bare out-of-pocket cost. No more beautiful job of printing was ever turned out.

Three thousand copies were printed and about 1,500 sent as gifts to engineers and institutions. We placed 1,000 copies on sale through Edgar's publications at a nominal price of $5, which hardly covered the white-vellum binding. Since that time it has sold in public auctions for as high as $225.

I followed other sorts of extracurricular pursuits on the occasions when I was in the States. In 1909, I delivered a series of lectures on engineering at Columbia and Stanford Universities. These were compiled into a small textbook, Principles of Mining. It is still used in the engineering schools.

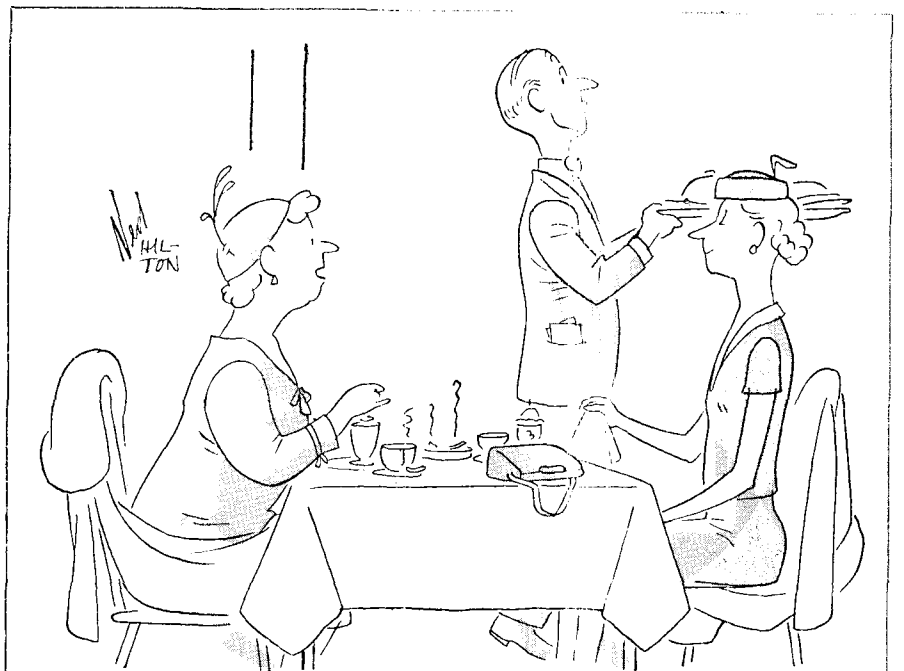
I joined the National Republican Club in 1909, and in 1912 rooted for Theodore Roosevelt and supported him by financing others to root.

In 1913, while I was in California, representatives of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, organized in San Francisco to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, asked my aid in securing the participation of British and other governments. Earlier efforts by diplomatic agencies and pompous delegations had failed. I engaged a British public-relations firm and started a campaign among industrialists. The British reversed their former decision not to participate.

In 1914, C. C. Moore, president of the exposition, asked if I would make a special trip to Europe and try to obtain the participation of Continental countries. We were making good progress when the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo on June 28th turned attention to matters more pressing for civilization than a public spectacle on the shores of the Pacific.

Had it not been for this mission I should not have been in Europe when the war broke out.

We had already booked passage for August for return home. Instead, Mrs. Hoover sailed with the boys in October and



COLLIER'S

"A nickel isn't good for anything these days, except a tip"

NED HILTON

planted them in school under the eyes and care of our professor neighbors at Stanford.

With Sarajevo was to come a farewell to engineering and a new public career which for many years directly tied me to World War I and its aftermaths. My experiences during that period constitute a separate memoir. Suffice it to say now that beginning in August, 1914, I directed an American committee for the repatriation of 160,000 American refugees from the war. From October, 1914, until September, 1919, I was directing head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, providing food and clothing for some 10,000,000 people in Belgium and northern France.

From May, 1917, to September, 1919, I added to these duties that of United States Food Administrator and head of the Allied Food Council. In November, 1918, after the armistice, my duties were extended still further as Director of Relief and Rehabilitation on behalf of the Allied, enemy and neutral countries in Europe. That responsibility included not only co-ordination of the food supplies of more than 300,000,000 people, but also the rehabilitation of the railway, coal and other industries of Central Europe, and the special feeding of 12,000,000 undernourished children on American charity. It also included certain functions in the American Peace Delegation at the conference resulting in the Peace of Versailles.

For the first three years of the war, I was one of the few Americans constantly moving from one side of the battle lines to the other and in constant contact with their high officials. Altogether, during these years, I made 40 crossings of the North Sea from England to the Continent and back. It was seldom a pleasant trip. The crossings were made by Dutch steamers only. These were small, the oldest the Dutch had, and they always left at daylight in order to spy their way along the designated path through the mine fields before night. Both sides mined and countermined the Channel and the North Sea with regularity. And this stretch of water is nearly always rough at best. I was often seasick, but that semicomatose condition has its advantage—it makes one oblivious to danger.

While it was my job to be neutral (until we entered the war) I could not be both dumb and blind. President Wilson's constant purpose from 1914 on was to find some ground upon which the war could be ended. From time to time I furnished memoranda and other information as to peace possibilities to Colonel Edward M. House, who came to Europe on the President's behalf and always spent a good deal of time at our home in London. I was, in fact, a sort of outpost peace observer for the colonel.

I had to go to New York in connection with the American end of the relief operations in October, 1915. Mrs. Hoover and the boys joined me there, and we sailed for Europe on the New Amsterdam in November. We did not like to break the American schooling of the boys, but it was difficult to be parted from them for the whole of the war and to have their mother constantly crossing the Atlantic in wartime trying to do two jobs.

Late in 1915 and early in 1916 it was evident that Belgian relief so required my undivided energies that I was not performing any adequate service as an engineer. I had struggled for some months in divided mind as to whether to give up my engineering practice completely. This would mean the final sacrifice of great connections for the future. Moreover, the war was constantly offering tremendous business opportunities in view of my familiarity with the raw-material resources of the world.

However, only one conclusion was possible in accord with my conscience. Therefore I resigned from every business connection except membership on the board of the Burma Lead Mines, where I had some personal interest. My share interest in the other concerns was small—our fees were built on percentages of profits—and I cleared them all out.

During 1916, our family movements were again a good deal disjointed. Part of the year Mrs. Hoover and the boys remained in London, although I was seldom there. She was amply occupied with looking after them and keeping open house for my staff.

She also plunged into a multitude of war activities in aid to the British. She became one of the leading organizers and manager of the American Women's Hospital established at Paignton in Devonshire. That hospital, staffed and supported by American women, gave service to thousands of British wounded during the war. With other American women she also established a knitting factory to employ British women left without means of support because of the war.

The Germans had now begun to drop bombs on London from Zeppelins. One night a bomb dropped nearby. Mrs. Hoover ran to the boys' room to gather them up, intending to go into the basement. But their beds were empty. We furiously searched the house from attic to basement, but no boys. It then occurred to me that they sometimes climbed up a ladder through a trap door from the attic onto the roof.

Pushing up the trap door, we found them calmly observing the streaming searchlights and the fighting planes. We decided to join them, and witnessed a Zeppelin brought down in flames. We marked the direction and as soon as it was daylight, got out the car and went in search of the wreck. With the help of a friendly policeman, both boys came home with treasured parts of the Zeppelin, which clashed with our other household gods for years.

Because of the raids, plus the fact that I had to be on the Continent about two thirds of my time, and also in order for the boys to wear off the Oxford accent they had acquired at a small private school near our home, Mrs. Hoover decided to return them to California. In January, 1917, they took passage on a Dutch steamer which touched at Falmouth.

On their arrival at New York, Herbert cabled that he had eaten 20 cream puffs during the voyage—the signal that he had gone across without seasickness. A Scotland Yard official promptly called upon me to know the real meaning of that code. My explanation seemed wholly inadequate, and he left me with a stern indication that spies were not popular in England.

Family Reunited in Capital

In May, 1917, I went to Washington to take on the Food Administration. Mrs. Hoover secured the Adams residence on Massachusetts Avenue and brought the boys from Palo Alto. Altogether during the three years from the beginning of the war until this time I had seen my sons less than a total of six months. Herbert was then fourteen and Allan eleven.

Our only "family" moment was breakfast. Mrs. Hoover placed the boys in the Friends' School and herself welded together the irregular joints of their somewhat disconnected education. They were busy discovering the world, and at times I wondered if their mental processes were not comprised wholly of an interrogation point.

With the Rickards and other families in the Food Administration we searched out appropriate brooks around Washington for regular Sunday picnics, cooking our lunches over campfires and, with the children, building dams and canals in the streams. These muddy engineering employments resulted in permanent changes in the landscape. On winter Sundays we motored the children to good snow fields or skating ponds and built bonfires to warm ourselves meantime. Thus we elders were able to escape the war for a little.

If social activity, with a big S, existed in Washington during the war, we saw little of

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REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA	no earthy, gritty taste, full pint	39¢
QUIK-BANDS	ready-to-use, sterile bandages, Plain or Mercurochrome, 36's	33¢
BEEF, WINE & IRON	famous appetite stimulant, pint	$1.29
COTTAGE CHOCOLATES	kitchen-fresh, 32 pieces, 20 centers, 1-lb.	$1.10

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT PATTIES

1-lb. 69¢

Made with Real Peppermint

20 extra-large patties...white creamy fondant dipped in smooth, velvety bittersweet chocolate and flavored with peppermint oil from choice mint leaves.

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Stag Hair Oil, non-sticky, 3 oz.	40¢
Stag After-Shave Lotion, zippy, he-man, 3 oz.	40¢
Stag Shave Cream, lather, coolated, bay rum	40¢
Rexall Cream Hair Tonic, with lanolin, 5 oz.,	53¢
Rexall Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, 6 oz.	53¢

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Rexall Klenzo Antiseptic, ruby-red, cinnamon-flavored mouthwash and gargle, pint	79¢
Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets, 36's	19¢
Rexall Petrofol, high quality mineral oil, pt.	59¢
Rexall Toothache Drops, large size	25¢
Rexall Lip Aid Salve, soothes chapped lips, in handy tube	35¢
Rexall Castor Oil, pure, mild, 3 oz.	33¢
Rexall Mercurochrome, with applicator, ½ oz.	25¢
Rex-Salvine, antiseptic salve for burns, 1½ oz.	53¢
Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape, ½" x 5 yd.	20¢
Rexall Tincture Iodine, with applicator, 1 oz.	29¢
Monacet APC Tablets, aspirin comp., 25's	29¢

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Rexall Cod Liver Oil, high potency, pint	$1.19
Brewer's Yeast Tablets, Vitamin B_1 & B_2, 250's	79¢
Rexall Panovite, ABCD&G capsules, 100's,	$2.89
Rexall Cod Liver Oil Concentrate, 5 cc.	43¢
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Rex Seltzer, effervescent alkalizer and pain-relief, 25 tablets	54¢
Rexall Hygienic Powder, dissolves in water for use in spray, gargle, syringe, 6 oz.	65¢
Rexall Antihistamine, 25 mg. tablets, 15's	39¢
Rexall Peptona, iron tonic and appetite stimulant, full pint	$1.25

WRITING NEEDS

Slend-O-Rite Ball Point Pen, even flow	69¢
Cascade Fountain Pen, a real value	69¢
Cascade Linen Stationery, white, per pack	10¢
Cascade Linen Tablet, ruled or plain	10¢
Medford Wonder Package, 42 flat sheets of white vellum, 32 matching envelopes	39¢

EVERYDAY HOME NEEDS

Rexall Alco-Rex, cooling alcohol body-rub, pt.	59¢
Rexall Reel-Roll Cotton, on handy roll, 3 oz.	65¢
Defender Nose & Throat Atomizer	$1.50
Symphony Canasta Cards	98¢
Floor-Brite Liquid Wax, no rub, full pint,	59¢
Rexall Deluxe Tooth Brush, choice of styles	49¢

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Collier's readers will acclaim it!

it. There were guests at our table almost every night, but they were our own staff or the members of the other agencies with whom we shared common problems. It was also my duty to offer hospitality to visiting delegations from abroad. Arthur Balfour, Marshal Joffre, Ignace Jan Paderewski, Thomas Masaryk, Lord Reading, Fridtjof Nansen and many others met other officials at our table, where we could discuss affairs off-the-record.

The world-wide virulent influenza epidemic of the fall of 1918 probably killed more people than all the battles of the war. It struck the Food Administration with great violence. Half of our staff were stricken and a good many died. And the influenza struck even closer to our home. Herbert had been sent to the Taft School in Connecticut. He became an epidemic victim and his mother went at once to look after him. She pulled him through, but his hearing was impaired ever afterward.

Immediately after the armistice I went to Europe to direct the relief and rehabilitation activities of the Allied governments. During this period, 11 months, I lived mostly in Paris. Very rarely did I accept invitations to dinners; I did not go to a single theater; except for an occasional Sunday hour at Notre Dame, I saw no cathedrals or "sights."

I never went into a shop; when my clothes ran short, someone got them for me. I worked twelve to eighteen hours daily and Sundays, using breakfast, lunch and dinner as time to do business with my own staff and officials of other governments.

The Crillon Hotel had been leased for the American delegation to the Peace Conference, and I kept an apartment there to meet with the American officials and sometimes to sleep. As I wished to live with my staff, we secured a large furnished residence on the Rue de Luebeck in which I stopped most of the time. The expense was borne by us, not by the American government. How the staff lived I never quite knew, for there were only four bathrooms for 30 men.

I received word from Kosta Boris, a former gardener of ours but now a private in the American Army, that he would "like dreadfully" to come to Paris. I brought him in just for general purposes, for he could do anything about a house. Gradually I noticed new privates and even sergeants about the place. Finally, I found that Boris had brought in 16 of them, all friends whom he had saved from village drill and for whom he had inveigled jobs in our house on the ground that "Mr. Hoover wanted them."

Army Men Chosen for Skills

He had selected them with certain wisdom. Among them were a professional tailor, a clothes cleaner, a bootblack, four or five chauffeurs, several assistant cooks and plenty of watchmen. The French lady cook who ran the house took them all in amiably and taught them French. They really worked—when on duty. Where they slept I never knew.

Usually 30 of our men sat at the table. They arrived from every part of Europe with all their troubles, adventures and, in addition, many specimens of curious foods and liqueurs.

Hugh Gibson and Will Irwin furnished the never-failing rays of sunshine. These occasions forged a rare *esprit de corps,* and hundreds of friendships were formed which endured.

A few weeks before the end of my stay in Paris, Mrs. Hoover arrived with Allan, and we moved to my apartment at the Crillon. She brought about a merger of Allan and General Pershing's son, Warren, both then about twelve. She attached to them a French lady to improve their French, and the general contributed a sergeant as enforcement officer and tourist agent. They were allowed to roam the old battlefields and Paris generally.

Allan undertook an important collection of arms from the spots where they had been used. Among them was an aerial torpedo which he had picked up on the Chemin des Dames. His enforcement agency carefully unloaded it, and Allan prized it highly. One night some generals dined with us. One of them inspected Allan's collection. When he came to the aerial torpedo he expressed vivid alarm, insisted on taking it at once from the hotel, and had it dropped carefully into the Seine. No explanation we could give satisfied Allan as to the general's character as a gentleman or competence as a military man.

In September, 1919, we boarded the Aquitania for home. Every one of my blood corpuscles, red or white, my nerves and all my other organs were so tired they could not even rest. I never wanted to see Europe again. I understood fully why our ancestors had moved away from it. As a matter of fact, I did not go near Europe again for nearly 20 years.

We looked forward only to one thing—to get home. I had not been in California for nearly six years. Our family had been together for only a few scattered and fitful months. But now we would take the first

MARTHA BLANCHARD

Love Story

At 30 a broken heart's
What she's got;
At 16 she thinks it is,
But it's not.

—HELEN CASTLE

train West, get out the fishing rods, motor into the mountains and live again.

This program sustained a jolt when word came to the steamer that the engineers of America were going to give me a great reception and a public dinner in New York. And they demanded a speech. Speeches were not a part of my mechanisms of life, and the preparation of "some remarks" cast a gloom over all the rest of the voyage.

With that reception and speech over, we went West—with the hope that I had served my turn in public life and could now devote myself to a reasonable existence and the repair of a sadly disrupted fortune. And, of more importance, I hoped to renew association with a great lady and two highly satisfactory boys.

We resumed housekeeping in our cottage on the Stanford campus and, just as we had so often dreamed and planned, Mrs. Hoover, the boys and I went camping, motoring and fishing in the mountains.

A sort of primary right of every American family is to build a new house of their heart's desire at least once. There is the instinct to own one's own home with one's own arrangement of gadgets, rooms and surroundings. We had a small six-room cottage on the campus. But Mrs. Hoover had long dreamed of building a house on the nearby hill where the glorious views of the mountains and bay came into sight.

It was to be a Hopi house (not Spanish) with flat roofs, and all modern inside. She had leased the lot for some years and on our return resurrected her preliminary architectural drawings of years before and began to build. The house was all of her own making. With its outdoor living, its terraces, its foreground of the university and its magnificent views, it was in itself an expression of herself.

But the dreams which she built into it had an awakening. The house was two years in the building and not completed before we had to migrate again for another 14-year period—to return only sometimes for a few days in the summer. Eventually, after Mrs. Hoover's death, the house was, according to her wish, given to the university for the use of Stanford's president.

War Brings a New Career

After my return from Europe I was obliged to finance and administer the relief of 12,000,000 children in Europe for another two years and I had to wind up the business and the accounts of several billions of dollars of the various war organizations with which I had been associated. All of which required that I move to New York again. Back we went.

I now found myself in a burst of popularity. The newspapers dubbed me, falsely, a "leading American." In fact, the New York Times poll to select the 10 most important living Americans placed my name well up on the list. I was not fooled by all this adulation.

I knew that if a man engaged in public life he was bound to create opposition every time he took a stand on a public question; that he was fated to accumulate enemies; that in the United States the laws of libel and slander had little potency, and that the customary form of reply to sober argument was aspersions on one's parentage or assumption of corrupt motives. I knew from the bitter experience of all public men from George Washington down that democracies are fickle.

My period of popularity was to last nearly 12 years, which seems about the average. When the ultimate bump came, I was well fortified to accept it philosophically.

My 13 years after my return from Europe were engaged in the reconstruction of the United States and later on fighting the world-wide depression which was the aftermath of war.

In the 18 years after the Presidency, my activities fighting the New Deal (and some Republican) attempts to collectivize the country, and fighting against our entry into the Second Crusade to provide freedom in Europe kept me a long way from public favor. But after a time some people began to think I had been right, and life was more endurable.

At any rate, back in 1919, I was not quite forty-five, and was confident that I had time to re-establish myself in my profession, even though all my clients had scattered to the four winds. I opened offices in San Francisco and in New York, and hinted that I would undertake engineering work again.

In 1920 a great client came; Daniel Guggenheim, head of the then greatest mining firm in the world, offered me the administrative head of their activities at a remuneration which exceeded anything I had known—which was considerable.

But by this time President Harding had invited me to join the Cabinet. I believed that the American people, in the aftermath of war, needed economic reconstruction to which a Secretary of Commerce could contribute. After prayerful consideration with Mrs. Hoover, I regretfully declined Mr. Guggenheim's offer.

Before I went into the Cabinet, however, I was to encounter one aftermath of war of a far less somber nature. While we were temporarily at home at Stanford in October, 1919, the King and Queen of the Belgians paid a visit to the United States, our first official national guests by Congressional invitation since Lafayette. I had met the royal couple while I was directing Belgian relief.

At about four o'clock one morning my telephone began to ring furiously. The King of Belgium's secretary wished to speak to me from New York. Apparently he did

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not know the difference between Eastern and Pacific time.

The royal party, he explained, had been notified of President Wilson's sudden illness, and had called off their week's visit at Washington. The State Department thought it a good idea for them to spend this extra week in California and undertake their tour of American cities from that starting point. Could I put the King and Queen up on my "estate"?

I asked how many there were in the royal party.

"Sixty," he replied.

I was at least awake enough to realize that I could not pack them all into the one spare bedroom of our cottage. As gracefully as I could, I side-stepped the honor but told him to send along the party; I would find accommodations somewhere.

Later that morning I called up Harry Webb at Santa Barbara. He was a former engineering colleague who knew the ways of Europe. I asked if he could borrow for 10 days two big places that would accommodate 30 people each with all the servants thrown in. He promptly asked, "Will there be any buttons?"—current slang among Americans for kingly decorations. Knowing the habits of kings in dealing with innkeepers, mayors and hospitable people generally, I assured him there would be "buttons."

With the good will of the owners, one of whom thought a "button" would be nice, Webb secured two houses some miles apart. The King and his party duly arrived.

At that time Santa Barbara still maintained a Hollywood sheriff with a ten-gallon hat, high boots and two revolvers. The sheriff considered that his responsibilities extended to guarding the gate of the King's residence, mounted, with guns and with deputies. When on the first morning the King went for a horseback ride, he met this keeper at the gate. The sheriff fell in behind.

Promptly the King and the sheriff became devoted to each other. The sheriff addressed him as "O King" until someone corrected him. The following morning the sheriff used the formal address of "Your Majesty." The King objected to this change and assured the sheriff that his former salutation was quite correct—and so he remained "O King" for the week.

Royal Order for Householder

When the party was about to leave Santa Barbara, I called up the King's secretary about the "button" to the one householder. He cheerfully agreed to fill the bill by giving out the Order of the Crown—the Belgian decoration customarily bestowed on worthy mayors, businessmen and other useful civilians.

Meantime Mayor Rolph of San Francisco had called on me to reveal a personal difficulty. He was up for re-election in a few days, and was worried over the effect that consorting with Kings and Queens might have on the South-of-Market-Street vote. I offered to take over the chairmanship of the reception in San Francisco and let him play as large or as small a part as he wished. This was arranged by getting the governor to appoint me official host. I worked up the program and presided.

I decided to have a parade escorting the King and Queen up Market Street from the Ferry Building to City Hall, where the mayor could make a short address of welcome.

When I consulted the chief of police about our arrangements, he offered the surprising question: "How big a crowd do you want?" I did not quite see what influence he could have in that matter, but he explained that while San Francisco was a checkerboard city, it had the unique feature of Market Street cutting diagonally across the other streets. If he stopped the public from crossing Market Street they would pile up on the sidewalks; if he held them for five minutes we would have a fair crowd, and 10 minutes would produce a big crowd. I took 10 minutes.

The party duly arrived in San Francisco to begin their transcontinental series of public receptions. Just as I arrived at the Ferry Building to meet them, Mrs. Hoover called up to say she would not be able to come as Allan had fallen out of a tree and broken something in his insides.

With the help of Army and Navy contingents and their bands, we made a good showing in the parade and arrived at City Hall with plaudits from great crowds. I presented the King to the mayor on a little platform under the dome of City Hall.

The mayor at once noticed that all the galleries around the dome were crowded—an opportunity no good politician would overlook. After a few words of welcome he delivered some well-chosen words upon our municipal issues and the virtues of the common man. A good time was had by all. I managed to get in a telephone call home and learned that Allan's insides were all right but that his arm was broken.

Sheriff More Highly Honored

From City Hall we went to the Palace Hotel, where we had engaged rooms for the King's use prior to a public luncheon in his honor. At this point an agitated Webb called me from Santa Barbara. He said that the King had bestowed the Order of the Crown, second class, on the sheriff, and only that of the third class on the one host. This person had read up in advance on Belgian decorations, and was now in an explosive state of disappointment.

I found the King's secretary and laid our problem before him. Immediately he pulled one Order of the Crown, second class, out of the bag. I informed Webb by telegraph that it was coming and that the secretary did not mind in the least taking the blame for the mistake.

I had no sooner returned to the King's rooms than the mayor descended upon me with the Order of the Crown (second class, glittering star, red ribbon and all) in his hand, and a troubled look on his face. The King had just pinned it on him. The very next day he was coming up for re-election. He felt certain that if he faced 2,000 people at the luncheon with this display of feudalism on his breast, he would lose thousands of votes. It was an emergency that called for quick action.

I suggested to His Honor that certain European cities had been decorated for valor; Verdun, for example, had received the Croix de Guerre. Why not, when he spoke at the luncheon, refer to this precedent and go on to grow eloquent over the great honor conferred on the City of San Francisco? The mayor thought this a stroke of genius. When he rose to speak, he held up the Order for all to see and in most eloquent terms accepted it on behalf of the city of which he had the honor to be chief magistrate. I sat next to the King, who turned to me and said, *sotto voce*, in the colloquialism of his youthful period as an American railroad man:

"What the h—— is he talking about?"

"Pay no attention," I replied. "He has his troubles. I'll explain later on—" which I did. The King was so interested that he asked me to telegraph him the result of the election. I was happy to inform him the next night that the mayor had been retained in office by an unusually handsome majority.

I had forgotten this episode when later I was called on to serve as pallbearer at Rolph's funeral. He died governor of California. On his breast lay the Belgian Order of the Crown, second class.

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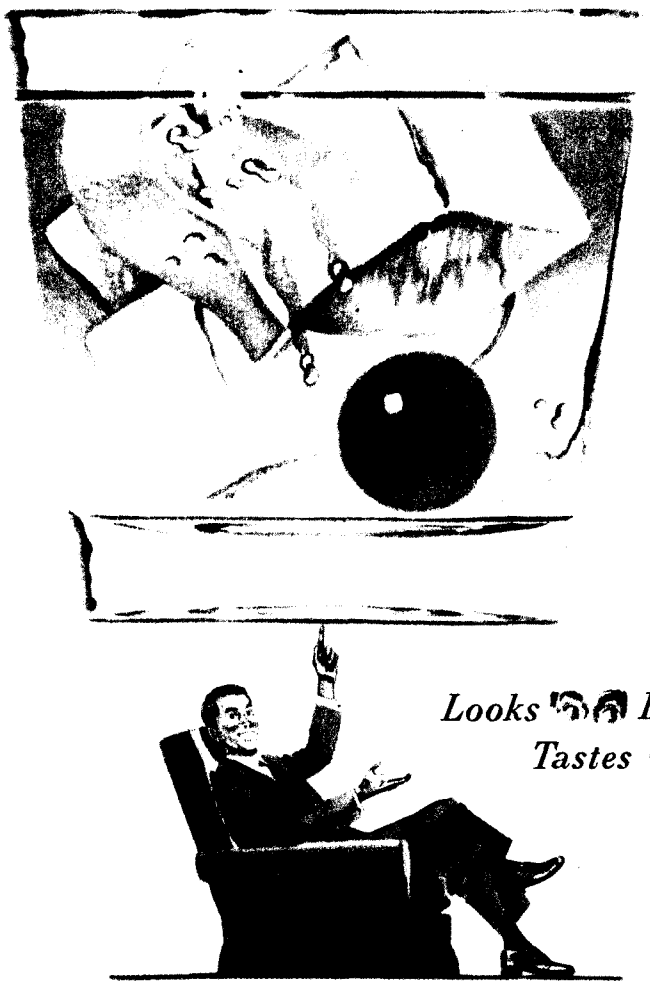
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The Sky's for Birds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

You—oh, hell, you've got me licked. I talked to your doc this morning, Joe."

I'd faced this in my mind, and knew what I had to say. "All right, Buz. So you know then. I'll say it for you—I've gone yellow."

He still studied his hands. "You can't say that to me, Joe."

The coffeepot wobbled so I had to use both hands to pour. It was cold.

He said, "Look, try it just once. Just one flight, Joe. I'll ride with you. You can beat this thing if you just—"

"Nuts to that!" This wasn't what I'd expected. Buz was supposed to get angry. Not me. "Dammit, Buz, how would you know what I'm talking about? You've never been frightened in your life. Not really cold, sick, *scared*. I've had it every time I took a plane off the ground and I always knew it would lick me someday. You can beat it for a while, sure—but it grows. And after a while it gets too big."

And it needn't have happened. That was the worst thing. If I hadn't been so stubborn, if I'd quit when I should have, it needn't have happened and the kid would still be alive. If it happened once, it could happen again.

"Nuts," I said. "I'm finished, Buz. It's just not worth it. From now on, as far as I'm concerned, the sky's for birds."

"But, Joe, everybody gets scared now and then."

We weren't even talking about the same thing. "Nuts," I said again. "Suppose we drop it, Buz."

"Joe, look. This wasn't your first crack-up. Is it—the kid?"

The kid. My new copilot who had been so pleased with his fine new job, so proud to be flying for a couple of heroes. And I'd pulled him out of the flames and sat and watched him die because I'd lost my head. Not any more.

I said, "Damn you, Buz, will you drop it?"

I GUESS my voice was mean. Buz's face was as pale as the sun tan would let it be as he stood up. He walked to the bed and picked up his cap in silence. He got as far as the door before he spoke. "That's all, brother. I'll raise the money to buy you out—someway. Give me a week."

That cap. Ten years of flying, thousands of hours in the air, and it was the only cap he'd ever owned. I said, "Look, Buz. I don't need the money. How about I leave it in the line until you get her past the pinch? I've got a job lined up and—"

Nobody else, but nobody, could ever get quite the go-to-hell angle on a cap that Buz could. His eyes were ice-blue. "The hell with it, Carson. You just made it plain that you could do without any help from me. Let it go both ways. We're through."

I was relieved after the door had banged shut and the light, steady tread had died in the hall. The hotel room was bigger than I'd thought and empty-looking. It was done now, anyway. I smoked a couple of cigarettes slowly.

I tried to take a nap, stretching out on the bed, but as soon as I closed my eyes I knew it was going to be one of those times. I knew I was going to live through it all over again: *First the small blast of warm air like an open window on a summer day then the sudden blast the portside motor blew apart like a bomb the searing heat blistered and the plane let it finish now quickly the plane diving wide open and the flames I shouted jump but he didn't jump I hauled her nose up but it was too much too quick but oh God I was frightened I should have known it was too much she fell off to the right then the wingtip plowed into the mountainside and . . .*

I opened my eyes and sat up just before the crash came. It happened much less often now, and the doctor had said it would pass off entirely in a few more months.

After a few minutes the shaking stopped and I got up and stripped off my sweat-soaked clothes. I dried myself with a towel, rummaged out fresh underwear and a shirt, and called room service for a drink.

When it came I was sitting at the little writing desk, running over in my mind all the names of people that Buz might reasonably expect to have sixty thousand dollars. I finally decided on Colonel Evarts, our old Group CO. He would have at least that much salted down and it would be easy for him to approach Buz. Also, and this was important, I knew that Buz would never learn from Evarts that it was still my money. I began writing . . .

I got the train out for Centropolis that night and sat up all the way. Sleep becomes an enemy after a while, to be fought off as long as possible. My new job didn't start till the first of the month but there was nothing to hang around for. Not now. . . .

Buz did fine. He managed to get hold of a new C-47, new, that is, compared to the ones we'd had, and with the others fixed up he had a nice fleet. I didn't hear from him, of course, but things get around and, in my job on the freight desk at Centropolis, I heard talk. Then too, Colonel Evarts and I kept in touch. Buz was doing okay.

My job rocked along for several months. I knew quite a lot about the handling of air freight—why wouldn't I?—and I had a few ideas that appealed to the traffic manager. When he clinched the spot he'd been angling for with a big air line, he put my name in for his old job. I got called up for an interview and it looked all right. Nothing definite, but all right. I guess I was doing okay, too.

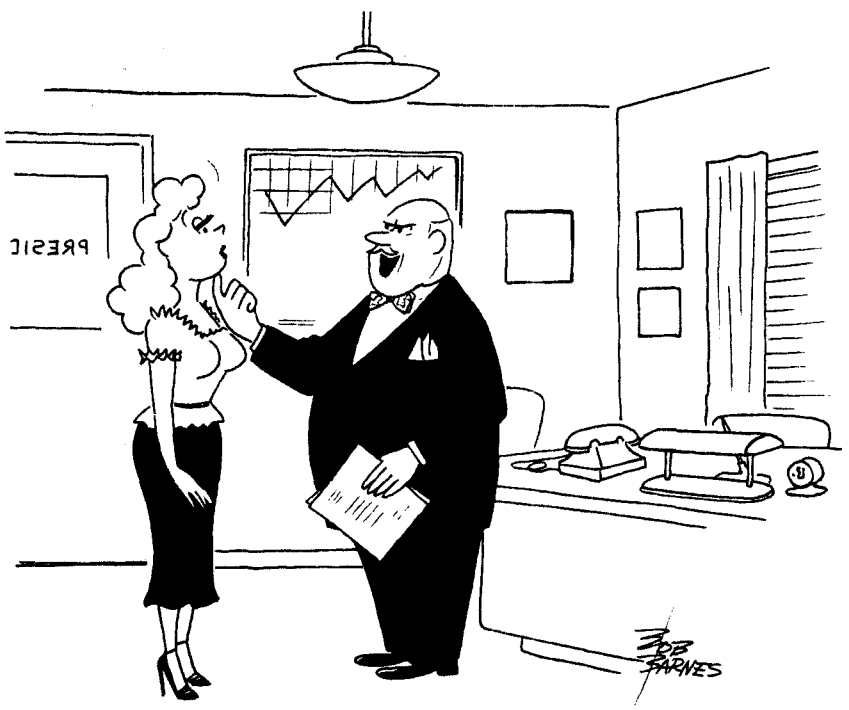
For the first time since the war, I had an apartment instead of a hotel room. It was bigger than I needed, but I made a fair salary and the rent wasn't bad. I enjoyed fixing it up. I'd got to know a few people around the city, not pilots, nobody from the field, just ordinary people. We got together for a drink once in a while and listened to some records or just talked. They were mostly married couples and they kept digging up single girls to keep me company but it never seemed to work out. There was nothing wrong with the girls. It just didn't work out. They never showed up more than once.

I picked up a new-looking convertible and on my days off I would drive to one of the beaches. Any one of them was only a few hours' drive and the Carolina coast had been my boyhood playground. It was good to lie in the sun on the warm sand and just let go.

I was doing okay. There was nothing wrong with the life I was living. There wasn't much sauce but there was plenty of meat and potatoes.

I GOT to work one morning and was introduced to the new traffic manager, a Mr. Schnelling from Schenectady. Well, hell, they hadn't promised me anything. But at noon I went in to see Schnelling. He was embarrassed and unhappy.

"No, Carson, there is no dissatisfaction, either expressed or implied, with your work here. It's just that a position of such responsibility demands a man of a certain—temperament. I had a look at your record and talked with—uh—certain of the flying personnel at the field. I'm sorry but my decision was that you were—unsuited for this particular position."



COLLIER'S

"We're just one, big, happy family here, my dear. In fact you may begin by calling me Daddy!"

BOB BARNES

I didn't push it. It wasn't Buz. Whatever he might think and feel, old Buz would never choose this way to cut my throat. It was the chin-waggers around the pilots' ready room.

Well, I was learning. If you want to live safe, you have to live small and I'd made my choice. I didn't have anything to kick about.

Colonel Evarts' last letter had mentioned that Tuscarora had two new planes and was adding a southern run, all the way to Miami. Not bad for an outfit that started with two beat-up 47s and a GI loan just five years before.

Centropolis was a stop on the new flight and I began to see Tuscarora's planes on the field once in a while. They looked good, well-kept and gleaming, like a stable of pampered horses. The new pilots were better-looking, too, different from the war-worn crocks we used to have.

I ran into Buz himself one day as he came into the terminal and headed for the pilots' ready room. He spoke first and we shook hands and talked for a few minutes. He was friendly enough, I guess. What did I expect? But after he'd gone I felt tough. You could see he wasn't mad any more. He wasn't any way at all. He'd just written me off.

He was still wearing that same old cap. . . .

It was a holiday and I was supposed to have the day off but, after one look at the weather in the morning, I decided I might as well go to work. It was cold and gray, with a misty drizzle falling that took the heart right out of my holiday spirit.

During the afternoon, the drizzle stopped and a fog rolled in from the east. It was a lulu. A mile deep and, if you cared for the flavor, you could have bitten off chunks of it. Until it cleared we were strictly for instruments only.

By six o'clock I'd cleaned up a lot of odds and ends and decided to call it a day. The atmosphere around an airport in heavy weather is something special in the way of uneasy cheeriness.

The announcer's voice on the big speaker, canceling flight after flight, had the unctuous heartiness of a radio commercial for a firm of morticians.

I stopped at the lunch counter for a sandwich and cup of coffee and I'd just taken the first bite when the message began to come through. The illuminated teletape over my head clicked it off word by word while the bread and cheese turned to sawdust in my mouth. A cargo plane belonging to Tuscarora Airfreight, down, crashed in swampland about a hundred miles north of us. The plane, headed for Miami, had lost one engine and couldn't keep altitude. A ham radio operator in Sherington had picked up the signal of the plane's radio, which was still working, and was in communication with the copilot, William Orr. The pilot, John H. Waring, president of Tuscarora, was believed to be seriously injured and was unconscious.

Buz. Buz was hurt.

I left the sandwich on its plate and dashed for the pilots' ready room. The boys had a set in there that would pick up a bat's squeak over Indochina. There were five of them grouped around it, listening to squawked instructions for search planes to be readied, for medic parachutists to report as available. Every short-wave radio in the vicinity was listening for that faint signal from the wrecked plane, trying to get a fix on its location. The weather people thought there would be a break in the fog by morning. Noon at the latest. They hoped.

SOMEONE messed with the knobs on the big radio and suddenly began to tighten down on a little, stuttering whine. All at once it began to come through, faintly but clearly.

". . . tourniquet on it and the bleeding has quit. But he's hurt badly—still unconscious from the blow on his head. He's got to have a doctor and quick. I'd try to walk out but I don't know which way *is* out." It was the copilot, Orr, talking.

"Listen, Orr." This voice was stronger, nearer, and trembling with excitement, as the flier's was with fatigue and shock. That ham was having the time of his life. "Try to describe as best you can the area where you are down. I have a large-scale map and if we can locate you as closely as possible, it might be possible to reach you without waiting for the fog to lift."

"There's no ground fog here, ceiling about—maybe three hundred feet. There's a current of warm air swirling around here. We broke out of the fog right over the roof of a huge building, like a hotel, beside a roadway. Buz tried to pull her around to make the roadway but he didn't have flying speed and the wind was across us. He could see water ahead but he couldn't lift her and we pancaked through the trees. I got Buz out of the plane to a hummock of ground about fifty yards away—into a sort of shooting blind there. Then I waded back and tried the radio."

"How about the building you saw? And—wait a minute—are you near the ocean? Can you hear surf?"

"No. No surf—but the fog would deaden it. The building was a big frame job with a

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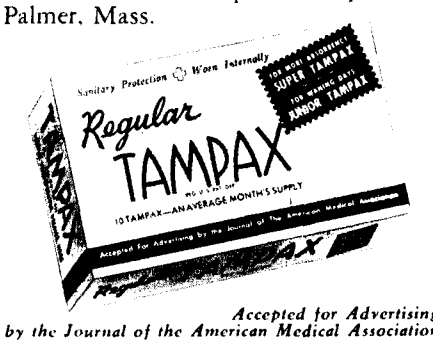

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gabled roof, six, I think. Big fieldstone chimney at one end."

"All right, Orr. Now—"

I was a man in a daze. The conversation was still going on but I wasn't listening any more. I picked up a cap and jacket of one of the pilots, walked out and across the field to where two C-47s were fueled up and ready beside the runway. I knew that the Red Cross or the Coast Guard or somebody would be alerted soon, if they weren't already—but I couldn't wait for them. There was a guy lounging, talking to one of the mechanics beside the nearest plane. He had a parachute harness thrown over one arm and a big red cross pinned to his shoulder. I struggled into the leather jacket. "You the medic?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Get aboard. We're on our way."

He looked doubtful. "In this soup? Where's Snaith, the pilot?"

"In this soup. The fog's lifted north, where the plane's down. Snaith got ptomaine. Let's go."

He looked at me blankly, but didn't question my right to order him around. He clambered in and I followed. From the door of the plane I spoke to the mechanic on the ground. "Get in touch with Sherington and if they've got a field that'll take 47s, have an ambulance stand by. Otherwise, have one ready at Wilmington. I'll be talking to them. Tell that guy at Sherington to ask any duck hunter about that fieldstone chimney!"

Orr might as well have drawn me a map. I had spent my boyhood fishing, swimming and duckhunting around Sumter Bay, listening to the very tall tales of old Waverley, the region's one millionaire, dodging the hawk-eyed and crotchety old caretaker while I explored the island estate—and now it was paying off in a way I couldn't have dreamed. The cost of that huge chimney of freighted-in fieldstone had been a favorite subject of speculation around the countryside for many a month.

WE ROARED down the runway; the voice from the tower was crackling in the radio. What it was saying was explicit and vehement and not complimentary to me. I made no answer. The medic eyed me. "What goes on, old man?" he asked.

I said nothing.

"I asked you a question," he said, more sharply.

I glanced at him. He wasn't big, but he had a hard look on his face, and he was unfastening his seat belt.

"Okay, Doc. I've got no right in this plane and I had no clearance to take off. But I used to be a pretty good pilot and I know that country where the plane's down better than any pilot here. I'm going to put you down near your patient. Near enough."

"You figure I'll have to jump?"

"No. No, I'm going to put it down on the roadway. It's a built-up causeway, five miles long and, I hope, wide enough. I hope."

"I hope so, too. But then I wasn't looking forward to jumping into swamp, either. I don't like snakes." He settled back. "Roadway, you said? Why can't they send ambulances right in? Overland?"

"Island, Doc. From the west it's thirty miles or more by boat across the bay. Only other approach is around and down the north peninsula, maybe a hundred and fifty miles, and then they still got a couple of miles of water. This is quicker."

"I guess you're right," he said.

"The warmer water in the bay is making a pocket in the fog, Doc. We'll get in all right."

"Why, sure. Sure."

So one of us was sure, anyway. Flying north and east, we were out over the ocean by now. I headed her straight north at one thousand feet. We flew in silence, closed in from the world. If the medic was worried or nervous, he did nothing to show it, smoking an occasional cigarette, checking over the contents of his case under the dim light, humming off-key to himself.

I said, "Are you Army, Doc?"

"Navy Reserve," he answered. "Resident at Smith Hospital in town. This is my day off. Makes a nice little break in the routine, doesn't it?"

After about forty minutes, we picked up the Wilmington beam and I was in my own back yard. I pulled her east and began the circle back. The doc said, "That's Bermuda, over there." I didn't figure that wanted any answer. Straight south for ten minutes, then, turning west, I began to let down. This was navigation strictly from memory, but I hadn't any wind drift to worry me. I had to trust my instruments.

The medic spotted the thin place in the fog first. He shouted, pointing. I was easing her down now, an inch at a time, not daring to lift a hand to wipe away the sweat that was trickling into my eyes. We broke into the clear and there was the bay below us—but there was no sign of the dark bulk that would be the island.

The doctor shouted again, on a different note. This time, I saw the island and hit the throttle hard, working back on the wheel. Slowly we lifted, the wing and tail surfaces clawing the air, fighting the inertia of our tons of metal. The tall chimney almost seemed to snick our fuselage as we passed over. At two hundred miles an hour, it was gone before the image really registered. I said, "A guy gets a little rusty, huh, Doc? Let's try it now." I got some altitude and began to turn, dropping the wheels.

I picked up the mike and thumbed the button. "NC3302 calling Tuscarora. NC-3302 calling Tuscarora. Come in, Bill Orr."

And there was his voice. "Tuscarora. Go ahead, NC3302."

"We are putting down on the roadway at the bridge. Keep an eye out. How's Buz doing? Over."

"Roger. He was conscious for a few minutes. He looks bad."

"I have a doctor with me. Sit tight—maybe thirty minutes. Over and out."

This time I hit the break in the fog perfectly, coming down out of the blanket and roaring a good fifty feet over the water of the bay toward the looming island. The white shine of the crushed shell surface of the road was like an illuminated runway. And I was quartering across it on full fifteen-degree angle that I hadn't a prayer of correcting. Not this time. I heard a sharply indrawn breath but I didn't know whether it was the medic's or mine. I was too busy to care. I nursed her back into a climb, zoomed up and began the turn once more.

Again we roared down into the clear, again the island bulked darkly ahead. But this time the causeway stretched like a shining ribbon straight out from the nose of the plane. I gunned her lightly a couple of times, eased her nose up a bit, and touched down. I never made a smoother landing in my life.

The old trail down to the duckblind was still there, overgrown but faintly discernible, and I took the lead, carrying the stretcher from the plane. The doctor had his case. We hallooed at intervals and it was less than the thirty minutes before we heard an answering shout, not more than a quarter of a mile ahead. I broke into a run.

Bill Orr had been bragging a little with his talk of walking out. We had to carry them both, making two trips.

IT WOULD have to be Wilmington—Sherington's airfield was a half-acre cow pasture. We got them to Wilmington about two. Orr was okay, both ankles severely sprained, but okay. Buz was badly hurt. It was going to be all right, though. It had to be all right. They brought me some coffee and there was a cigarette machine in the lobby and I waited. It was nearly six when the tired-looking surgeon brought me the news I was waiting for. It was going to be all right.

I went out and got some sleep at a hotel; later I had a shave and then did some shopping. They let me see him at two that afternoon.

He said, "They told me, Joe. Thanks."

"Okay, Buz."

"If you want— Don't get this wrong, but if you'd come back, Joe, you could name your job. How about it?"

"I'd like to, Buz. But a desk, see—no planes. On the ground. I'm no flier."

"I heard different."

"Uh-uh. That was you flying that one. I was there, but I didn't like it. I—I'm not afraid of it any more, Buz. If I've got it to do, I know I can do it. But what I said still goes: With me, the sky's for birds."

He was silent. I laid the box on the bed. "Well, that's the way it is, kid. Here—I brought you a present."

He grinned when he saw the cap; he perched it on the turban that bound his head. He couldn't get just the angle until I adjusted it for him. He said, "Thanks, Joe. I'm sure I'll learn to love it. Now what can I do for you?"

I said, "Burn the old one."

I stood there and we grinned at each other. THE END

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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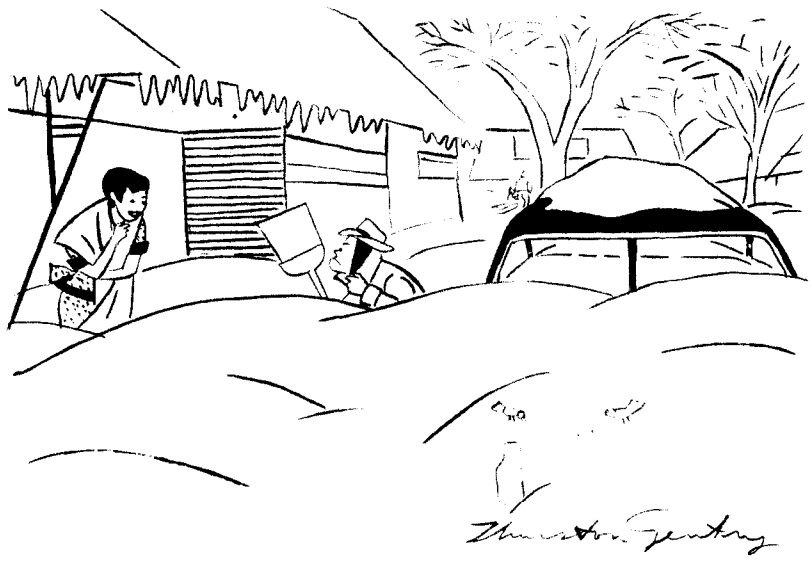

COLLIER'S

"The radio says you shouldn't drive today without the skid chains, dear"

THURSTON GENTRY

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Major General Walter M. Robertson to induce the people of Los Angeles to spend Saturday afternoons building air-raid shelters in their back yards. Mr. Robertson's exhortations were not only brushed off but practically out. Mayor Fletcher Bowron said that he lives on a hillside and that most of the damage will be done to the flatlands. Therefore no. Municipal Judge Joseph L. Call called it hysteria, adding: "When the bombs start falling, I'll start digging." Dave Chasse, service-station operator, who'd been trying for weeks to buy three bags of cement for ordinary uses, wanted the general to tell him where he'd get the cement for a shelter. And so on and on. As we've said, this could be significant of something. Pravda please copy. And listen, Fuzzy, try for once to get it right.

★ ★ ★

Again, in our next issue, Collier's has something different for you. Instead of, in that most appropriate Saint Patrick's Day week, handing you the traditional blarney about the Ireland of leprechauns and the banshee we're giving you the real picture of Ireland today. It's an important story, told by Cornelius Ryan, journalist and biographer, born in Eire, about to become an American citizen. And Ryan's report is most entertaining, too, for the author has the talent for expressing himself which has been lavished on his countrymen. It seems to be a gift of so many who have used the tongue of the Dark Rosaleen, of the kings of Tara, of Wolfe Tone, of Patrick Sarsfield and Robert Emmet. His article will delight you. Don't miss it.

★ ★ ★

A bemused resident of Jackson, Mississippi, confided to Major Fred Sullens that, after reading everything he could find and listening to all the radio commentators, he was compelled to admit he didn't know what the war and rumors of war were all about. "My dear sir," replied the major, "pack your bag at once. You belong in Washington."

★ ★ ★

Which spurs us on to tell you that the Japanese cherry trees in Washington are about to become Japanese cherry trees again. During World War II they were renamed Korean cherry trees. But they're Japanese again, in spite of efforts of official horticulturists to label them South Korean.

★ ★ ★

We pause to quote from a letter addressed to the Honorable Walter Johnson, lately governor of Colorado, by Bert Hanna of the Denver Post. As long as we have reporters like Mr. Hanna, American journalism is in safe hands. (And so will you, the reader, be.) "Dear Ex-Governor Johnson," wrote Mr. Hanna, "I am sorry you felt it necessary to devote your last press conference to a bitter denunciation of me because I criticized some of your official acts. I am sorry because I like you personally. I feel, however, that painful as it is at times it is my duty to expose what is bad as well as what is good in state government. I would have no respect for myself as a newspaperman, if I ignored that public responsibility. That . . . I look upon as a sacred trust. . . ." We applaud such journalism. Understand it, too, for that's what we're doing in Collier's.

★ ★ ★

Naturally Norwalk, Connecticut, has not escaped the influences which are today spinning this highly improbable world the wrong way. In that city a contractor built a house backward. That is, the front was facing where the back should be. It wasn't a very large house. Nevertheless, the excitement was of city-hall dimensions, and in no time a large part of the population was in an uproar. What to do? What to do? Well, after half a dozen engineers gave up, Mr. Thomas Frouge, a contractor at Bridgeport, 13 miles away, had a look, waved the crowd back and moved in with a large, well-oiled crane. He cabled the house together, took hold with the crane, and with a grand sweep of the boom twirled the house around intact—not a crack nor a twist. Patriotically, Bridgeport is offering Mr. Frouge to President Truman, crane included, realizing that Mr. Truman frequently needs just such service.

★ ★ ★

We shall conclude with the information that Professor Sherman Ross of Bucknell University, in Pennsylvania, has discovered that 7 is the most popular number. As an old crapshooter we cannot agree wholly with the professor. But let that go. The professor finds that, in the order of their popularity, the numbers run thus: 7, 9, 3, 5, 4, 6, 2, 1, 8. Want to know how he found out? He arranged the digits in the form of a cross, at random, and bade students pick one. The number at the intersection was chosen most frequently. If placed helter-skelter in a triangle, the apex number gets the most nods. If they're in a circle, all mixed up, the one at the left of the top number is most frequently chosen. That's all for now, kiddies. Work it out for yourselves. Maybe they'll make the professor Secretary of the Treasury figuring out budgets someday. And won't he have fun?

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You May Be Drafted to Give Blood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

uncomfortable is always free to leave. And he notices that no one ever leaves, even when talk runs on for half a day.

These latter marathons begin over coffee, sandwiches and chocolate cake at one o'clock in the afternoon. There is a preliminary lull during which the guests alternate between flourishing paper cups along with their opinions and listening while they gulp and chew. Within half an hour the room is jammed. The door is closed then, and Dr. Cohn begins an introductory statement of the problem of the day.

From that moment, novices in chemistry have no place in the sanctum. Information is exchanged at lofty levels where only experts can afford to be caught with their mouths open. Even the experts must be eternally vigilant, for Dr. Cohn has a way of talking, about things he feels sure can be done, in terms that give all but the best-informed minds the impression that those things already have been done. And he talks a full hour at a stretch. Except for Mrs. Inger Anderson, his secretary, no one ever interrupts him, although one stranger did wistfully observe:

"I wish there were less oratory and more laboratory."

Despite the jaw-breaking words it bumps over, the party rolls merrily on past 5:30 P.M., long after the coffee is cold, the icing on the cake is dry and tough, and the surviving sandwiches have curled resentfully at the edges.

Always in the company are Dr. Cohn's four most trusted counselors: wise and witty Dr. George Scatchard, professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a member of the committees on blood and blood derivatives of the National Research Council and a consultant to the Red Cross; crisp, boyish, hard-headed Dr. Charles Janeway, chief of medicine at Children's Hospital in Boston, chairman of the blood committee on which Dr. Scatchard sits, and final authority on the clinical acceptability of the Cohn blood fractions; Dr. John Edsall, a member of the Cohn lab for a quarter of a century, an editor of the Journal of the American Chemical Society, generally conceded to know more about proteins than any other living man; and Dr. John L. Oncley, a full professor and a lab member, whose earthy Wisconsin skepticism salts the tails of Cohn's high-flying ideas before they hit the stratosphere.

Meet Some Lab Associates

Usually, but not always, present at the soirees are the associate members of the lab: Dr. Walter L. Hughes, a dreamy theoretician; Dr. Douglas M. Surgenor, a quick-triggered Connecticut Yankee who acts as the chief's executive officer; photogenic Dr. Barbara Low, X-ray genius from England; and Dr. F. R. N. Gurd, a Canadian specialist on fat-carrying proteins which are suspected of complicity in many heart diseases.

Then there is the doubting Thomas of the coterie, Dr. John Gibson II, research associate in the Harvard Medical School's department of medicine; with the less jaundiced aid of a lively crew-thatched assistant, Dr. Edward S. Buckley, Jr., he double-checks the clinical experiments of the optimist of the aggregation, Dr. Charles P. Emerson, assistant professor of medicine at Boston University, special blood-transfusion consultant to the U.S. Army in the European Theater during World War II. And from time to time Dr. Benjamin Alexander, of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, appears to give the last word on blood clotting.

As many as 30 men and women from all over the United States and sometimes from foreign lands join this circle of "regulars" around the long oak table in Dr. Cohn's office. When they go home, their pockets are stuffed with notes scribbled on the backs of paper plates. Dr. Cohn's phrenetic method of harnessing the finest brains to solve the dilemma of blood stockpiling guarantees them the latest dope. For once a guest is on his feet, he isn't allowed to sit down without delivering his best guess on a disputed point. If he wavers, the zealous host extends an immaculately sleeved arm and says, "Here. I'll loan you my cuff to cipher on."

All this while the nimble Cohn mind is leaping from one mental crag to another like a mountain goat. Suddenly it descends from the heights and unceremoniously butts a lab worker out of the meeting, half-eaten sandwich in hand, to try a quick experiment and report back in time for a bite of cake.

A microphone in the middle of the long table feeds every syllable of the afternoon to a tape recorder, which is guarded by a pert secretary, Miss Marie Gleeson. It is her job to identify all the voices on the tape, credit observations to their proper authors, and send mimeographed copies of the entire record to all competent scientists who request them.

After the notes have been transferred to paper and read in detail, Dr. Cohn goes into action on the telephone, where he exercises an uncanny knack of getting things done by people who would rather not be bothered. The following play-by-play comes from one of those people:

"He'll ring up and say, 'You're still doing experiment this-and-this, aren't you? Would you mind running a test for me?' He describes the test. It isn't convenient. But I want to be helpful. So I say, 'Sure. I'll be glad to do that.' Cohn says, 'Thanks. I knew I could count on you.' A month or so later I wake up to the fact that my whole laboratory is working for Cohn."

Cohn's own lab operates around the clock. The investigators and technicians who staff it are frequently driven frantic during the day by Dr. Cohn's demands for instantaneous action, personal neatness, symmetrical adjustment of the window shades, orderly arrangement of tabletops, and meticulous placement of smocks on clothes-tree pegs. Behind his back, they call down imprecations. Thus relieved, their devotion to the place unaffected, they bundle their wounded nerves in fur-hooded parkas and fleece-lined boots and take refuge in the numbing cold of the lab refrigerators. Later, after the master has gone, they come out and work and sing until early in the morning, pausing only for tea (no speeches) at 9:00 P.M.

"Don't hold those cold-room doors open so long. It isn't good for the proteins," is the extent of the comment that can be expected from the professor when he sees his people disappearing from view.

A Man Impervious to Cold

He has never been known to hazard what temperatures might be good for his acolytes, perhaps because he himself is completely oblivious to cold. Once he walked into a refrigerator in summer street clothes with the lab's three research associates—Dr. Margaret J. Hunter, Dr. Philip E. Wilcox, and Dr. Karl Schmid—and sat calmly on a stool discoursing while they shivered, shook and turned faintly blue. "The good doctor never even twitched," Scotch-born Dr. Hunter burrs in recollection. "If he had any goose-pimples, he was saving them for Thanksgiving."

The lab staff is never quite certain how much of the professor's apparent unconcern for them and their problems is real. Evidently feeling that doubt on this score is healthy, Dr. Cohn shuns all administrative detail, leaving discussions of salary and operating-fund allocations to his business manager, former newsman Powell Cabot. Thus he acquires freedom for himself to think out new concepts, and puts the staff on its mettle to devise unconventional implements. The results are sometimes as romantic as fairy tales.

Consider, for example, the case of pretty Mrs. Cathleen Alben, a lab technician. She spent all one Friday and the following Monday and Tuesday mixing up batches of a gelatin dessert and pouring them into beakers and crucibles to set. No one watched her or stopped to wonder what she was about. The only comment she heard was a passing remark that the lemon flavor of one batch smelled good. Not until days later did Dr.

"Whatsa matter with you, Joe? This is Ed— Not your boss . . . No, no—I don't want you at the office for some night work— Just a little game of poker . . ."

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

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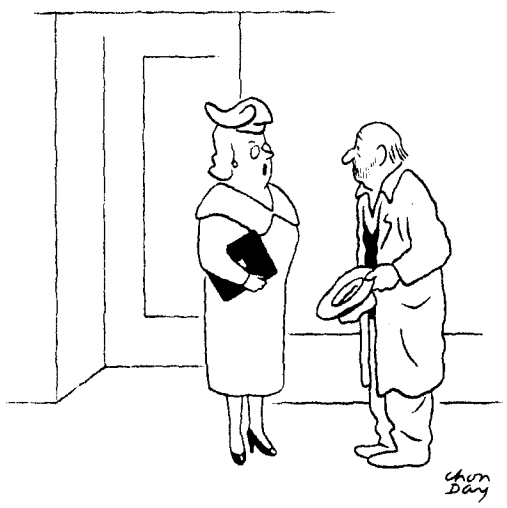
Cohn learn that the young woman was involved in one of the most exciting blood discoveries in years—a way of preserving white cells longer than they live in the human body.

It turned out that Mrs. Alben's boss, Dr. James L. Tullis, a Boston blood specialist who is collaborating with Dr. Cohn at the instance of the Atomic Energy Commission, had been served a sparkling dome of peach and banana slices for dessert at lunch. At first, the peaches had impressed him with their freshness; then they had reminded him of the white cells he was trying to preserve; after that, he had excused himself and hurried to a telephone to ask Mrs Alben to go out and buy some gelatin.

Today Dr. Tullis is associate director of a new blood characterization and preservation laboratory Cohn opened in January, 1951, and his white cells are living in a gelatin especially made for them. They hold man's first glimmering hope of replacing, by transfusion, the disease-fighting white cells destroyed by gamma rays in atomic-bomb explosion victims. Like red cells, the white cells are found to fall into several types and it is not yet known how safe it is to inject them.



"But you'd only take the ten cents and get roaring drunk"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

Practical application of Dr. Tullis' discovery may be years away. The underlying accomplishment is in no wise lessened by that fact. It remains true that Dr. Tullis could not have preserved white cells at all if he had not first received them alive and robust. Previously, white cells in transfused blood were either injured by contact with the glass bottles in which the blood was stored or killed by the citrate in standard preservative solutions. The improvement in their fate must be credited to Dr. Cohn's gift for recognizing ideas and putting them to work.

It was Dr. Carl Walter, a surgeon at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, who first proposed plastic bottles to store blood. His intention was to simplify logistics problems for the military by cutting weight and space. Dr. Cohn saw possibilities in the idea, noted that plastic surfaces were more similar to the blood vessels than glass was, and postulated that blood stored in plastic would more closely approximate blood in the body. After it was proved that white cells and platelets did survive contact with plastic, Dr. Cohn sought other means of simulating body conditions.

From one of his experts he learned that glass coated with silicone, a product developed years earlier by Harvard Professor Eugene Rochow when he worked for General Electric, was as harmless to white cells and platelets as the plastic had been. Then another expert advised that even before silicone, paraffin had given the same result.

New Use for Water Softener

Finally, he picked up another clue that surgeon Walter had unearthed—namely, that the resinous beads of water softener would remove calcium (which must be present for blood to coagulate) from the blood stream as it flowed from a donor's arm and thus further assure that the blood would not clot, even if there were no clot-inhibiting preservative solution in the storage bottle.

Application of this last idea provided the necessary time to separate living red cells and white cells from the plasma in either of two ways: (1) by centrifuge, as dairy farmers separate cream from milk, or (2) by sedimentation. And it stimulated Cohn's synthesizing genius to copy nature yet further. Instead of breaking up the remaining plasma with alcohol and water, as he did originally, in much the same way as artificial weather makers cause snow to fall by dropping ice pellets into clouds, he now replaced the alcohol—which is not a normal constituent of blood—with metals that float in the blood on proteins like lumberjacks riding logs. Zinc, it turned out, clung tightly to a number of proteins. With it, Dr. Cohn split the plasma into two parts, the yellowish white paste and the amber liquid described earlier in this article. Thus, in imitating nature, he made possible his simple portable blood factory.

Only a man with the mind of an industrial mogul would attempt the staggering task of duplicating the delicate conditions of the entire human body as a basis for experiments.

Where did Cohn acquire this rare commodity? Apparently it, too, is a synthesis, beginning with the acumen that enabled his father to amass a fortune as a tobacco merchant in New York City, and gradually taking form from the teachings of Tyler at Amherst; Millikan, Stieglitz, Neff and Lilly at Chicago; Richards and Henderson at Harvard, Osborne at Yale, Sorensen at Copenhagen, Arrhenius at Stockholm; and Hardy, Barcroft and Hopkins in England. For by the time he arrived at Harvard as a fellow of the National Research Council in 1920, he had already accumulated a terrific drive and a vast determination not to be tied to any narrow arc of the scientific horizon. Within eight years, he was an associate professor, in charge of his own research laboratory.

The spectacular practical results of Dr. Cohn's experiments obscure the fact that his career is an ideal example of the benefits purely theoretical research brings to man. For he set out, a quarter century ago, to study the breathing mechanics of hemoglobin in red cells. All he wanted to do then was to learn how it worked. He didn't even start with human blood; he used the hemoglobin of the horse.

While he was deep in this mystery of life, the late Dr. George R. Minot of Harvard discovered that pernicious anemia could be relieved by the eating of liver. Minot didn't know, however, just what in the liver gave the relief. Young Cohn thought it might be related to hemoglobin. Minot encouraged him to find out. Cohn succeeded in concentrating the substance in a simple, cheap liver extract. But he could not prove that the active ingredient was the large molecule protein he expected; it seemed to be a small molecule. To learn where his thinking had gone wrong, he turned to amino acids, the ultimate building blocks of living things. And, after experimenting with them for 10 years, he worked out a five-variable formula by which any large molecule, or protein, could be isolated in alcohol and water.

It was sheer chance that this formula happened to be published in 1940, when Hitler's armies were trampling Europe and blood was desperately needed for battle casualties.

At the request of the National Research Council, Cohn separated blood plasma's components, beginning with albumin as a capsule-sized lifesaver for commandos, landing parties and submarine crews. Later he added six other blood fractions. Then, to protect the quality of these products, he patented the assembly-line formula under Harvard's no-profit policy and set up a commission to control specifications for blood-fraction manufacture in privately owned drug houses.

As executive secretary of this watchdog group, he enlisted one of New England's famous women: Mrs. Frances Ruml Jordan, former dean of Radcliffe College.

In recognition of these World War II achievements, Harvard wreathed the Cohn brow with an honorary doctorate of science and elevated its possessor to one of six university professorships. President Truman decorated him with the Medal of Merit. But his indifference to popular understanding hid his work from the average American's view after the war, when it became vital for his ideas to be most widely known.

Many scientists fought the short-sighted national policy which dissolved the wartime Office of Scientific Research and Development without providing for a peacetime successor. But Cohn kept stomping on the toes of Washington bureaucrats and Red Cross administrators until they agreed to co-operate with private blood bank operators in a single national program of blood preservation and research. Cohn insisted (and still insists) on national acceptance of the work of a Kansas U. collaborator, Dr. Dwight Mulford, in fractionating the plasma of blood which has passed the 21-day storage safety limit in a blood bank unused; unless this is done, someone's blood is wasted every week.

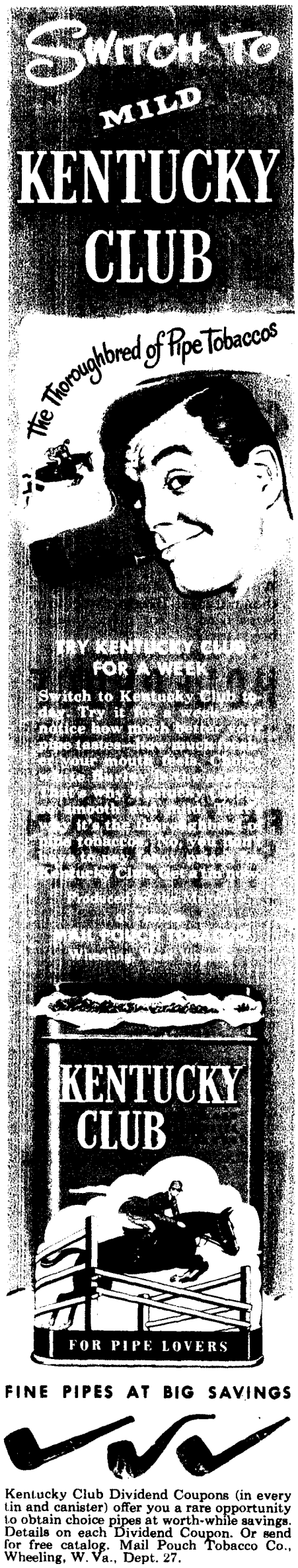
Danger in Lack of Authority

Largely because of his persistence, the National Institutes of Health (an agency of the U.S. Surgeon General's office) has asked Congress for at least $2,000,000 for blood research this year. Yet the ludicrous fact remains that no one person or agency exercises clear responsibility and authority today over what form blood stockpiling will take, when and where.

At least a half dozen possible substitutes for blood plasma are being experimented with. Scores of scientists are working piecemeal on preservation of one or more components of blood. But the only concerted effort to preserve all the components of blood is the one centered in Dr. Cohn's soirees. On his own initiative, he called together the leading investigators of red cells, white cells and platelets in 1948 in order to help the Research and Development Board of the Defense Department. After two years, he is still the magnet that holds this inspiring co-operative venture in action, and scientists elsewhere—experimenting for months past with blood cells and plasma fractions he supplies—can do no better than propose to copy his Round Tables and his blood factory.

"It's a great life," he told someone recently. "I'm exhausted. But I love it."

At fifty-eight, Dr. Cohn can rank as a statesman of science if he is able to unbend to come within reach of ordinary Joe Blow. If he is willing to follow the example of his gracious and popular wife, Rebecca Higginson ("she's excellent at public relations"), who finds her place in top Boston society entirely compatible with radio chats to housewives every morning over station WMEX—if he allows the American people to grasp clearly what he is trying to do—he can not only win their support for thorough blood research and adequate stockpiling, but he may yet stand in history in company with his idol, Galileo, the microscope maker, whose insatiably curious lenses became the tools for generations of men. THE END



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They're After Pirate Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

permit for an exclusive one. This guarantees that nobody else can muscle in on his operation, now limited to an area of one acre.

The permits, exclusive and nonexclusive, are good for one year. By their terms the applicant agrees to kick back to the State of Florida 12½ per cent of any treasure he finds within the territorial jurisdiction of the state. Although human frailty may introduce a note of uncertainty, this requirement provides what is probably the best available gauge to the success of the bullion seekers.

"All I can say is that nobody has ever turned up with the 12½ per cent since I've been here," grins Wells.

Right now there are a half-dozen permits in circulation. As usual, they apply to the more popular hunting grounds.

One of these is Sebastian Inlet, north of Vero Beach, where the sunken hulk of the old Spanish galleon Santa Margarita lies in 15 or 20 feet of water. The ship struck a reef in 1595 and went down with a cargo of silver bullion valued at $7,000,000.

An Ill-Fated Salvage Cruise

For three centuries the hulk lay there, forgotten and undiscovered—until a diver, repairing a submarine cable, found it some 20 years ago. Its cargo of silver was still intact. The diver marked the spot; two years later he chartered a swift-sailing vessel and returned with salvage equipment. But a hurricane blew up, wrecking the salvage boat and drowning several of the crew. The diver made his way to shore and later tried again, but this time he couldn't locate the wreck.

Last summer, John W. Prince, a persistent treasure hunter from Naples, Florida, reported that he had found the Santa Margarita buried up to its mizzenmast in drifting sand. He told Odum later that he had dropped a dynamite charge which tore away some of the clutching sand, and that he had recovered several coins and an old cannon.

In December, a Captain Steadman Parker of Vero Beach who, like Prince, held a broad permit for treasure hunting along this section of coast, swapped his old license for an exclusive permit. The new permit limits his area of operation to one submarine acre immediately north of Sebastian Inlet—*site of the sunken galleon.* Prince later disclosed that he and Parker had joined forces on the salvage of the Santa Margarita.

Prince operates a liquor store in Naples, but he is practically a full-time treasure chaser. In January he reported in with some pure silver cups and a silver candle snuffer. The cups, he said, bore markings on the bottom reading "Kings Head, Enfield—one gill."

"This treasure is on an island," said the liquor dealer. "And how the English silver came to be there is anybody's guess."

According to Prince, he has "hundreds" of other locations which will take him two or three years to explore.

Two Miami men—Captain F. D. Truesdell and Walter Myers—currently hold a permit to work another of the more popular sites: the general area of Plantation Key, one of the Florida Keys. It was on Carysfort Reef (or Carysfoot, as it's known colloquially) about three miles off Plantation Key, that a Spanish treasure fleet of 14 ships, including a quartet of big four-decked jobs built for carrying treasure, was wrecked in June of 1715. Only one vessel survived; it hotfooted for home with the bad news.

A year later divers and wreckers were sent out from Spain to recover as much of the treasure as they could. But they were spotted near Jamaica by the English, who promptly fitted out a raiding fleet under Captain Henry Jennings. The English put 300 men ashore; they overpowered the small Spanish guard and returned to Jamaica with $700,000 which the Spaniards had retrieved. The Spaniards thereupon got discouraged and wrote the whole thing off.

That was the last attempt at salvage here—at least, the last confirmed attempt. There is strong reason to believe that this is the spot where Arthur McKee, Jr., city recreation director at Homestead Florida, and a professional diver for 16 years, came up with three silver ingots in 1949.

McKee was pursuing his hobby of underwater movie-making when he ventured upon the hulk of a sunken galleon. He recovered three silver bars, weighing 60, 70, and 75 pounds respectively. The Smithsonian Institution in Washington purchased the 70-pound ingot for $1,000 in September, 1949. Dr. Alexander Wetmore of the Institution announced that the bars, bearing Spanish markings, were more than 200 years old and assayed at 99.36 per cent pure silver. He offered to buy a second ingot on the same terms, but McKee wouldn't sell.

Silver from Spanish Fleet?

The two remaining bars are on exhibit at McKee's new Museum of Sunken Treasure five miles south of Tavernier on Plantation Key. Is this part of the Spanish treasure lost off Carysfort Reef? McKee, in the best treasure-hunting tradition, won't tell.

"For obvious reasons," he smiled, "I can't disclose the exact location. All I can say is that it is three miles offshore, east of Key Largo, and in 60 feet of water . . ."

This sounds like the sunken treasure of Carysfort Reef, all right. The next question is: What about Truesdell and Myers? Are they planning to jump McKee's claim?

They haven't put in an appearance there yet and McKee says he never heard of them.

Another site that intrigues treasure hunters is the mouth of the Suwannee River. About once every 10 years an expedition sets out for this spot to recover an estimated $5,000,000 in American gold coin, supposed to be part of the indemnity paid to Spanish subjects who were moved out when the United States negotiated the first *big real-estate deal in Florida.*

According to the persistent story, the gold was carried to Pensacola in 1820 and there transferred to a Spanish schooner to be hauled to Havana under gunboat escort. But as the fleet was sailing down the west coast of Florida, a storm scattered the ships. *The heavily laden schooner began to leak* badly and the captain, hoping to save the gold, ran for the beach.

Instead of hitting his target, he hung the ship up on a shifting sand bar at the mouth of the Suwannee, where it was pounded to pieces by the waves. The Spanish crew, in the excitement of scrambling ashore, neglected to mark the spot and never could locate the sunken schooner again. Forty years ago a company was formed to salvage the $5,000,000. But it wasn't until 1928 that another salvage expedition reported that divers actually had found the money chests.

For some reason not known, this expedition then disappeared from the news. The explanation may be as simple as that offered by Dr. Dorothy Dodd, archivist of the Florida State Library. She insists that neither the treasure ship nor the money ever existed, that the indemnity was purely a paper transaction, and that not so much as one thin dime in cash ever moved out of the United States vaults. So far, that hasn't stopped people from searching. Only last

"Aw, c'mon, take off the sunglasses so I can see what you look like"

COLLIER'S — MICHAEL BERRY

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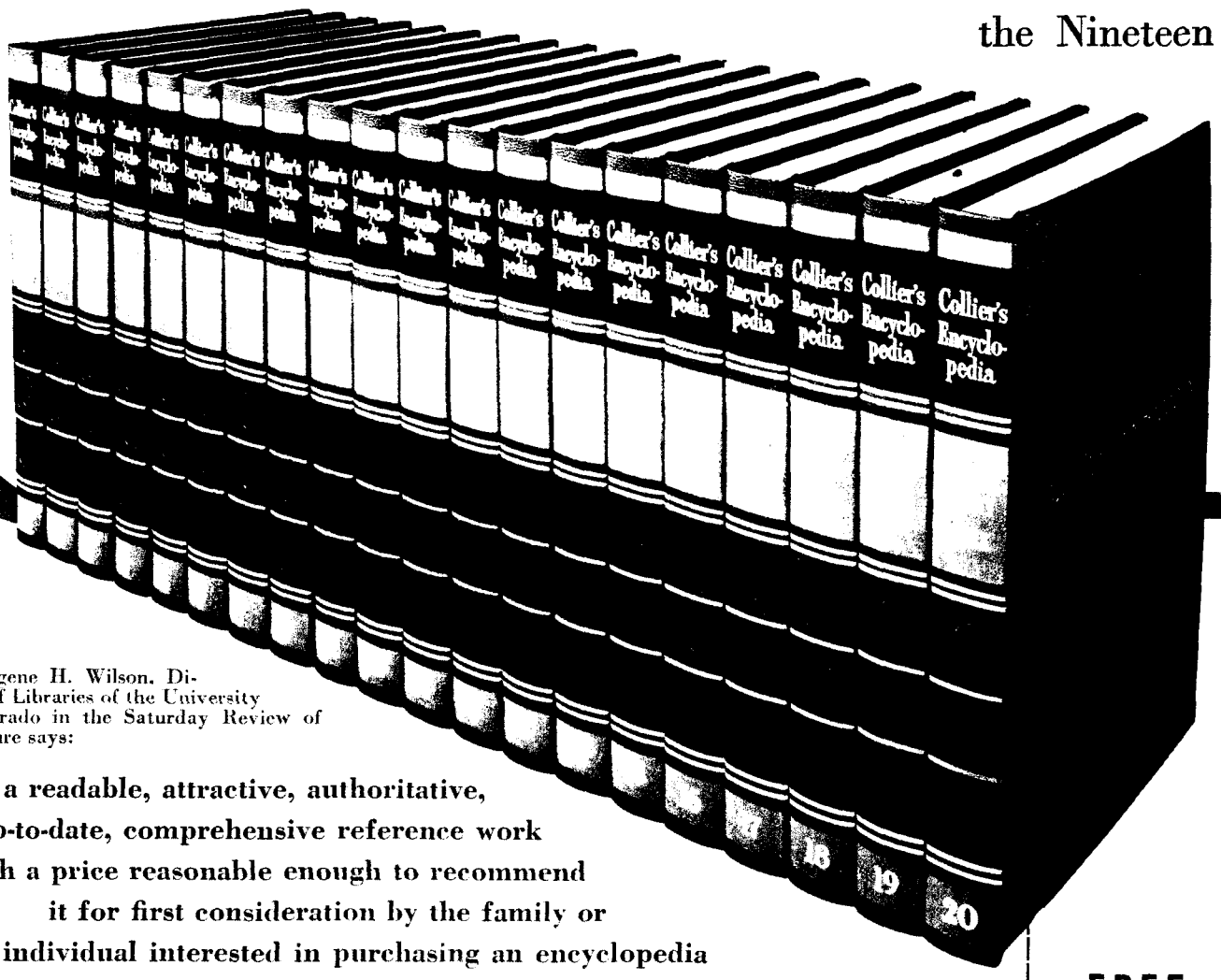

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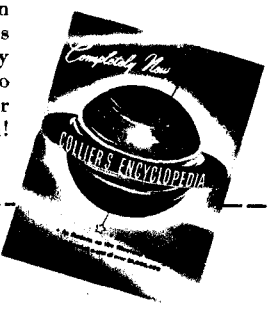

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November, an application to look over the area around the Suwannee's mouth was filed by R. C. Thompson and R. F. Singleton, both of Lake Charles, Louisiana.

Far up in the left-hand corner of Odum's map is a cross marking still another region which acts as a magnet for treasure expeditions—including one for which a permit is now outstanding. This treasure does involve a pirate. The legend on the map says: "Vast loot of the freebooter William Rogers, known as 'Billy Bowlegs,' lies hidden hereabout." Behind that is a fabulous story.

Rogers was an English adventurer who turned up in New Orleans in 1810 and launched a career that consisted about equally of outright piracy and ill-destined efforts to go straight. First he married a Choctaw squaw—who bore him four sons and two daughters—and made a determined effort to fit into plantation life. Finding that dull, he signed up with Jean LaFitte and his notorious mob of freebooters. However, following their efforts on behalf of the U.S. Government in the War of 1812, the LaFittes received a federal pardon and quit the business, *putting Billy out of work*. For a while, he set up shop in Florida's Santa Rosa Sound as a smuggler. That palled, too, and once again he turned to piracy, this time on his own hook. There followed a period of great prosperity for Billy Bowlegs; he specialized in knocking off Spanish vessels carrying gold plate from Mexico, and he did well at it. Then, in 1838, a government crackdown drove him out of business again.

Buccaneer Plays Gentleman

Figuring that piracy had seen its best days, Rogers began laying off the help and salting away his millions. He cached the bulk of his loot on the north side of an unidentified sandy island; the rest he banked in two hoards on the adjoining mainland. He kept several hundred thousand dollars for pocket money and for two years lived like an honest yachtsman, knocking around in his fast little 50-foot, 18-gun vessel.

But Billy Bowlegs had sea fever bad. He finally refitted his schooner and sailed off. A few weeks later the schooner, shot to pieces but bulging with gold ore and chests of coin, came limping home to its lair.

There Billy's luck ran out on him. A British sloop spotted him and, figuring correctly that any ship as shot up as Billy's was no honest trader, gave chase. Rather than lose his treasure, Billy took a few thousand dollars in currency and some supplies, scuttled the schooner, and headed for shore with his crew of 27. There they took to the woods. The disgusted British captain sailed away.

Bowlegs set out for New Orleans to secure a salvage rig. Although he already owned buried millions, the idea of leaving that sunken treasure out there was repugnant to him. In due time he returned from New Orleans with his family, but found only four of the original crew he'd left guarding the treasure.

The others had died of fever, been bushwhacked by roving Seminoles, or had deserted into the brush.

Now shorthanded, Billy couldn't raise the treasure. And when his wife died of fever a few months later, he abandoned the salvage scheme entirely. He built himself a log cabin and settled down to watch his sunken wealth. He lived there until 1865. By this time, old and crotchety, he was the only surviving member of the ill-fated expedition.

When Billy died in 1888, at the age of ninety-three, only two persons knew the location of any of his three fabulous underground caches. (His four sons were not included in this favored category; they had incurred the old man's rage some years before by their insistence that he dig up the money and live like the millionaire he was.) One of the lucky persons was a nephew the old pirate had liked; this man exhumed one of the hoards after Billy's death and lived happily ever after. The other was a youthful acquaintance who wasn't so lucky.

Bowlegs was making plans with this young friend to get one of the hoards, when he died. That disrupted the operation. Although the other man knew where the money was, he didn't get around to looking for it until some 40 years later. In the 1930s, he led an expedition to the spot—only to find that the shifting sands had put the treasure an additional 50 feet under the ground. Lacking the necessary heavy equipment to dig for it, he sadly gave up the venture.

The bulk of Billy Bowlegs' millions still lies there on that sandy island, and in a schooner at the bottom of the bay. It is still attracting treasure hunters.

Three years ago, Bulah Croker, full-blooded Cherokee Indian widow of the late Tammany chieftain, Richard (Boss) Croker, turned up with a mysterious map, said to have been passed on to her through Indian kinsfolk.

The elderly Mrs. Croker, who until recently lived in a rambling old house at Palm Beach, joined forces with Dr. H. H. Humphries, a seventy-three-year-old retired Jacksonville druggist and physician. Humphries bank-rolled an expedition to some vague section near Pensacola. The object of their search—although Doc Humphries won't say so—was probably the buried loot of Billy Bowlegs.

A while ago, Mrs. Croker parted company with Humphries; her current associate is Hughes H. Ridenour. They hold a permit, issued last July, for underwater search in five counties of northwestern Florida—the same area.

Vilest Cutthroat of All

But for piracy at its worst, Ralph Odum nominates John Rackham, alias Calico Jack, who operated an eighteenth-century version of Murder, Incorporated.

Jack was born in London in 1688. He ran away to sea as a boy and eventually became mate aboard a slaver running between Africa and the American colonies. Rackham was such an unadulterated lout that even his colleagues in an unsavory calling found him unbearable. They derricked him on Haiti and sailed away.

What do you do with back issues of Collier's? Instead of throwing them away or just letting them pile up in a heap, why don't you put them to work making essential waste-paper products? Boy Scouts, churches, civic and veterans' organizations needing funds in your area will welcome all the paper you have. For them, it will bring money; for you, the satisfaction of knowing it will be used to make paperboard, roofing materials, building boards and other important products—a valuable contribution to American mobilization.

Calico Jack rounded up some bums in the taverns of Port au Prince and they rowed, with muffled oarlocks, out to the brigantine Fancey which was lying in the harbor. They slipped stealthily aboard, stabbed the watch, then battened down the hatches, trapping the crew below. They sailed away in the dark and, at daylight, opened the hatches and dragged the crew on deck.

"Better to leave none to tell tales," Calico Jack Rackham used to say with a wicked leer. He sent all the members of the Fancey's crew on a one-way stroll along a plank, thus inaugurating a custom which he followed faithfully ever after. (Occasionally he would vary the routine by roping the captured sailors and passengers together in pairs and tossing them to the sharks.)

At first, Calico Jack made his headquarters on the coast of Cuba. But after a while he was routed out of there by an inquisitive Spanish warship. Seeking a safer hideout, Rackham coasted up the west side of Florida and into Oyster Bay. Employing sweeps, he rowed up a small, deep river (probably the *Shark River or Lostman's River*) and buried his fortune on an Everglades island. He continued to add to this store in the months that followed, with repeated brutal raids on Caribbean shipping.

Eventually, the governor of Jamaica began to get tired of Rackham's exploits; he dispatched a heavily armed warship with orders to bring the buccaneer in—or else. And in November of 1720, the avenging British warship caught up with the pirates and waded in. When the dust settled, Calico Jack and his bloodthirsty crew were in chains and on their way to Port Royal, Jamaica. There, each pirate, individually, was promised his life if he would disclose where Rackham had hidden his booty. True to the code of the underworld, nobody squealed, and they were all hanged.

Site of Calico Jack's Loot

Ever since, the Rackham fortune has been quietly oxidizing under an Everglades island. The approximate site is duly noted on Ralph Odum's bright chart, along with an estimate that the treasure of Calico Jack consists of gold bars and doubloons to the amount of $2,000,000.

Such beckoning millions as these, which Odum has pointed out to a startled world, have created such a demand for his map that it has proved too much for him to handle alone. He has turned the mail-order end of the business over to the Florida Council for the Blind at Tampa under an arrangement whereby the council collects 30 cents for every map it handles.

In addition to the mail business, the Tallahassee attorney has found a ready retail outlet through dozens of Florida gift shops and Navy post exchanges. To them, Odum sells the map for 50 cents each in gross lots. He figures to dispose of the entire first run of 50,000 by the end of the current tourist season, and has ordered a second printing of 100,000 for this summer.

"Besides these," he says, "I've given away somewhere in the vicinity of 3,500 for promotion or among friends."

Odum has invested about $5,000 in the map so far and has grossed about $6,000 since it started selling in volume last October. He believes he will realize about $10,000 on the first run and do somewhat better on later runs, after much of the preliminary expense is written off.

If things turn out as he expects, Ralph Odum may become the only man in recent years to realize any substantial gain from the mass of buried and sunken wealth which for centuries has been attracting eager searchers to the beaches and shoal waters of Florida. THE END

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When and Where Do We Drop the A-Bomb?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

The very force of an A-bomb limits the number of purposes for which it may be used, and basically restricts its flexibility. After a point the reasoning goes something like this: The bigger the explosion, the more costly the weapon, both in hard-to-come-by materials and in dollars; and the fewer the appropriate targets. Building up the power of an atomic bomb does not bring a corresponding increase in its damage area.

Scientifically stated, the radius of damage increases as the cube root of the energy released. A bomb a thousand times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb will damage an area only 10 times as great. It needs to be more generally realized that after a time the law of diminishing returns sets in. There is a point beyond which investment in mere explosive power is no longer profitable or wise from a military viewpoint. The development of smaller explosions of atomic weapons that can be used tactically as artillery, for example, may well be more important militarily.

It is about this point that the weight of the argument against the H-bomb revolves. Much of the support for attempting the H-bomb rests upon a blind acceptance of the belief that the force of explosion is equivalent to military value; and on a dangerous confusion of a means of creating terror with methods of carrying on military operations. Thus some H-bomb proponents state as a self-evident premise that if there is any chance that Russia may develop the H-bomb, the United States must have it too, and sooner.

It may or may not be true that we must match or outdo the Russians in any particular area. But this can be determined in any specific case only by weighing the advantages and disadvantages to us, against the background of our whole defense scheme.

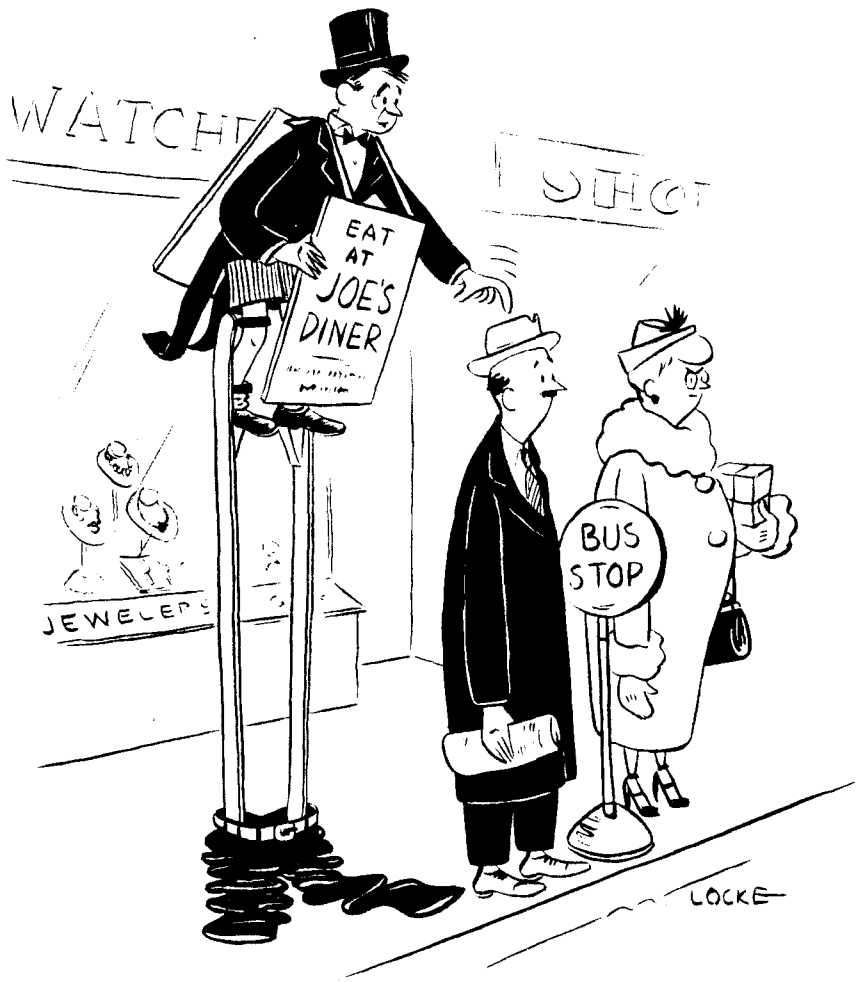
The Russians, for example, may have a land army of hundreds of divisions, a force we have no intention of matching. Instead we are trying to offset their advantage in man power by exploiting our own superiority in production capacity, and by scientific and technical advance.

There are no simple equations which we can apply, such as one tank division equals five infantry, or one B-36 group is worth two tank divisions. Military men are quick to point out that there is no absolute scale of values and that military worth is a relative judgment that depends not only upon foreseeable needs and uses and the existence of other military resources, but in part on what is physically or economically or politically feasible.

* * *

The limitations on usefulness imposed by the explosive size of the A-bomb are even more apparent in the case of the H-bomb. Here they are sufficiently severe to raise serious questions as to its potential military value, and, therefore, the value of attempting to achieve it. For while the theoretical possibility has long been known, it is not generally realized that the effort to translate that possibility into reality will tie up a goodly portion of the top scientific and technical talent of the country as well as cut substantially into the supply of scarce materials and facilities needed throughout the defense program.

A hydrogen bomb, which we can assume



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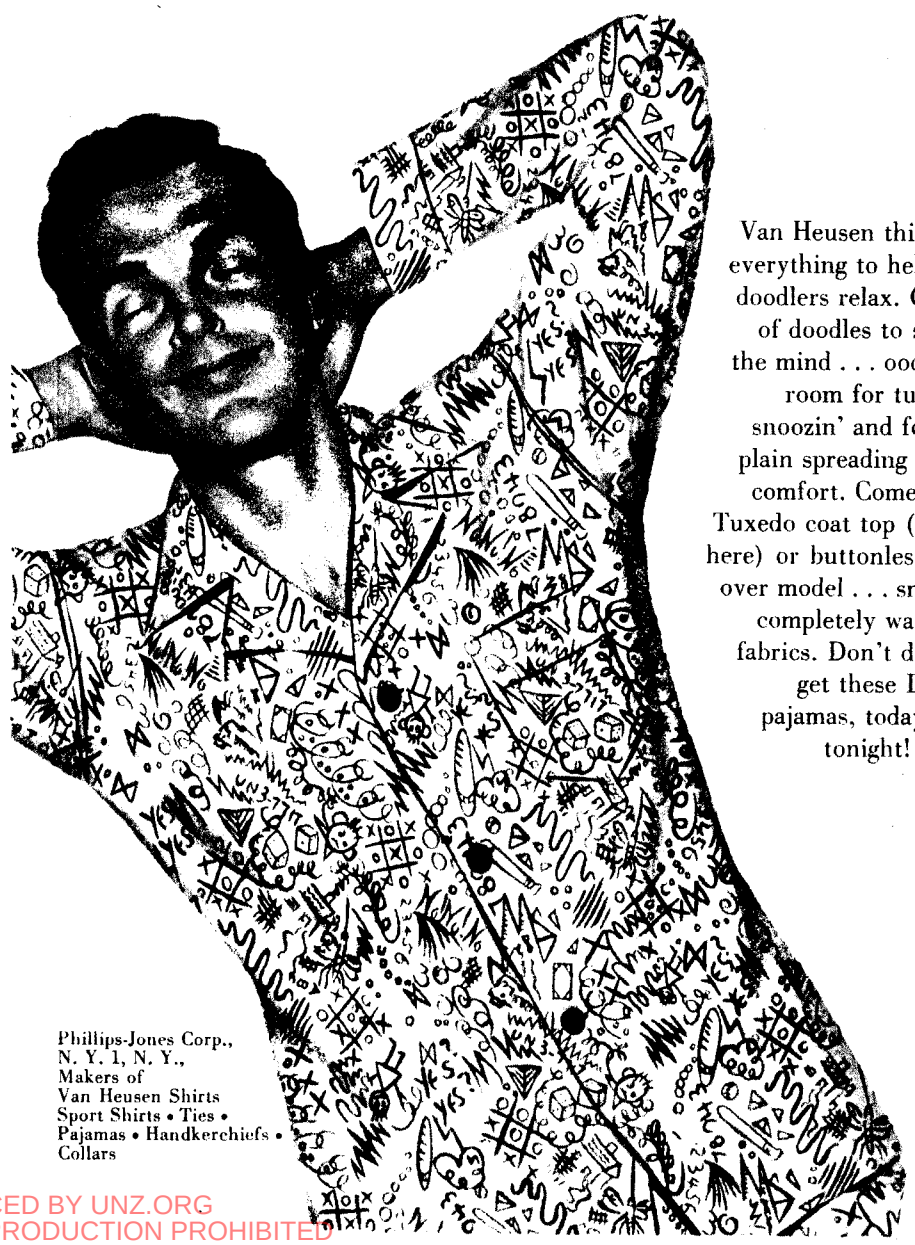

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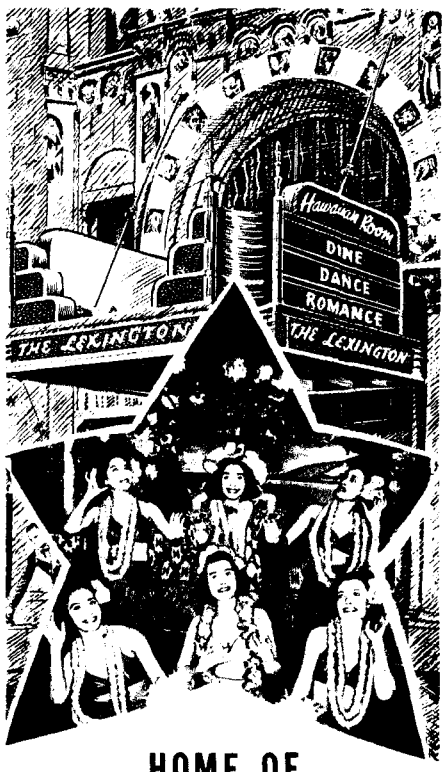

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would probably be a thousandfold more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb, would have only 10 times as great a damage area. This is great enough to encompass in one explosion the major part of any city in the world. In fact, it would more than cover most cities of the world and would necessarily include many areas whose incidental destruction would have no military significance. How does this stack up against the A-bomb?

Dr. R. F. Bacher, one of the first members of the Atomic Energy Commission and associate director of the Los Alamos Laboratory during the war, has pointed out that "there is probably no metropolitan area which could not be thoroughly destroyed with 25 atomic bombs. It is more likely that less than 10 would be needed to destroy major metropolitan areas and that two bombs would completely paralyze even large cities . . . it appears that a hydrogen bomb which is a thousand times more powerful than an atomic bomb might cause more destruction but would probably not be much more effective than 10 atomic bombs. For smaller industrial targets it would not be much more effective than a single atomic bomb."

The H-bomb involves another aspect of the use of A-bombs, the importance of not wasting them, of using them to maximum effectiveness: H-bombs will use up A-bombs —necessary, as pointed out earlier, to set off the H-bomb fusion reaction. More important still, production of fissionable material that could be made into A-bombs will have to be diverted for the production of the hydrogen-bomb material. We will have fewer A-bombs than we otherwise could have.

These are all considerations which have to do with the use of atomic bombs, or possibly hydrogen bombs, as military weapons. They can be summed up briefly: We ought not to use an elephant gun when a rifle will do.

My basic assumption is that use of the A-bomb will be considered only for the destruction of military objectives. The controlling considerations do not therefore include use of the A-bomb to create terror for terror's sake, or as an instrument of sheer annihilation.

Such use, apart from its dubious military validity, would mean a drastic departure from our historic concept that the objective in war is to destroy the enemy's means of waging war, his ability to carry on, his will to continue.

* * *

There is, of course, no way to wage war without killing people but that is very different from killing for the sake of killing. It is often said that war itself is immoral but this is not usually taken to mean that all the bars are down. Few could find sufficient justification, for example, for shooting prisoners of war.

Even in war there are standards and an ethical aspect to our actions. Just as in our common law we distinguished between wanton murder and killing in justifiable self-defense.

Looked at coldly, the number of people killed is not a reliable indication of military effectiveness. The German submarine warfare in the latest war took relatively few lives, but at one time more seriously threatened the ability of the Allies to carry on than did the bombing of British cities by the vaunted *Luftwaffe*, terrible though the bombings were.

The primary targets in war, apart from direct combat, are things, not people—oil fields, power stations, steel centers, transportation centers and the other essential means of carrying on.

To put it another way, in itself this killing of people is hardly likely to cause vital wounds to countries whose populations number in the hundreds of millions. It would, in fact, probably tend to stiffen rather than lower resistance.

If we are once again forced into general war, the way in which we use the A-bomb can have more than military importance. It can affect our progress toward ultimate victory, after the battle is won—the establishment of peace and amity between nations. Military operations in the past have frequently had important political and psychological significance. In our own history the burning of Atlanta was a military operation of considerable importance to Northern victory on the battlefield but it also had terrible emotional, economic and political consequences adverse to the reuniting of the nation that are felt to this day.

Because the A-bomb is more than a weapon, the decision as to its use is a matter of public policy. This was recognized in the McMahon Act which provides that the A-bomb may be used only by explicit authorization by the President.

To many people the bomb is the incarnation of evil. To use it means, they believe, the beginning of the end of civilized man. We need not fully share these forebodings to recognize their existence.

Nor should we brush aside impatiently the very deep repugnance of many people, in Europe and elsewhere, to the thought of atomic bombs dropped anywhere. Their desperate desire is to avoid, at almost any price, the outbreak of another general war. If that war should come we too will experience the horror of bombed and burned cities, of misery and desolation.

* * *

The history of our domestic and international policies shows an awareness of the fateful meaning of the bomb. Concern about this has carried some people to dangerous extremes. Well-meaning citizens have been so stirred by the dire possibilities of the A-bomb, and now the H-bomb, that their usual judgment and calm have deserted them. First the A-bomb, now the H-bomb, is pictured as the ultimate weapon which can literally doom the world. Some of the scare stories give the impression that we are waging psychological warfare against ourselves. Trying to frighten the Russians, we are likely to succeed in scaring ourselves.

The prospect of atomic warfare cannot possibly be regarded with equanimity by any people or nation. But the very existence of the danger makes it all the more important that we keep our wits about us.

The deep feeling of moral and political responsibility that most of us share has unhappily offered a ready field for cynical exploitation by the Communists. While steadfastly refusing to consider any durable plan for international control and development, they have campaigned all over the world to "outlaw" the atomic bomb. Even as Communist troops attacked in Korea, Moscow announced the latest signers of *their* "peace petition," a band of African jungle natives, presumably fearful of atomic attack by the United States.

* * *

The Communist campaign to "ban the bomb," or at least brand the first user as a "war criminal," is an obvious attempt to disarm the Western World in its one area of strength, to neutralize the one weapon which has perhaps been the chief deterrent to Communist aggression.

The Korean war again made the hypocrisy of the Soviet leaders clear. Nevertheless, because they have touched upon a deep feeling and moral concern, the Communists have succeeded to a considerable extent in diverting attention from their own very real aggression to essentially unreal and false issues.

There is no chance that, at this date, we will fall into the Communist trap and forswear use, under any or all circumstances, of the atomic bomb. Short of a general settlement and general disarmament, international atomic-energy control and development is now out of the window. But unthinking clamor for dropping the A-bomb every time we get into trouble helps the Communists to sustain their delusory position.

The basic problems we face cannot be solved by A-bombs. As long as their use can be avoided, there is room for hope, and opportunity to build our strength so that the serious world situation can be worked out without resort to general war. We need to think about use of the A-bomb in that frame. An informed and thoughtful public opinion is a fundamental for freedom, whether we are at peace or war, or in a twilight zone between, as at present. THE END

COLLIER'S "Father, Alexander would like to ask you a ques— Oh, you heard us . . ." HERBRAM

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Are the Major Leagues Strangling Baseball?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

into buying the 1,000-watt KLIF station in Dallas. In 1947 he began by re-creating Notre Dame and professional football games. Then he tackled baseball—and ran into territorial rights! When he tried to buy the play-by-play accounts which were sold freely to newspapers, he was referred by Western Union to the major leagues, which passed him back to the Dallas club, which told him it would be okay if he could get permission from Dallas station WRR, which had bought the rights to broadcast *any baseball game* in Dallas and to *restrict* other stations from broadcasting baseball games.

War Declared on Dallas Club

"I told them that was a prima-facie violation of the antitrust laws," McLendon said. "We protested to Commissioner Chandler, who said it was a baseball law he couldn't change. We then informed the Dallas club that we would not abide; that we would broadcast anyhow. They laughed at us. How could we do it when we couldn't get service from either Western Union or any big-league club?"

When the 1948 season began there was consternation in Dallas. New York Yankee games were being aired over KLIF. "We were bombarded with telegrams," McLendon said. "The Dallas club served us with a cease-and-desist order, threatened to take steps. I told them that was exactly what they should do."

McLendon's method was simple. He had rented a room on Lexington Avenue in New York; installed a radio and a teletype. He hired a man to listen and send the radio play-by-play to KLIF, where McLendon personally re-created it with sound effects —one minute after the play on the field! The Yankees finally figured out what was happening and, the story goes, proved it by having their announcers purposely garble a few plays. It was a bit risky, according to sportscaster Mel Allen, because some people in the stands also had radios.

Meanwhile, McLendon had been having other troubles. By June, 1948, he had added 14 Texas stations to the Liberty Network, of which he was (and still is) president, announcer and a lot of other things; but sponsors had been frightened off by fear of legal action. He was beginning to have serious doubts about whether his idea was as good as he had thought. Then the frosting on the cake! A Western Union official came to Dallas, persuaded the Dallas club to rescind its veto, and then "forced" McLendon to buy the same play-by-play service he had wanted to buy in the beginning. He also paid a $500 fee to the Dallas club.

"It was good business," he said, "cheaper than teletype and I could now get sponsors and add more stations. I assumed their lawyers had concluded that my so-called 'pirating' was legal—which it definitely is."

Baseball may have thought it was getting rid of an isolated irritation when it authorized the Liberty re-creations; but the situation had attracted wide attention in the trade, and other stations wanted to mine this profitable vein. When opposed, they threatened suit and brought the issue to the formal attention of the Department of Justice, then under Attorney General Tom Clark, the present Supreme Court Justice. The McLendon files were studied and Commissioner Chandler was called in.

"Tom Clark told me," Happy said, "that we would have to change our rule on territorial rights. So I got my lawyers, John Lord O'Brian, who had been head of the antitrust division for the government under Hoover, and Graham Claytor. They got together with the department's lawyers and came out with baseball's present ruling (sharply limiting territorial rights). I had to think of the over-all picture; it was the best we could do."

Baseball's new ruling opened the Pandora's box from which the minors' troubles sprang. Towns which had previously heard no broadcasts of major-league games, except World Series and All-Star contests, were able, by 1950, to choose from three voluminous sources: Mutual's Game of the Day, carried by 300 to 400 stations; Liberty's 245 stations; and the expanded major-league club chains, frequently called Beer Networks because of predominant brewery sponsorship.

Five questions other than territorial rights are involved in the basic legal issue:

1. Is a baseball game news or entertainment?

2. Baseball's contract with Western Union controls the sources to which the game can be sold; but is this legal? Once baseball makes a contract with a common carrier can it discriminate by telling that carrier to whom he can sell the play-by-play account of the game?

3. Under the game-time concession to minor-league clubs in baseball's present territorial rights ruling, local and neighboring radio stations are denied the right to broadcast a major-league game while a minor-league club is playing in its own park; would this provision stand up in a test?

4. If the major leagues, by *group* action, decided to bar Mutual, Liberty or their own club networks, would this be legally permissible?

5. If the major leagues insist that a network broadcast the games of all their clubs, instead of a selective list, would this constitute block booking, an arrangement outlawed in the motion-picture industry?

Commissioner Chandler has insisted that baseball is entertainment, and quotes a 1922 opinion by Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, which said, in substance: Baseball is not interstate commerce. It doesn't produce anything, is an exhibition. The fact that it transports men across state lines is purely incidental.

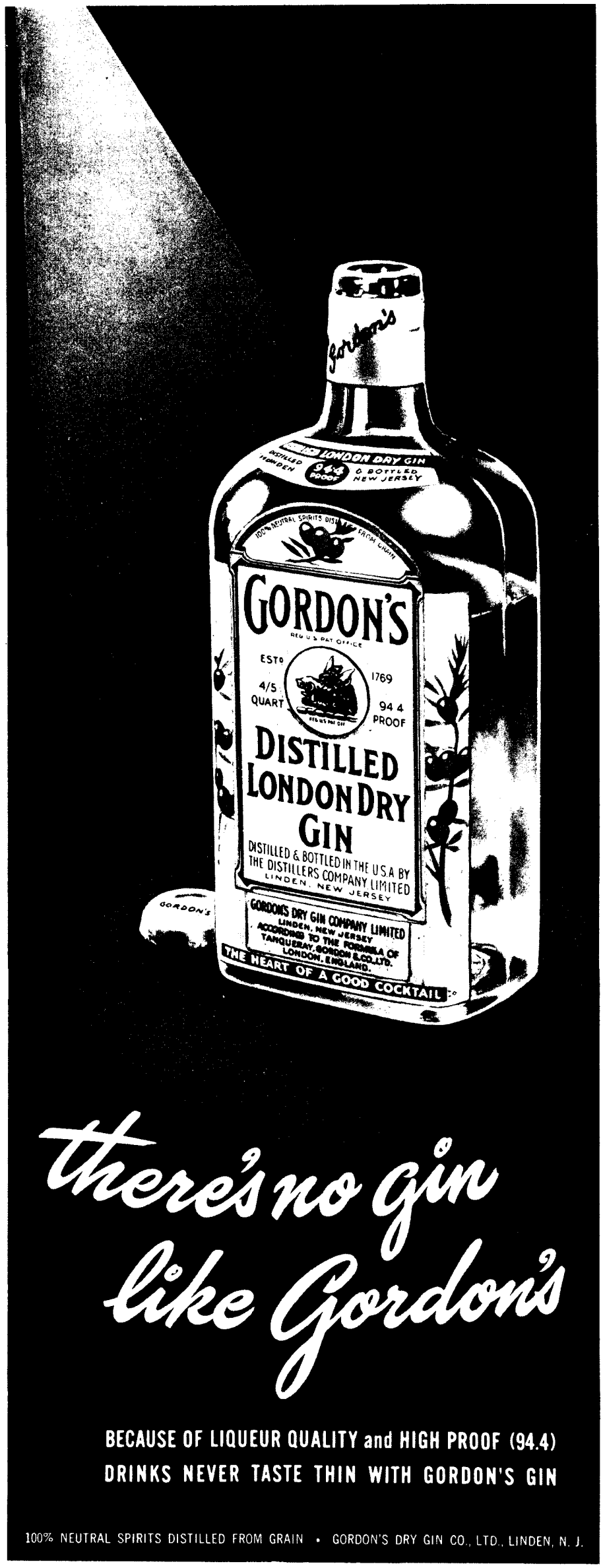
A Radio-Industry Viewpoint

A radio spokesman voices the industry's position in these words: "Baseball doesn't tell the whole story. It has openly avoided recent court decisions. But the fact is, baseball can control the dissemination of its news only where this involves the use of physical equipment—microphones and cameras—on its property; but once news goes out over the air or by common carrier (Western Union) it is in public domain. It is possible that every cent ever paid to baseball for reproduction broadcasts could be recovered."

The game-time exemption, which, in effect, now limits the minor-league clubs' territorial rights to the period beginning 30 minutes before home games and lasting until 30 minutes after their conclusion, has been under fire from both sides. Some of the more rebellious minor-leaguers hint that Chandler let them down by conceding so much in modifying the territorial rights arrangement to satisfy the Department of Justice. This, they say, "took care of the majors handsomely but crippled the minors."

The minors were not included in the discussions which preceded this agreement, made in October, 1949; when they finally did get in direct consultation with the Department of Justice in late November, they came away with at least the hope that the game-time exemption might be used as a wedge which could be used to restore *full* territorial rights.

Again, radio has an opposite view, which insists that Tom Clark leaned over backward to be kind to baseball and his old political friend Happy Chandler, a former United States senator from Kentucky. "If territorial rights are in restraint of trade," asks this radio source, "why aren't they in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restraint *all day long?* Some of the department lawyers were furious over this exemption."

The department had specifically warned baseball to eliminate territorial rights, but allowed the game-time exemption; at the same time Tom Clark's office made it very plain that action to relieve the minor leagues' plight by banning any chain broadcasting of major-league games could not be taken in concert, but only by individual action of the separate clubs.

The possible viewpoint of the department in regard to the other factors is indicated by this confidential memo from a legal source very friendly to baseball:

"The staff of the department took the position at its meeting with counsel for the commissioner that Major League Rule 1 (d) (Territorial Rights) was an unreasonable restraint of trade within the meaning of the Sherman Act . . . The staff has never agreed with baseball's legal position that a broadcast or telecast of a baseball game is the private property of the club. The staff apparently takes the position that there is no distinction between broadcasting or telecasting and news. I am fairly sure that even a revised Supreme Court would hold almost any restraint on the transmission of news to be unreasonable."

About the only legal hope this authority holds for the minors, who insist restoration of full territorial rights is a must if their clubs are to survive, is an appeal stressing that the *spirit* of the antitrust laws is to protect *small* business.

As long as baseball's primary objective is to stay out of court, the Department of Justice will remain baseball's bar; and its current opinion, affected by whatever pressures, will remain the law.

Why does baseball stay out of court? The policy is older than Chandler and will probably continue with his successor. It is based chiefly on the fear that the reserve clause, which gives the club indefinite rights to a player's services, might be abolished. If every player became a free agent the resultant chaos would be atomic and the bugaboo of a players' union might inevitably follow. In the Danny Gardella case, which was settled just prior to the time the territorial rights issue came up, Circuit Judge Jerome Frank had called the reserve clause "something resembling peonage," a phrase which still terrifies the magnates.

The Commissioner Explains

Asked directly about the stay-out-of-court policy, Chandler has said that baseball has no reason to seek further tests; that the players also prefer the reserve clause because it keeps the game's entire structure on an even keel; that, since the Gardella case, the terms of the standard player contract have been rewritten and are now invulnerable.

However, there is a sizable minor-league disposition to re-examine the hush-up attitude. George Trautman says: "We point to baseball as the great American game. I am of the opinion that we are within the law. In any test we know about, it has been so decreed." Another minor-leaguer, a lawyer, says: "If we are operating outside the law, it's up to us to get inside the law—or try to change the law." A group opinion: "Baseball is not afraid of the law—but it is afraid that a test might be made by a judge who would color his decision with his own social philosophy."

It seems pertinent here to include Gordon McLendon's observation that the same territorial rights which were abrogated in baseball are still in force for professional football, where the various clubs have a 75-mile-radius protection. McLendon is now doing business with pro football by contract. He is also shifting rapidly to "live" broadcasts, expects to operate that way on 90 per cent of the 300 stations in all states he has lined up for his Liberty Network in 1951.

"We want to get along amicably," McLendon says, "but we will never willingly allow ourselves to be priced out of business." McLendon's costs have been going up sharply and there has been a suspicion that baseball feels it will be rid of him that way. The inference from his statement is that he can always go back to "legal piracy"—re-creations.

It would also seem to follow that pro football may be in for its own "air-ache" should some small station choose to raise the issue. College football probably is not in danger of *radio* involvement; but since the various gridiron conferences recently have been *acting in concert* on the television question—have, in fact, barred TV from most stadiums—the future possibilities for trouble are tremendous.

The original strategy of the minor leagues was to seek a softening of the Department of Justice attitude; their original attack was intended to stop all broadcasts into minor-league territory, with the majority of complaints centered on the Liberty Network and Mutual's Game of the Day, both nation-wide in appeal. But during and after the St. Petersburg meetings, the emphasis shifted to the major-league club networks. The obvious inference was that the minors had, for the first time, been enlightened as to the unfavorable legal aspects; that they had been convinced nothing could be done about either Mutual or Liberty; that the only relief must come from the reduction of major-league network activity; that even this must be achieved without the least suspicion of action in concert.

It was equally apparent that the majors wanted to continue their networks, chiefly because the income of approximately $3,000,000 helped cancel losses on farm operations—estimated at around $5,000,000 last season; that the majors were being supported by the radio people and the sponsors; that Commissioner Chandler was lined up with this powerful group; that the fans also wanted the big-league broadcasts in minor-league territory; that the minors were going to have to do a lot of quick convincing; that, if their situation was as desperate as they claimed, they were going to have to call upon public opinion.

That's where you, the reader, come in. So let's take a cross section of the available evidence, beginning with the surveys.

The Mutual survey, privately circulated, emphasizes that its Game of the Day was not broadcast at night or on Sunday afternoons, when most minor-league games are played; that minor-league attendance was off only 9 per cent in territory served exclusively by Mutual and Liberty, but off 30 per cent in major-league-club network territory. It attributes the over-all loss in attendance to weather and economic factors, chiefly the "47-cent dollar and a record $52,000,000,000 installment credit buying."

Baseball Slump Analyzed

The Liberty report is, in pamphlet form, a speech by Gordon McLendon to his affiliates. It emphasizes bad weather, installment buying, poor clubs, local conditions and worry about war which affected all entertainment, including a 20-25 per cent reduction in theater attendance. It added these explanations: complacency of all entertainment operators; the manner in which television has been changing the habits of Americans by keeping them at home, particularly at night. It charged that there were more minor-league clubs in the field than the normal traffic could bear. Its conclusion: "Radio should not be blamed for a normal recession in the entertainment business."

The Radio-Television Manufacturers Association, while emphasizing that it neither initiated nor financed the report, has published an analysis of 1950 baseball attendance by Jerry Jordan, now in the graduate school at the University of Pennsylvania, who has devoted himself to this specific field. Jordan made these points:

1. Weather was responsible for about one third of the attendance loss.

2. Teams with improved performance had a relatively better season regardless of other factors; however, in the majors, improved performance shifted on the average to the smaller-drawing clubs.

COLLIER'S "Every time I look at him, I see mink" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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3. Attendance in entertainment fields was leveling out from high postwar peaks—though baseball and sports generally had bucked this trend better than the rest.

4. "Novelty-happy" new TV owners hurt temporarily; but this loss decreased as the season progressed; and only about 40 minor-league clubs had any possible contact with television.

5. Excess of sportscasts—"the gravest single threat by sportscasting to the welfare of the game."

6. The major-league frame of mind in minor-league towns. This trend began 25 years ago with the development of radio and an increased number of syndicated sports columnists. Interest shifted to the majors during World War II when only 10 minor leagues survived. Radio broadcasts of major-league games now saturate many minor-league towns. Organized baseball should analyze this general trend, voluntarily achieve some businesslike balance.

The Jordan report, by citing the excess of sportscasts and the development of the major-league frame of mind, supports the minor-league case and disagrees with the Liberty survey on these points. The Liberty report emphasizes that television is changing American habits—a factor which Jordan considers temporary.

The minor leagues' own survey hammers away for 45 pages of single-spaced copy on its main point: radio saturation of major-league games in minor-league territory is crippling the minors and periling the life of the game itself.

A High Type of Executive

The thoroughness of the survey also reflects the high quality of the minor-league leadership. George Trautman played baseball and football at Ohio State, coached both sports there, as well as basketball, and served as assistant to L. W. St. John, the late Buckeye athletic director. He was president of the Columbus Red Birds of the Cardinal chain for three years; president of the American Association for ten; and came to his present job in 1946 from the Detroit Tigers, where he was general manager. A sound administrator, a patient and sure-footed diplomat, he is in no sense a glamor man but very solid with his people.

Trautman's assistant, Phil Piton, was with Judge Landis for many years in the commissioner's office. Bob Finch, publicity director for the minor leagues, was one of Branch Rickey's associates in the Cardinal chain and has a college administrative background. These men, and league presidents like Frank Shaughnessy, typify the solid character of minor-league owners.

Elmer Daily, an innkeeper of Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, is in his 27th year as president of the Middle Atlantic League, which is eight years longer than any other current league president has held office. His league, which has furnished 400 players to the majors, is almost entirely a nonprofit organization financed by civic-minded people. Last year attendance was down 45 per cent, the league lost $150,000 and finished with seven clubs. "How long will they be fool enough to continue to do that, if they feel the cards are stacked against them?" he asked. Daily doesn't think radio can be stopped, but does believe it should be restricted. He recalled a statement by Judge Landis: "The country folks made baseball—not the big towns."

E. L. Dale, president of the Kansas-Oklahoma-Missouri League and editor of the Carthage, Missouri, Press, says: "The only help we can get must come from the majors, but they seem more interested in selling beer than baseball." (A frequent minor complaint.)

Albany, in the Eastern League, which drew 192,000 with a pennant winner in '49, dropped to 92,000 with a fourth-place club in '50. The town is smothered with etherborne baseball: five major-league broadcasts and one telecast come in every day; Sunday excursions to New York are built up all week long by the major-league broadcasts, and the local railroads sell "better seats for the Yankee games than you can get right at the stadium." The Albany club is owned by Tom McCaffrey, a former restaurant man who now has all his eggs in baseball. Asked how many years like 1950 he could stand, he answered: "Maybe that was it."

McCaffrey has a long bill of complaints against the callous major-league treatment of independent minors; and he ticks it off against the radio stations, too. "The sad part—they get everybody in town mad at you if you stand up for the little rights you have left." He is an outright opponent of the farm system. "Chain baseball is a terrible thing. The majors disrupt the balance of leagues by wholesale movement of players; they even deliberately break up winning minor-league clubs to shift winners about in the leagues. They play on us like an organ."

Won't Broadcast Home Games

Jimmy Gaston, owner of the Greenville club in the Sally League, is a scion of one of the oldest Carolina families. "I originally thought radio helped, have had it every year since the war; but I do not intend to broadcast even our home games this year. Last season our attendance dropped to 54,000 from 114,780 in 1949. This is the most critical point in minor-league history. The majors must make some adjustment."

Hal Totten, the first announcer to broadcast regular league games, from Wrigley Field back in 1925, is now station manager of KOKX in Keokuk, Iowa, and vice-president of the baseball club there. He has a balanced attitude, believes that radio does help baseball but that the major-league broadcasts in minor-league territory are overdone. He thinks it is good business for the local radio station to help the local baseball club—an attitude, incidentally, which the radio people are endorsing.

There is a definite minor-league criticism which goes like this: There are too many owners coming into baseball now who are looking for a fast buck. They don't know baseball themselves, so they hire people who are supposed to know. These general managers are primarily concerned with protecting their own jobs by showing a profit; so they grab radio and television receipts to make themselves look good, regardless of the long range effect on baseball or the immediate effect on the minors.

This opinion was surprisingly confirmed by a major-league executive. "We lost around $5,000,000 on farm operations last year; we are now trying to lop off half that loss by curtailing these operations. Radio and television receipts would cancel out the other half. This pleases the stockholders who don't realize their capital investment may be dying."

Jimmy Gallagher, former sports writer who is now general manager of the Chicago Cubs, reflects what is probably the consensus in the majors. He is convinced, as the Cubs' experience has proved since 1925, that radio does help baseball and that TV can be made to do the same. "If, however, we should become convinced that these agencies were hurting the minors, we would certainly want to help them. Mr. Wrigley has already proposed that we take any money received from Mutual and Liberty and hire the best talent to write local plugs for minor-league clubs on these broadcasts."

Mutual has already proposed that it do just about that. Liberty would go along. Help would seem to be on the way for the minors; just how much and how effective will be decided by the number of clubs folding this year. Meanwhile, here is a summary of conclusions and recommendations among baseball men:

1. Radio and TV are here to stay. Baseball will have to get along with them.

2. Radio and TV—particularly the smaller stations—need baseball. It's in their interest to keep the game prosperous. Both media should carefully consider how to help keep attendance high.

3. Radio, TV and the majors should reduce saturation broadcasts and telecasts—try to hold these down to one-a-day in minor-league towns wherever possible.

4. Major-league owners should adopt a more intelligent, more considerate attitude toward minor-leaguers and their problems.

5. Baseball should set up what corresponds to an "industry council" for immediate consideration of the radio-saturation problem. All agencies involved should sit down together to agree on a constructive approach.

6. Baseball badly needs a research department. The average business organization is years ahead of itself in planning. Baseball is usually trying to catch up with its current problem. This research department should give continuing attention to such matters as:

a) Radio and television.

b) The legal question: Should the national game continue to stay out of court or boldly face, even seek, tests of its corporate structure?

c) The farm systems: Should they be regulated and restricted? If radio-TV income is needed to recoup farm losses, and if such income threatens destruction of the minor leagues, are the farms justified?

d) A Marshall Plan for baseball: Sound minor-league clubs would strengthen the baseball fabric and reduce the need for expensive farms. A survey of the field would decide just how many leagues were necessary. The excess could stand or fall economically; the necessary clubs could be tided over rough spots from a fund created by earmarked percentages of big-league radio-TV receipts, particularly those from major-league broadcasts into minor-league territory.

e) Player unions, pensions and other labor-management problems.

f) The commissioner: Should he be dictator, stuffed shirt, or chairman of the board? Should he come from inside or outside baseball? Should the office have less glamor and more administrative ability?

g) The character of major-league ownership: Too much complacency? Too many absentee landlords? Too much of the cold profit attitude? Too little regard for the qualities of sentiment, affection and romance which have been associated with, and partially responsible for, baseball's position as the national game?

h) Better business methods; more effective salesmanship and year-round promotion; better physical facilities at parks.

i) An over-all public-relations department and campaign designed to resell baseball to the public and the young athlete—in competition with football, golf, basketball and other sports. Though this program already exists in limited scope with the American Legion, High School, Little League and other programs, it should be enlarged and intensified; it should definitely go into the field of industrial recreation.

j) More consideration for the small-town business leader who is in minor-league baseball because he loves it, but who is beginning to wonder whether his financial sacrifices are worth it.

Minors' Fate Is up to Fans

The minor-league problem is in the immediate hands of the majors and ultimately will be decided by the fans; but it will not be solved easily or soon, because it is bound up with economics, complex with legalities compounded by human frailties.

All this was recognized by the two gloomy minor-leaguers who, during the winter meetings, saw a fisherman toss a small fish he had been using for bait into the water. A sea gull dived for it; a pelican swooped down, brushed the gull aside, made off with the catch, was pursued by a screaming flock of gulls. "That's us," said the first minor-leaguer. "The little fish."

"Maybe," the other said, "we should turn the whole thing over to Troy Agnew. He sold his Augusta club to a radio station—and 18 months later bought it back for one third what he had been paid for it."

It was the only laugh the minors had all year.

THE END

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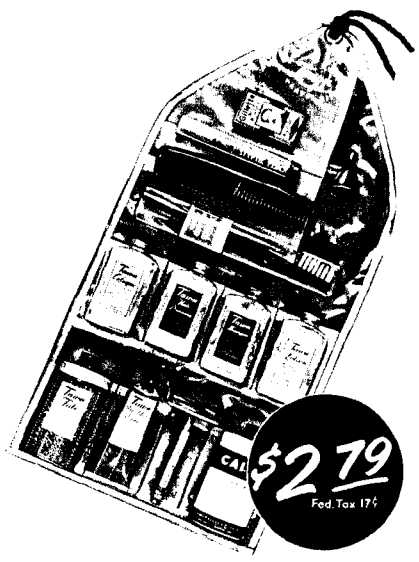

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Hero's Holiday

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

nowhere. This time he had not mentioned them and Kay thought, with a feeling of power and joy, that perhaps she had helped give a happier turn to his thought.

With the help of two or three local hands, The Porpoise was being moored against the wharf as Kay and Bannon arrived. Kay saw her father at the wheel and wanted to wave to him but didn't. A tall man, still strongly muscled at sixty, he wore a long-peaked fisherman's cap. From its shade he might have been looking at her. He raised an arm as though to greet her, then adjusted the peak of his cap. A woman stood near him. She wore dark glasses, and was dressed in a jacket and blue dungarees. A yellow silk scarf bound her hair.

Kay hesitated, and Bannon murmured, "What do we do now?"

"Go aboard, I suppose." A *tiny* gangplank was being run out, and Kay walked to the shoreward end of it and paused. Her father came across it and, after taking her hand, almost as an afterthought embraced her. He released her quickly and turned to the woman. "Joan, you've never met Kay."

Kay wondered how she should greet Joan Canby. Like anyone else, she decided, and held out her hand. "Your father speaks so often of you, I feel I know you," Joan said.

"It's nice to see him after so long," Kay said. Her father's hand still rested on her left shoulder; its light pressure made her feel happy. She had forgotten momentarily about Bannon, when her father said, "And who is this young man?"

Kay turned quickly. Bannon gathered himself. "This is Ellis Bannon," Kay said. "He's just back from Korea."

"And what were you doing there?" Mr. Kimball said. "Correspondent?"

"I was flying," Bannon said. Mr. Kimball presented him to Joan Canby.

"Will you come aboard for a drink?" Lucius Kimball said, "or is there some decent place ashore for us to sit down?"

"There are some nice sidewalk cafés, Father," Kay said.

"How does that sound to you, Joan?" Mr. Kimball said.

THEY walked back to the Plaza, Joan with her father, Bannon with Miss Canby. Her father was saying, "And how long have you known this young man?"

"Perhaps a month."

"And he's down here with you?"

"I wouldn't have put it that way, exactly, Father. You asked me to meet you here in Vera Cruz. He knew I was going to be here and decided to come down, too. He was here with the Ferry Command during the war."

"He doesn't look much like a flier."

"I didn't know they looked any special way. He's very nice and he knows these waters; he fished them during the war."

"I can get along without guides or help," Mr. Kimball said. "What I wanted principally was to see you. With your mother dead, you're pretty much on your own. Is your allowance enough?"

"I think so. You can live cheaply in Mexico."

"What do you do with yourself?"

"Mostly I paint or study. There are good teachers in Mexico City."

"I hope you're not going to stay there permanently."

"I really don't know," Kay said. "I suppose that if I ever get married I'll go where my husband goes."

"Does this Bannon know you have money —or will have?"

"If he didn't, he probably does by now. Or thinks he does. What I mean is that I don't know myself. I've never expected anything from you other than the allowance and I thought that might end when you die. Anyhow, don't take Bannon seriously. He's between wars, so to speak." A faint pang touched her as she spoke. Twenty minutes ago she had thought that she loved Bannon.

"Such people are likely to take a girl with money seriously."

"But until now neither he nor I knew I would ever have any." Her annoyance emerged, taking a clearer shape. How unreasonable could her father be? Kay asked herself. For ten years he had traveled over half a world with Joan Canby, and now he was worried over a daughter.

They sat at a table in one of the cafés and drank the beer, cold and very dry. Kay found herself shy with Joan Canby. Bannon was more silent than shy. In a little while he stood up and excused himself. If they needed a guide, he said, they could find him a little later at the Imperial. He had to meet some people he had known during the war. Kay watched him move off across the sunny Plaza. A sense of loss filled her. Something, perhaps only her father's arrival, had come between her and Bannon.

"I find your young man rather silent," Joan Canby said.

Mr. Kimball gave a deprecatory grunt.

"Oh, Bannon's all right," Kay said. "Two wars in five years is a lot of wars. The qualities that make a man a good pilot aren't always the ones he can use best in peacetime." The others were quiet for a moment.

"Those qualities do come cheap in peacetime," Joan Canby said. "We seem to have outgrown courage."

"I hope you'll do somewhat better than Bannon when you get married," Mr. Kimball said bluntly.

"I hadn't thought much about it." The sense of betrayal increased in Kay as she spoke. In this second silence she had caused, she said, "You like to fish, Father. I've been asking about the waters around here."

"I'd planned on trying them," he said.

They decided to go that afternoon, for Joan Canby said they might be in port only a day or two. Leaving them after agreeing to meet for an early lunch, Kay went to find Bannon. It had become suddenly necessary to see him. She found him alone in the cool mahogany bar of the Imperial. With his glasses off, the pale circles about his eyes gave them an odd, deep-set look, as though he were wiser than any of them. He waved and grinned faintly. She wanted to kiss him, but whether in love or pity, she did not know. "I thought you'd want to talk to them alone for a while," he said.

"They want to fish. Come along and help me."

As they walked in the hot sun back to the café, he said that he didn't seem to have made much of an impression on her father.

"Not many people do, as I remember," she said. "I suppose he's more or less antisocial. I did like Joan Canby better than I'd expected to."

"She seems genuine enough. I *think* they're married."

"He was free to marry her after Mother died."

Without thinking about it they had linked *their fingers; coming in sight of her father* again, Kay freed Bannon's hand.

AFTER a lunch during which Joan tried to make conversation but Mr. Kimball seemed preoccupied with his food and his thoughts, they took a cab for the short ride back to the yacht basin. Bannon sat with the driver. Kay wished he hadn't but couldn't think of anything else he might have done in the converted light sedan. At the boat Mr. Kimball asked Bannon if he thought they would need a guide.

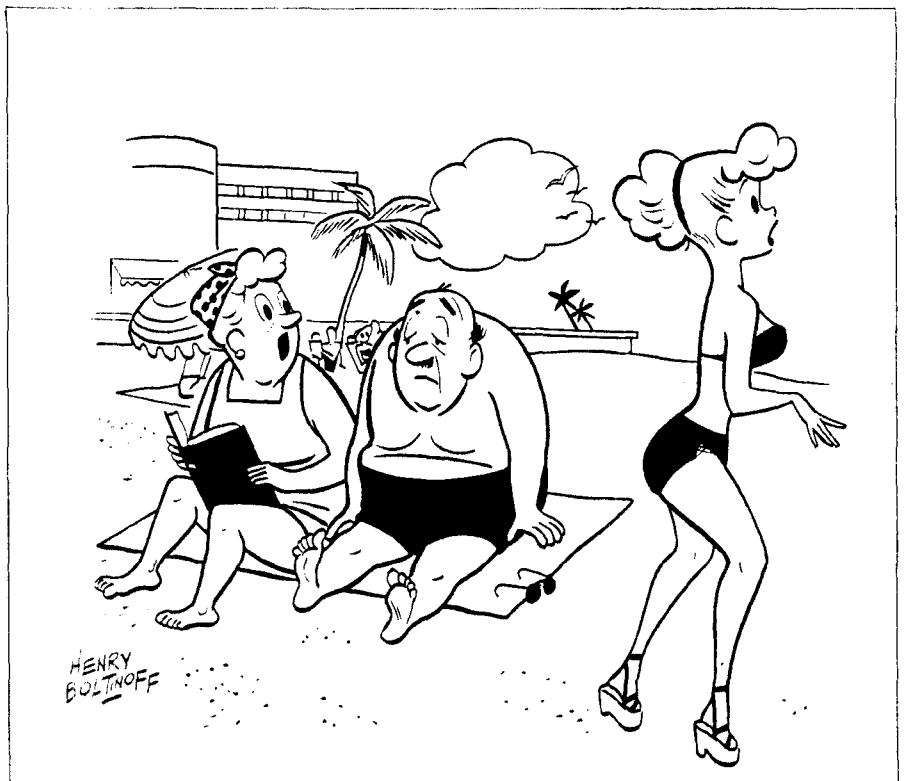
"I don't think so. These reefs offshore are pretty easy to see even at high tide. You can troll around them for barracuda."

"What else do they get here?" He didn't look at Bannon as he spoke.

"Big grouper occasionally, over the rocks. A marlin now and then. Plenty of shark."

Mr. Kimball took the forty-two-footer out past the jetty and they could see the patches of white marking the near reefs. He gave the wheel to Joan Canby and then he took two six-ounce tips from racks overhead and handed one of them to Bannon to rig with one of the strips of bait Mr. Kimball cut from a bonito laid on the bait board near the stern. Her father offered Kay a rod and a chair, but she said she would wait.

Mr. Kimball and Joan sat in the fishing chairs and Bannon, after taking the wheel, shifted into reducing gear and began to circle the reefs. Kimball got a strike almost



COLLIER'S **"My goodness, dear, is business *that* bad?"** HENRY BOLTINOFF

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immediately. Kay watched him handle the light sporting rod easily and surely. She wondered why she and Bannon should, each in a different way, fear the others. Bannon perhaps because he felt they had adapted to the world better than he had; herself perhaps because she felt her father was responsible for her own rootlessness, and Joan Canby responsible for their estrangement over the years.

Joan got a strike and did not handle the line particularly well. After boating her fish with some difficulty, she offered the rod to Kay. Kay found she handled the rod no better than Joan. Her father complained that after the first hard run the barracuda did not fight. Taking the wheel from Bannon he headed out into the Gulf. The land faded from view. Kimball returned the wheel to Bannon and went below, returning with two mackerel from the icebox. He baited two rods, whose heavy reels held what looked like sixty-nine-thread line, with the mackerel.

Bannon said, "I don't want you to be disappointed but all you may get is a mako."

"A mako shark will fight as well as a marlin. Have you ever fought a big one?"

Bannon said he hadn't.

"Then you'd better use one of these." Almost disdainfully, Mr. Kimball handed Bannon a butt rest, open at the lower end so that a rod could be slipped through and into the swiveled socket of a fishing chair.

"I'd rather give Kay a chance at one first," Bannon said. He handed her the equipment and turned back to the wheel.

He heard Kimball telling her how to use the reel. "Above all," Kimball said, "don't set the drag too tight with a reel and line this size or a heavy strike could take you overboard."

They trolled for almost an hour without a strike. Joan went below and brought up beer. Bannon felt dispirited over the lively talk between father and daughter. A reconciliation between them, with Mr. Kimball disliking him, could make for problems. It was, he told himself, an ignoble thought. His own lack of conformity had not helped, yet he felt he was being honest, even in his lack of direction.

He heard Kimball shout, and turning, saw the tip, bent like a buttonhook. Following Kimball's instructions, Bannon throttled the motor down until the boat barely had headway. It was Kimball against the fish with no help from the motor. The man was a good fisherman. Over his shoulder he called instructions for maneuvering the boat while he played the fish. Three quarters of an hour after hooking it he brought the fish to gaff—a mako going about four hundred pounds. Kay took the wheel and Bannon tried to gaff the shark where it lay exhausted under the stern, but a half-dozen smaller sharks, attracted by the blood and the commotion, began to strike at the mako.

Bannon tried to drive them off with the gaff but while he did so there was no chance of boating the mako. Kimball, who had wanted to save the fish, finally had to cut it loose, for it had become an unpleasant sight. He baited up again and they resumed the trolling.

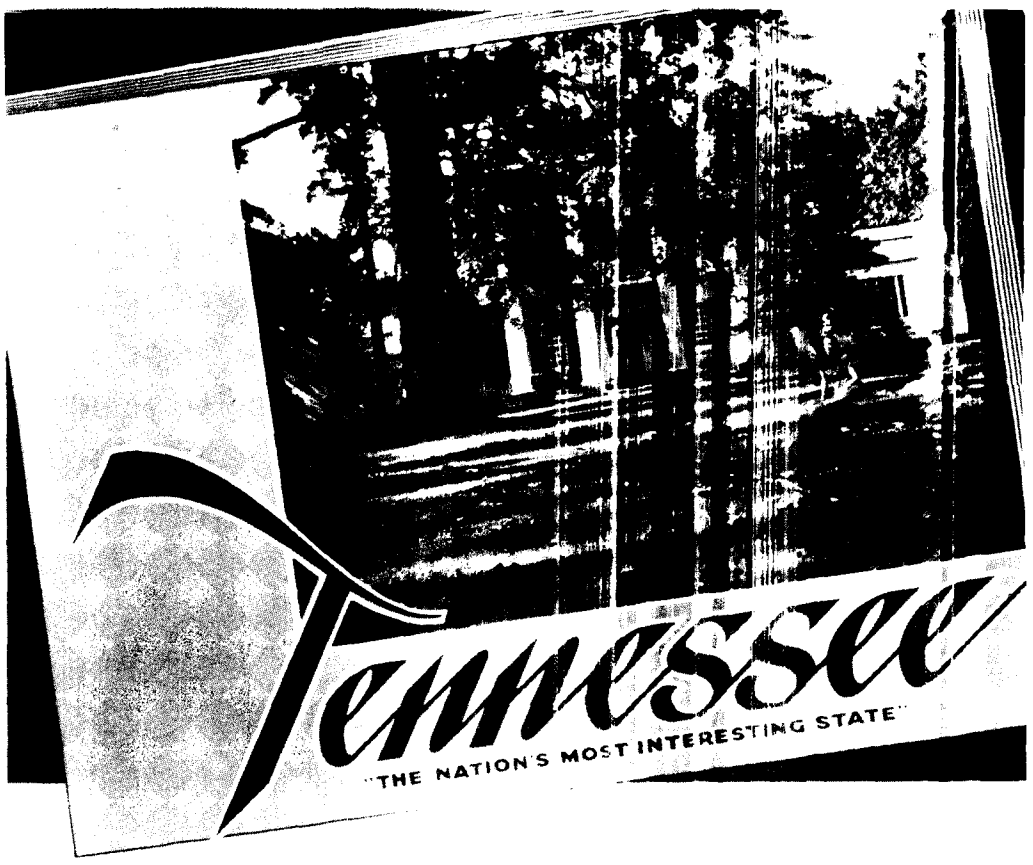
Bannon thought of Kimball's desire to save the fish. It had been only a shark, but Kimball had wanted to save the carcass. It was a commentary on something, Bannon decided—perhaps only on his own lack of acquisitiveness. He began to think sadly of what the world would be like without Kay somewhere near him. During the past month he had grown fond of her; together they had achieved something close to direction in their lives. With her intense interest in her own work she had come to be for him what schoolteachers would call a good example.

A SOUND, half-moan and half-scream, broke his mood. Turning quickly, he saw a body leaving the starboard chair where Kay had sat, moving in a low arc, dark against the white sky. It vanished over the stern. Kimball had risen from the port chair and another figure made a despairing gesture nearer to Bannon. His own anguish seemed a continuation and intensification of what he had felt just before the accident, a tragic confirmation of the sense of loss.

He didn't remember picking up the bait knife where it lay on the cutting board, but he did remember Kimball bending his rod savagely to the left in an effort to send a bight down the fishing line that might drop over Kay and snag her or the equipment which had pulled her overboard. Then Bannon was in a welter of churning water. He groped for Kimball's line and found it taut, a foot or so above the water. The tension on it heartened him, for it meant Kimball had succeeded in throwing his own line over Kay. The water ceased smashing against Bannon, and he knew someone had cut the boat's engine. He hauled himself out hand over hand along the line.

Bannon could see a form huddled and tumbling slowly in the water. The line he held was taut, but the line beyond the body was curving. It curved still more as though whatever was on it circled back toward the two of them in the water. He took the bait knife from between his teeth, then realized he had been more eager to fight the fish than to cut the line attaching Kay to it. Valor wasn't enough, he decided in that moment. The line beyond her tightened again and he knew the danger lay in the fish sounding and taking her to the bottom with it. Then he considered what would make the fish sound. Possibly sharks were after it.

He hauled himself along the last few yards of line. Reaching the shapeless and unconscious form he found that the rod was caught in the butt rest attached to her



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COLLIER'S "Looks as though you wound it too tight" BOB PAPLOW

body; the rod thrashed with the motion of fish, boat and water. It beat him over the shoulders and arms, and he had to try three times before he could cut the line.

Not until the cruel tension of the outer line was gone and Bannon was hauled slowly back to the boat did he look at the body he held. He felt empty then. The unconscious form was not Kay's but Joan Canby's.

She was bleeding from wrist and cheek where the line which had saved her had also marked her. They were almost to the boat before a shark came following the slick of blood in the water. It hit Bannon with a clumsy rush, bumping his clothed body, then it turned and tried to bite. He slashed at it with the bait knife in his free hand and struck it glancingly, noticing his wrist suddenly raw from the sandpaper skin of the fish. He wanted to strike at it again but he made himself turn and hold Joan's body so that Kay and her father could reach it. When he tried to pull himself over the stern his arms were too weak and Kay had to help him. Her father was crouched over the unconscious form on the deck.

BANNON sat on the stern and stared, open-mouthed with fatigue, at the man and woman on the deck. Kay's hands about him were urgent and gentle; he knew she was speaking to him but he could not understand the words. He raised his head. The boat rolled in the trough of a gentle swell. Both Kimball and Joan moved with the boat, and Joan's eyes were open but unseeing. Bannon looked at Kay. She was weeping. He shook his head and stood up. "I think we'd better get her back to port." It was an anticlimax but necessary, he told himself. Always after any climax there was that necessary calm, that inevitable letdown. He saw how idle he had been to think he might live a whole existence at the peak he had known in the wars.

Kimball had also stood up, the hard blue eyes at first unfocused. He started to take Bannon's hand, then embraced him instead. Bannon stood there, first rigid, then, in a kind of pity for the older man, patted his shoulder once and put the other man's hands gently away. "I'll take the wheel," he said.

They carried Joan below and put her in a bunk. Bannon went above and headed the boat west. They were halfway back to Vera Cruz, with the lighthouse lifting over the horizon, when Kay came above. She kissed Bannon's cheek. "Dad can be sentimental. He's feeling bad over what he said about you before."

Bannon didn't turn his head. "Perhaps he wouldn't if I told him the truth."

"What?"

"I thought it was you that went overboard. The last time I looked at the chair, you were in it."

KAY was silent for a little while. The spray coming over the port bow touched their cheeks. "I think you might have done it anyhow," she said.

Bannon shrugged. "Who knows? But I ought to tell him."

"Don't be quite so pure, Buck. It won't help anyone to know that. And the mistake, if you can call it that, doesn't endear you any the less to me. It might even contribute to their education." She laughed, kissing him again. The rigidity, the hardness that had returned again this afternoon after being gone for this past month, broke. "Maybe it's too early to be sure," he said, "but I feel useful again. Of course," he added, "it's not the kind of thing you can do every week." He wondered if he should also tell her of his discovery about the necessary calm. She would say that that was the way most life was. He would wait to tell her.

"What's important is that it has done for you what you say it has. And I know I love you."

He finally looked at her. "Didn't you this morning?"

"I did until Dad bullied you. I don't think you should have taken it."

"Why, I was just trying to be polite."

"I'm afraid," she said, "that we're going to have to take care of both of them for a while. Dad is pretty badly upset."

Bannon's eyes were fixed on the first buoy marking the channel. "It's a funny thing," he said slowly. "Who would have thought this morning that we'd be caring for them before the day was over? I thought of both of them as better adjusted to reality than myself, even than you."

It was a discovery, Kay found, which impressed her less than it impressed Bannon. But she knew it was related to the change and the new sureness in him. And they had found something, if only each other. She did not speak but kissed him and went below. THE END

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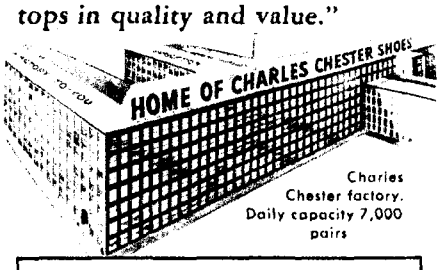

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Embassy Girl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

people remain carefully aloof, unless they have official positions. Remember, in a Communist state it is not wise to have Western friends who might change your ideas.

This uneasy relationship with the people all about them—plus the knowledge that they are on the front lines of the diplomatic war between East and West—does nothing to make living easier for the embassy girls.

"One thing newcomers are completely unprepared for," Nancy said, "is the tension with which we must live every day."

When the Cold War Flares Up

For Americans at home, deeply concerned with the fighting in Korea, it's easy to forget that Yugoslavia is surrounded by Russian satellites, constantly prodded by their Soviet masters. Around those borders the cold war explodes nightly in flame and shell. Russian troops chip in with menacing maneuvers in the war of nerves against Tito. Nobody can tell when those maneuvers will be the real thing—war and invasion of Yugoslavia.

Sometimes the girls run smack into a terrifying chapter of the Soviet-Tito conflict. One day two fresh arrivals entered the American library just as an employee hauled out two books, exposing a homemade bomb. Responsibility for hiding the bomb was placed on Soviet agents; the two new girls wanted to leave on the next train and have their belongings forwarded.

"We talked them into staying," Nancy confided to me afterward. "They had a sense of humor, and we told them the bomb was nestled between a book called The Makings of a Workable Peace and another entitled Bonfire."

Now the newcomers are engaged in the grimmer aspects of life in Belgrade. They're apartment hunting, a full-time job here, and trying to live through the two-hotel routine and retain their equilibrium.

That hotel routine alone would break a strong-willed man. I speak from experience. Because of bombings and lack of construction materials, there are, in the eyes of the Westerners in Belgrade, only two habitable hotels.

One is the Moskva, a rambling four-story structure with barnlike rooms that contain the cold in the winter and the heat in summer. It's ancient, has one creaky elevator and is overrun by huge water beetles.

When Nancy arrived a year ago, she shared a room with another girl at the Moskva. The boniface of the embassy commissary, Uldrico Cimini, lent them an electric hot plate, and they bought some supplies from the embassy stores for breakfast and cracker-and-cheese hors d'oeuvres. They ate blue-plate lunches and dinners at the Majestic, the more modern hotel and the next step up the line toward an apartment.

"Entertainment at the Moskva was a problem," Nancy remembered. "It was so cold that everyone huddled around the hot plate. After a few cocktails and some crackers, they'd go home and we'd pile right into bed. We couldn't go anywhere anyway, and, if we did, who would escort us?"

The Majestic, a few blocks from the rococo Moskva, had its drawbacks, too, although Nancy thought it heaven after three months of her first hotel life in Belgrade. The trouble was that the rooms in the Majestic were smaller.

Today, Nancy figures she's fortunate indeed. After more than eight months on the Belgrade hotel circuit, she shares an apartment with Dorothy Ault, of Orlando, Florida, secretary to capable Ambassador Allen.

Between the Majestic and the present apartment, Nancy had a brief interlude at living with a local family.

A Grim Bathroom Problem

"They were nice, but it was too rugged for me," Nancy said. "I had to get up earlier every morning to beat the little brother, mother, grandmother and cousin to the washroom. I kept getting up so much earlier every day that pretty soon I was lying awake all night waiting to crack the bathroom first. I had to leave to preserve my health."

The apartment Dot and Nancy have now is in a four-story building owned by the American embassy. There are 14 other Americans in the building, which is a five-minute automobile run to the embassy. A car, driven by a Yugoslav, is dispatched from the embassy motor pool to bring the girls to and from work.

"Even those of us who could afford a car couldn't have one here," Nancy explained. "As clerk-secretaries, we don't have diplomatic immunity. A few years ago, an American without diplomatic immunity got

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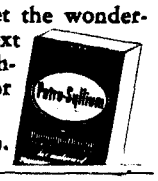

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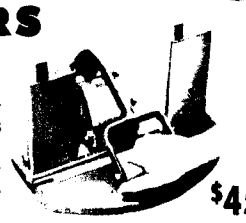

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into an accident and went to jail. So no cars for us."

After surviving the attrition of finding an apartment, the American girl in Belgrade develops into the homebody she might expect to be only after years of marriage. The newly acquired thrill of having a couple of rooms in which to move around and someone to cook the food and do the laundry is so overpowering that girls often stay home rather than go to the occasional movie at the British or American reading rooms.

"Getting into an apartment is like coming home from a long, tough camping trip," Nancy said as Dot and she prepared a snack lunch in their living room. "Sure, we don't like to miss the embassy movies because they're the only ones we can see. There are local theaters, but you must buy tickets weeks in advance. Only members of workers' syndicates can come up with concert tickets."

While she served the canapés, a large, white English setter padded about the room. His name is "Had," short for Hadrian, because Dot bought him in Rome on a street named for the ancient Roman emperor. He was meant to be a hunting dog, but because of the lavish care he gets he believes he's a lap dog.

"This place is really a palace," Nancy exulted as Had bounded into my lap.

Hotel Armchair Loses a Leg

With a deft motion, she held my armchair steady. The weight of the dog, plus my own, forced off one of the legs and we both teetered precariously. When we were righted, I examined the room critically. The rest of the oversized chairs showed that the tapestry covers were waging a losing battle with the stuffing; paint flaked off the ceiling and although it was midday, the lights were on.

Mitzi, a gnarled harridan of a maid, puttered with the window shades but could do nothing about attracting sunlight. She glared at me as if it were my fault and strode back to the kitchen.

"Don't mind Mitzi," Dot apologized. "She keeps telling us that we're better off without men around. She advises us to keep them out of the house and always counts the silver when there have been some men in for an evening."

In an effort to brighten the apartment, the girls had brought in potted plants, and had thrown gaily-colored dust covers over the battered old sofa and some of the chairs. They had covered the large, heavy coffee table with a hand-embroidered cloth, and had put bright scatter rugs on the floor. It all helped.

"This is real luxury," Nancy said. "Dot and I have our own bedrooms and there's a dining room. We're very lucky. Usually an apartment like this has three or four girls living together. So far, we've got this for ourselves."

The apartment costs Dot and Nancy a total of $104 a month for rent, fuel and light, which comes out of their living allowances. These allowances may total as much as $3,800 a year in a place like Belgrade. The girls start at salaries of $2,850 annually; the grand total comes to $6,650 a year, a very tidy sum even in these days of inflation.

One reason it's so high is that Belgrade is rated a "hardship post," and living allowances are boosted accordingly. In Rome, for example, the allowances total only $1,500; in London, $1,170; in Paris, $1,080.

"The money, which is very good, isn't the tempting inducement you might think," Nancy told me. "Only a few girls manage to save anything. Prices are so high."

When Nancy and Dot receive their ration coupons from the Yugoslav government offices, Mitzi buys their rationed bread, a little sugar and some fats. They can also get potatoes. It's the same ration the Yugoslavs get, but the Americans supplement it at the embassy commissary store. There they pay American prices, plus a 30 per cent carrying charge. Even at those prices, it's cheaper than going into the "open" market, where peasants are permitted to sell surplus products at prices like these: the equivalent of $6 for a pound of butter, $8 for a scrawny chicken and $3 for a loaf of white bread.

COLLIER'S **"I don't believe there's anything more exasperating than not being able to remember a secret that you promised not to tell"** LEONARD DOVE

Since all consumers' goods—from buttons and thread to shoes and clothing—are restricted to Yugoslav customers (and are of the poorest quality, besides), there are only four stores in all Belgrade which hold any interest for the embassy girls. There are two handicraft shops at which they occasionally buy expensive embroidery and blouses, and there are two state pawnshops which offer the heirlooms and faded finery of the ruined middle classes at dizzy prices.

Nancy, like the other girls, brought a two-year supply of clothing to Belgrade with her—such things as eighteen dresses and a dozen pairs of shoes—and all the girls replenish this stock on their periodic visits outside Yugoslavia.

Gay Trips to France or Italy

"That's where the rest of our money goes," grinned Nancy. "Because of the lack of recreation and the situation of the post here, we're entitled to take about 10 days off every three months to relax in places like France and Italy. It's always exciting, and we go wild—shopping in big stores, eating in good restaurants, and going to fine theaters and night clubs. A whirl like that and we're happy to get back to work."

Embassy personnel can also visit anywhere they like within the country. There are fabled resorts like the Dalmatian coast, where emperors and the nobility of Europe played before World War I. After one or two week ends, the girls usually give up because the company is always the same and the problem of boredom never changes.

What moves these girls to join the Foreign Service, when they must be aware that only a comparative few can get the choice spots like Paris and Rome?

"In the first day of training in Washington, we know full well that we might wind up in a place we never dreamed of seeing," Nancy said. "I came into the service because I had itchy feet and wanted to see something of the world. That's true of most of the girls. You're at a post only two years and you hope for the best next time."

Nancy was taking a secretarial course after graduating from UCLA, when she saw a newspaper notice that the State Department Foreign Service was recruiting secretarial personnel. She wanted to travel after getting out of school, but a job seemed the most practical thing. The possibilities of a job abroad offered the combination of travel and a salary.

"I talked it over with my mother, who was dubious about the whole project," Nancy reminisced. "I have a twin sister, Joyce, who is studying for her master's degree. Mother thought I should do likewise. But my father thought the Foreign Service sounded swell, so I went ahead with the applications."

Nancy's father, Robert Cunningham, is a retired Navy commander and she figures itchy feet is an inherited trait. She waited from March to October, 1949, to hear from the State Department. Then she went to Washington for six weeks of instruction before being assigned abroad.

During preliminary training in Washington in a class with 11 other girls, Nancy was told how to conduct herself in various posts, what kind of clothing to take where, and what living accommodations to expect. Each candidate listed three areas of preference for the first post. Nancy's were: Italy, eastern Europe, and South America.

"I didn't expect Italy the first time out," she said. "I thought about eastern Europe because I wanted to meet Communism face to face on its own home grounds and actually see what happens."

Nancy was told that at the end of two years in Belgrade she would receive first-class passage back to the United States. After 60 days, she would have preference for reassignment if she decided to remain in the Foreign Service. On the way to Yugoslavia she would receive a living allowance of $14 a day; her regular annual allowance would start upon her arrival.

Laden with three trunks, five heavy suitcases and enough anticold tablets and aspirin to last two years, Nancy landed in

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'aris. There she had almost a week's reather before coming to Belgrade on the Orient Express, the mystery-story writer's egendary intrigue train. The embassy in 'aris tactfully detailed a young man as a uide to Nancy, a favor she has since grateully surmised was in compensation for hings to come.

Nothing happened to Nancy on the Orient Express, except that she got hungry nd stayed that way until Belgrade. After he train crossed the Yugoslav frontier rom Italy, so many people packed the isles from her compartment to the dining ar that only a bulldozer could have cleared path.

On a freezing February night, she arrived n Belgrade and was met by an embassy oficial who drove her and the mountains of uggage to the arctic confines of the Moskva.

Her First Night in Belgrade

"Only a few street lights were on," she ecalled with a shudder. "In my room I ould see my breath. I went to bed wearing ll my clothes, and piled on my two coats. didn't sleep much, but thought a lot about ny first fleeting impressions of a Communist state. You know, electricity conservaion, people in patches and no possibility of etting a meal late at night."

Food, by the way, becomes an obsession or the embassy's young women. The rdinary diet is mostly starch, so when they ave a chance to pitch into an American-ype meal of frozen food, they gorge themelves. As a result, everyone gains weight stronomically. Nancy cut down by eating nly one full-sized meal a day.

As a newcomer, Nancy was briefed thoroughly by her co-workers. What she ouldn't swallow at the beginning were the lismal tales of boredom. On her own hook, he prowled around the city and one evening potted a neon sign that said "Lotos." trains of raucous jazz emanated from gratngs in the sidewalk.

Nancy asked the other girls about the Lotos and they grimaced.

It's easy to understand why. The Lotos s the fancier of two regular night clubs in Belgrade. Concealed in a subterranean handbox that offers fading hostesses who double in a floor show, the place reeks of sweat, smoke and vile home-brew. A five-piece orchestra believes in volume rather than tempo, and waiters, incongruous in moldy, green tail coats, insist on serving house whisky. The other night spot, the Palace, is several street levels lower—with a corresponding descent in *décor* and atmosphere.

"Those aren't the places to relax at cocktail dances," Nancy said. "Even if you had someone to dance with."

Philosophically, Nancy settled down to taking French lessons from a local teacher, tried riding on a spavined mare (until she was thrown) and has concentrated on learning the history of the country. Now the apartment helps occupy time. Just that for recreation; that and looking forward to a trip to Italy or France every three months, if she has the money handy.

When I braced Ambassador Allen for his evaluation of the girls' life here, he pondered a moment.

"Of all the posts in which I've served over a period of 25 years," he replied deliberately, "Belgrade is certainly the most difficult from the point of view of living conditions and morale. That covers difficulties in obtaining food and shelter, recreation and the always present cold-war tension. The girls certainly have no picnic here."

The fact that morale and efficiency are good despite these circumstances speaks well both for the way the staff is handled and for the intelligence of the girls themselves. As a matter of fact, the standards of efficiency at the Belgrade embassy are generally considered to be higher than at most American diplomatic posts, possibly because the people working there concentrate their energy and enthusiasm on doing an impeccable job.

"I don't want to appear melodramatic," Nancy told me, "but we all realize that we're in a very important spot. We get our real satisfaction from knowing that, in a small way, all of us are helping to outwit the Soviet Union. That makes the job fun."

THE END

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HARRY DEVLIN

The Truth Shall Make Them Free

RUSSIA'S ANNIVERSARY observance of Lenin's death was marked this year by one of the most bitter, hateful, untrue attacks on the United States ever made by an official Soviet spokesman. It was delivered in Moscow by Peter Pospelov, director of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute, in the presence of Stalin, Molotov and other high Soviet brass. And it even made some of the UN tirades of Messrs. Vishinsky and Malik seem tame by comparison.

Pospelov pictured this country as Russia's prime enemy since the revolution. He said that Woodrow Wilson had wanted to annex Siberia and the Caucasus. He charged, among other things, that America had played the role of "executioner and strangler of Russian freedom," and that the hands of American imperialists "are red with the blood of the Russian people."

It was, in short, an unpleasant speech. And it may seem doubly disquieting to those who have read Frederick G. Barghoorn's recent and excellent book, The Soviet Image of the United States: A Study in Distortion. For they will see this speech as the climax to date of a long, unrelenting Soviet effort to poison the minds of the Russian people against this country—an effort that was not completely relaxed even during the alliance of World War II.

Dr. Barghoorn, who teaches political science at Yale, was a member of our embassy staff in Moscow from 1942 to 1947. His book draws on a mass of Soviet publications, broadcasts, speeches and less formal statements to explain and indict the Kremlin's anti-American campaign for what it is—as ill-tempered, ill-mannered, ungrateful, opportunistic, politically immoral, fantastically distorted a pack of lies as any government could possibly invent about a friendly nation.

The familiar Soviet propaganda line is almost naïve in its brazenness. It has accused this country of every sin committed by its own government, and clothed that government with the righteous motives that are the foundation of American policy.

These lies have been believed, wholly or partly, by millions. That is bad enough. But it is worse to think that the Soviet leaders, as Dr. Barghoorn suggests, may even believe some of their own lies. So it is possible that the deluded, ruthless men in the Kremlin are beyond hope of conversion. But what about the millions whom they rule?

Dr. Barghoorn's answer to that question is more encouraging. He has concluded that the Soviet Communists are having a hard time erasing from the Russian mind a respect, admiration and friendliness toward America. He feels that there is "widespread apathy, cynicism about official propaganda, and in many cases despair among Soviet people."

There, it seems to us, is a great source of strength and a force for peace—the actual or potential friendship of millions of people behind the Iron Curtain. And America can still get through to them by the potent weapon of radio. The cost of this weapon is trifling compared with the outlay for rearmament. But we wonder whether its importance is entirely realized by the American government and people.

The Voice of America seems to be doing an increasingly good job. Under its current expansion program it is adding 19 languages to its present 26. When the program is completed, there will be a virtual ring of transmitters around the vast Soviet perimeter. The Voice is coping with Soviet "jamming" of its broadcasts with growing success, and tying up an estimated 1,000 Russian transmitters and thousands of engineers in the process.

Its greatest weakness seems to be that it is not really the Voice of America. It is the Voice of the State Department and, as such, is bound by the department's limits of proper diplomacy. But the Voice is not our only contact with the oppressed people. There is the privately operated, privately financed National Committee for a Free Europe, with its Radio Free Europe station in Germany. It is presently trying to raise funds so that it may put eight short-wave transmitters into operation by midsummer.

Radio Free Europe broadcasts to Eastern Europe with the State Department's co-operation and approval. But it sets its own policy and gathers its own news. The station concentrates on sending messages from people who have escaped Russia or the captive states. It reports on disappeared persons. It identifies quislings and informers for its listeners. It spikes Red propaganda rumors and, in turn, spreads news that the Soviets would rather not have made known.

The men in the Kremlin have reacted to these broadcasts by angry attempts at refutation. They acknowledge that the broadcasts are heard by millions. And they are obviously afraid, because they are vulnerable to the truth. They can be hit still harder and oftener if America will go all out in using the weapon of radio.

We Americans must tell the oppressed people that they are duped as well as enslaved. We must let them know that we are their friends, and that it is not we but their rulers who plan war. We must help them realize that, for all the incredible difficulties, their salvation is not beyond their reach. Eventually they can and must overthrow their oppressors, as every tyranny in history has at last been overthrown.

Maybe all these things cannot be said officially, but they can be said. And if saying them brings charges that we are fomenting revolution, so be it. For that is just what Comrade Stalin's Communist Party has been trying to do in our own country for 30 years.

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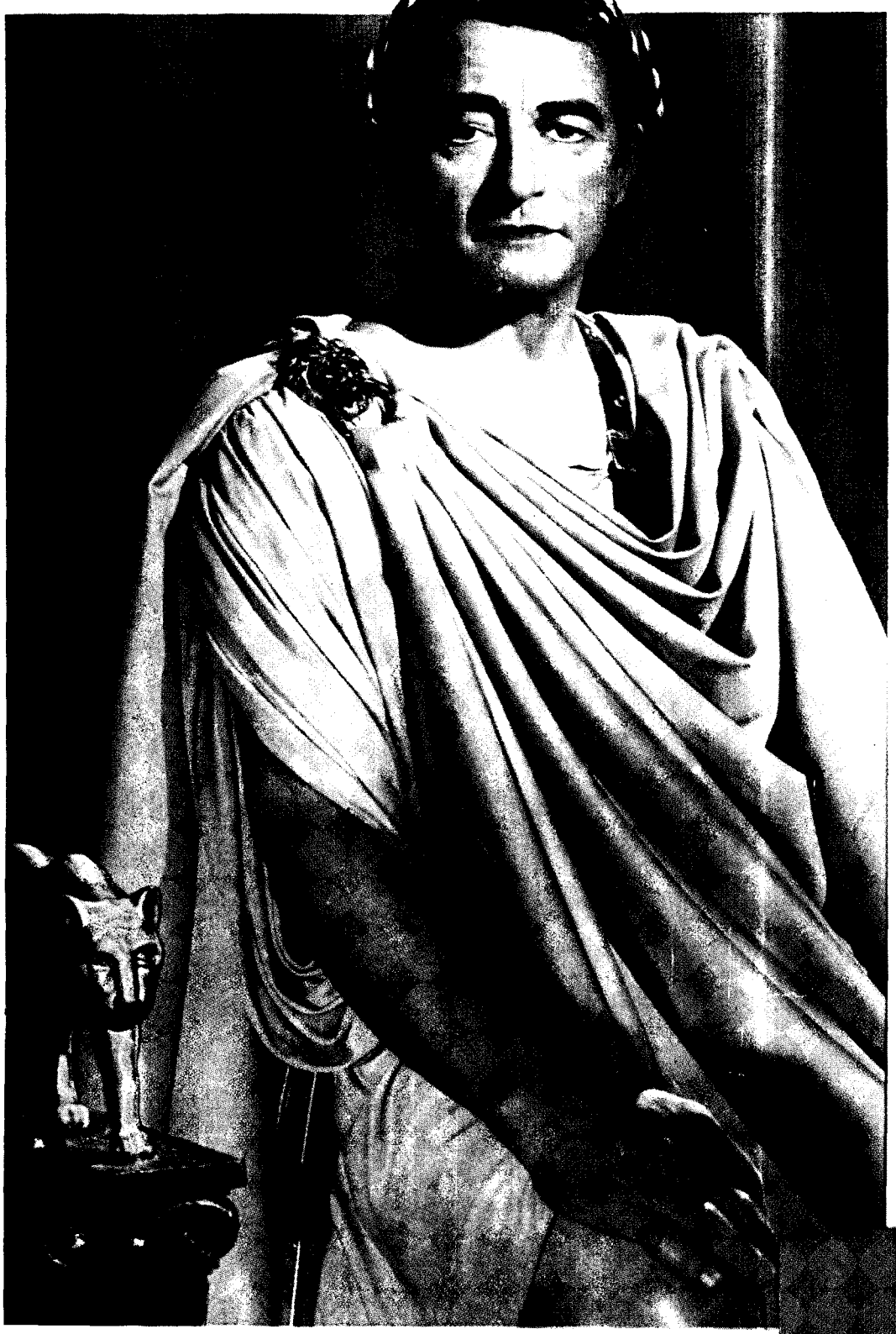

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